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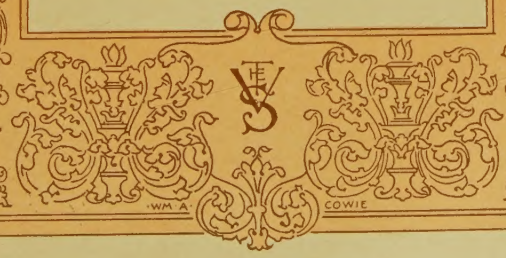
The Works of
William Shakespeare

With Prefaces, Notes, Glossaries,
A Life of Shakespeare
and a
History of the Early English Drama



Taming of the Shrew Act 3. Sc. 2

The Works of

William Shakespeare

The Taming of the Shrew
A Winter's Tale
Hamlet

Volume IV

University Edition

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The Taming of the Shrew.

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THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Preface.

The Editions. *The Taming of The Shrew* was first printed in the First Folio. A Quarto edition appeared in 1631, with the following title-page:—

"*A wittie and pleasant Comedie called the Taming of the Shrew. As it was acted by His Majesties servants at The Blacke Friers and the Globe. Written by Will. Shakespeare. London. Printed by W. S. for Iohn Smethwicke, and are to be sold at his shop at Saint Dunstones Churchyard under the Diall.* 1631."

This Quarto was certainly printed from the Folio; Smethwicke (or Smythick) was one of the publishers of the latter, and to him, moreover, there was transferred, on Nov. 19th, 1607, an old play called *The Taming of A Shrew,* which had been previously issued in 1594, 1596, and 1607, by different owners. It would seem that Smythick, in 1631, issued the Quarto of '*The Shrew*' instead of '*A Shrew,*' the copyright of which he had secured.

The Taming of A Shrew. The old original of *The Taming of The Shrew* is extant, and has been often reprinted in modern times (*cp.* Steevens' *Six Old Plays,* 1776; *The Shakespeare Society publications,* 1844; Hazlitt's *Shakespeare's Library,* &c.). The play was first published, anonymously, in 1594, under the title of '*A pleasant conceited Historie, called The taming of A Shrew, as it was sundry times acted by the Earl of Pembrook his servants.*' (A specimen of the play will be found at the back of the title-page of this volume.) Pope actually attributed this crude effort to Shakespeare him-

self; Mr. Fleay assigns it to Shakespeare and Marlowe —their joint-production in 1589—and various similar suggestions have been made by critics. We know absolutely nothing about its authorship, but we may safely assert that it contains no single line from Shakespeare's pen. It is an important document, though its intrinsic value is naught. Its affected classicism, its poetic rant, its cheap lyrism, its strange mixture of hyperbole and bathos, all indicate that the play was the work of some poetaster of the pseudo-Marlowan school, writing about the year 1590-2.

The Date of Shakespeare's Adaptation. *The Taming of The Shrew* is not mentioned by Mertes in 1598; unless, as seems unlikely, it is to be identified with *Love's Labour Won.* Nevertheless the internal evidence points to an early date. Mr. Stokes contends that even 'as far back as May, 1594, *The Taming of a Shrew* was believed to be Shakespeare's in some sense' (*cp. Chronology of Shakespeare's Plays, pp.* 33-35).

Its omission by Meres is not very singular, when the possible history of Shakespeare's connexion with his original is considered.* It is very possible that an enlarged version of the play once existed intermediate between '*A Shrew*, and the play as we have it in First Folio; Shakespeare in fact seems mainly answerable for the revision of the Induction and scenes in which Katharina, Petruchio, and Grumio are the prominent figures. The intermediate adapter knew his Marlowe well; no less than ten Marlowan reminiscences may be detected in the non-Shakespearian portion of '*The Shrew.*'

These considerations make it difficult to assign a date to the play; on the one hand, there are the alleged non-Shakespearian portions of the play; on the other, Shake-

* Meres mentions *King John*, though also an adaptation of an older play; but the re-cast of his original was altogether of a different nature than in the case of '*The Shrew.*' One should note, too, the mention of *Titus*, and the omission of 1, 2, 3 *Henry VI.*

speare's own work belonging to different periods. The style and versification of the more characteristic parts point to about 1597, while the doggerel and quibbles suggest an early date.

At one time we are reminded of Adriana, Luciana, and the Dromios of *The Comedy of Errors*; at another, of Hotspur, Kate, and Falstaff of *Henry IV*.* Hence the play is dated by some 1594, by others 1596-7; while certain critics assign it to the years 1601-3. (It is perhaps significant that Dekker's *Patient Grissel* was produced in 1597, and his *Medicine for a Curst Wife* soon after (published in 1602.)

Shakespeare's Share in the Play. As regards the Induction, opinion is divided; but a careful comparison of the two versions leaves little doubt that the revision was Shakespeare's. Act I. is almost unanimously assigned to the unknown adapter. Act II. i. is only partly Shakespeare's; the Shakespearian portion has been variously assigned:—ll. 169-326; 115-326, with the omission of ll. 241-254; 115-326. Act III. i. may be safely pronounced non-Shakespearian. Act III. ii. is claimed for Shakespeare, with the exception of ll. 130-150, or possibly of ll. 1-88, 126-185. Act IV. i. iii. v. are throughout Shakespeare's, while Act IV. ii. iv., Act V. i. are similarly throughout non-Shakespearian. Act V. ii. 1-175 (or 1-181), certainly Shakespeare. (*Cp.* Fleay's *Shakespeare Manual,* p. 185; Furnivall, *Trans. New Shakespeare Society,* 1874; Tolman, *Modern Language Association of America,* 1890.)

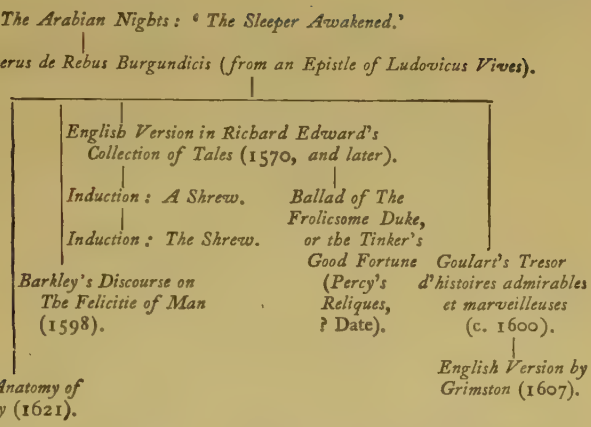
* The only valuable piece of internal evidence puts us in the same dilemma: in the first Scene of the Induction, line 88 is assigned to '*Sinklo,*' in the Folio; 'Sinklo' acted in 3 *Henry VI.,* an early play, and 2 *Henry IV.* (*c.* 1597, 8): in the former his name appears instead of 'a keeper'; in the latter instead of 'a beadle.'

['Nicke,' the messenger, mentioned in Act i. 1, probably stands for Nicholas Tooley, one of the actors in Shakespeare's company; but nothing is to be inferred from this point.]

'The Shrew' and 'A Shrew': some noteworthy Variations. (i.) The old play has been thoroughly transformed as far as diction and characterisation is concerned, though the plot has been on the whole faithfully followed. (ii.) The part of Sly has been considerably curtailed in '*The Shrew*';* in the original we are throughout reminded of his existence, and he is disposed of at the end of the play:—"Then enter two bearing off Sly in his own apparell again, and leave him where they found him, and then goe out. Then enter the *Tapster*." An amusing colloquy follows. Sly explains that he has had 'the bravest dream that ever thou heardest in all thy life,' &c. (iii.) Further, the scene of action has been changed from 'Athens' to 'Padua.' (iv.) The vulgar and mercenary tyrant 'Ferardo' has given place to the 'whimsical and boisterous affectations of the good-natured Petruchio.' (v.) Kate in '*A Shrew*' has two sisters, Philema and Emilia, represented by Bianca (and the widow whom Hortensio ultimately weds) in '*The Shrew*.' (vi.) The plot of the old play has been rendered more complex by the addition of a comedy of intrigue—viz., the story of Bianca and Lucentio.

The Sources. (i.) The Induction. The idea of the Induction is thoroughly oriental, and is familiar to readers of the '*Arabian Nights*,' whence it probably passed into European literature. It is said that a similar incident actually took place at the marriage of Duke Phillip the Good of Burgundy, about the year 1440. Perhaps the good Duke Phillip was wishful to emulate the example of the good Caliph Haroun Al Raschid. The pedigree of the chief English versions of this world-wide story, dramatised by Chalderon in his '*La Vida es Sueño* ('*Life's a Dream*,' c. 1633), probably from Rojas' '*Viaje Entretenido*,' is perhaps as follows:—

* From an artistic point of view, Sly's comments at the end of Act I. i. seem quite out of place, and are certainly not Shakespeare's.



(ii.) The Main Plot. The nearest analogue in Elizabethan literature to *The Taming of the Shrew* is to be found in a popular poem entitled, '*A Merry Geste of a Shrewd and Curst Wife in lapped Morrelles Skin*'* (*before* 1575), but this poem cannot be considered the direct source of the play. Several similar stories are to be found in Italian literature; perhaps the most noteworthy is to be found in the *Notte piacevoli* of Straparolo, VIII. 2 (published in 1550).

(iii.) The Under Plot. The story of Bianca and her lovers was taken directly from Acts IV. and V. of Gascoigne's *Supposes* (an English version of Ariosto's *Gli Suppositi*), the first English prose comedy, acted at Gray's Inn, 1566.†

(iv.) The Latin Lesson. This element (Act III. i.)

* Printed, together with the *Taming of A Shrew*, in the (old) Shakespeare's Society's publication.

† From this same source, too, the name 'Petruchio' was, perhaps, derived.

may have been suggested by a passage in an old play, *The Three Lords and Three Ladies of London,* printed 1590 (Hazlitt's *Dodsley's Old Play,* VI. 500).

The Duration of Action. According to Mr. Daniel's analysis, five or six days are represented on the stage, with intervals, which amount to something under a fortnight.

Day 1. Act I. *Day* 2. Act II. Interval of a day or two. Petruchio proposes to go to Venice to buy apparel. *Day* 3. Act III. i. Saturday, eve of the wedding. *Day* 4. Act III. ii.; Act IV. i. Sunday, the wedding-day. Interval (?). *Day* 5. Act IV. ii. Interval (?). *Day* 6. Act IV. iii., iv., v., and Act V. (? The second Sunday).

Possibly Acts I. and II. should be considered as one day. "Time, however," adds Mr. Daniel, "in this play is a very slippery element, difficult to fix in any completely consistent scheme. In the old play the whole story is knit up in the course of two days." (*Trans. of New Shakespeare Society,* 1877-79, p. 168).

The Tamer Tamed. Fletcher attempted a companion picture to the '*Taming of the Shrew*' in his '*Woman's Prize, or the Tamer Tamed*' (written before 1633); in this play we are introduced to our old friend Petruchio again, but Katharina is dead and 'eke her patience,' and in her place we are introduced to her successor, Maria, the 'masculine' daughter of Petronius, who tries a process of taming on her own account, aided by faithful allies, to wit, her sister Livia, her cousin and 'Commander-in-chief' Bianca, 'city wives,' 'county wives,' &c. In the end Petruchio confesses himself, in more senses than one, 'born again,' and the Epilogue sums up as follows:—

> *'The Tamer's Tamed; but so, as nor the men*
> *Can find one just cause to complain of, when*
> *They fitly do consider, in their lives*
> *They should not reign as tyrants o'er their wives*

Nor can the women from this precedent
Insult, or triumph; it being aptly meant,
To teach both sexes due equality,
And as they stand bound to love mutually.
If this effect arising from a cause
Well laid and grounded may deserve applause,
We something more than hope our honest ends
Will keep the men, and women too, our friends.'

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

Induction. A tinker named Christopher Sly is found in a drunken stupor by a lord, who, to make sport, causes him to be conveyed to the castle, clothed in the costliest apparel and placed in the richest bed. Upon awakening Sly finds himself surrounded by attendants who persuade him that he is a nobleman who for many years has been mentally deluded. And in his honour the following play is presented:—

I. Baptista, a rich gentleman of Padua, has two daughters, Katharina and Bianca. The latter, because of her gentleness and charm, has numerous admirers. But her father refuses to listen to any of them until her elder sister is married, which event seems doubtful on account of Katharina's shrewish disposition. The several lovers of Bianca are in despair until the advent of a peculiar Veronese gentleman, Petruchio, whose hasty temperament seems well suited to the shrew.

Among Bianca's admirers is Lucentio, a native of Pisa, who decides to disguise himself and engage with Baptista as tutor for Bianca, giving over his proper name and rank to Tranio, his servant.

II. Tranio sues as Lucentio for Bianca's hand, while the real Lucentio obtains the position as tutor, intending thus to try to win her covertly. In the meantime, Petruchio obtains Baptista's willing consent to his suit for Katharina, and woos her in singular fashion, overriding

all her harshness and disdain with the abrupt declaration that they shall be married on the next Sunday.

III. At the appointed time the wedding-party assembles without the bridegroom. But he appears after an interval clad in most incongruous apparel, which he persists in wearing to the church—despite the open disapproval of the party—declaring: "To me she 's married, not unto my clothes." Immediately after the ceremony he departs for home with Katharina, not even tarrying for the wedding-feast, although his bride first entreats and then storms.

IV. At his country-house Petruchio treats Katharina rigorously, while pretending to be assiduous in his care of her. She gets very little to eat, because he claims that the food is not cooked properly; and the new garments which have been ordered for her are rejected, although she is very well pleased with them. He is so harsh with the servants and so dogmatic in his statements, that his wife forgets her own arbitrary disposition in the desire to keep his temper even. Finally she becomes quite submissive to his will.

In Padua the fictitious Lucentio obtains Baptista's consent to his suit for Bianca, while the real Lucentio succeeds in winning the lady. The presence of Lucentio's father becomes necessary, and Tranio presses an aged schoolmaster into service to play this part.

V. At this juncture the real father arrives and encounters Tranio in his master's garments. Tranio must needs face it out to gain time for Lucentio, and is on the point of causing the arrest of the father, when Lucentio and Bianca arrive as man and wife. Mutual explanations follow, and the entire party gather at a banquet at Lucentio's home in Padua. Katharina and Petruchio are among the guests. After the feast is over and the ladies have withdrawn into another room, the gentlemen discuss obedience as a wifely virtue, and the opinion is expressed that Petruchio's wife must be "the veriest shrew of all." A wager is made, and to the surprise of all,

Katharina shows herself to be more gentle and yielding than Bianca or another bride there present.

McSpadden: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

Katharina.

When the play commences, Katharina appears instated in the character of a shrew, rough, peevish, petulant, irritable, and therefore, however she obtained the character, in a false position which aggravates itself. Her younger and milder mannered sister is beset with suitors, and upon her she vents her petulance in terms which show how far her continued single state reacts upon the testiness that already deprives her of suitors, and the mischief reproduces itself. To such a state of things Petruchio was born to put an end; there is thus much sympathy between the two at starting, that well provided married state is their common object with secondary interest in the individual to be chosen. The simple difficulty to be apprehended of cross purposes, and repulsion at first encounter, is happily obviated by positive determination to take and admit of nothing other than as desired; and accordingly, after a scene of the strangest pertinacity, in which Petruchio mingles a fair proportion of flattery with banter and defiance, he makes such progress that my lady takes refuge in the sulks, and with protesting grumblings and compliant gestures she gives her hand when he asks for it for the ceremonious betrothal, nay without protesting or resisting so far gives a parting kiss when he asks it that he takes it without ceremony and then she withdraws silent, but by that very token not ill satisfied.

We may guess how far the pair are suited when we find her still more disappointed than piqued when he is unheard of on the day fixed for marriage. He arrives at

last, and rough as he is and rudely accoutred she marries him notwithstanding, and no declared and obstinate opposition do we hear of until they are surely tied. Then for the first time resistance openly appears; she will stay for the bridal dinner will he or not, and now the true conflict and the taming begins. The moral of the contest proves merely this, that with equal spirit and determination on either side, the balance of physical power, of muscular strength, of capability of watching, of fasting, of enduring fatigue, so far preponderate on the side of the husband that the weaker sex has no chance in a protracted opposition and must ultimately be wearied and tired out. The matter however does not rest there; if we might apply the moral of the tale generally, Shakespeare would be an authority to back the adage:—

> "A spaniel, a woman, and walnut tree,
> The more you beat them the better they be."

Katharina at last does not remain in mere compelled obedience; her very spirit is subdued to the quality of natural subordination. With spaniel-like subservience she now turns on Hortensio's widow, when she hints that Petruchio is not absolute, and at last delivers a homily with no hint of insincerity, on the law of nature as illustrative of feminine subjugation:—

> "Why are our bodies soft and weak and smooth,
> Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
> But that our soft conditions and our hearts
> Should well agree with our external parts?"

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

III.

Petruchio.

Petruchio is like Faulconbridge in making himself out worse than he really is. Though he declares his object

is only to wive wealthily, and Grumio says he 'd marry any foul old hag with money, yet this is plain exaggeration. He 's one of those men who like a bit of devil in the girl he marries and the mare he rides. "None of your namby-pamby ones for me." He knows he can tame her: if she is sharp-tempered, he is sharper. It 's a word and a blow with him, as Grumio has experienced. When he hears of Kate, he won't sleep till he sees her; when she comes, he takes the lead and keeps it. He means to have it and her. He ridicules her in such a pleasant, madcap fashion, that one can 't help liking him. He understands women, and flatters her. Note the limping touch. He praises her beauty; promises her finery; keeps her waiting; makes her put up with his dress, and tremble at church; outs with his sword and makes her go with him; declares his wife 's his chattel; leaves her horse on her when she falls during the journey, and makes her beg for Grumio; will give no choleric food to choleric folk; in fact he "kills her in her own humour"; tames her by pretended love; starves her till she thanks him for meat he 's dressed; and then when her food has made her saucy, and she rebels again about her dress (which was indeed enough to make the most angelic woman's temper rise), he beats her in the old way by pretending to sympathize with her. Then he stops her going home, because she won't say two is seven. When she gives in, he no doubt tries her too hardly, but then she has tried him before, and the result is that they two alone are married, while the other two, Hortensio and Lucentio, are only "sped." ("Let us hope though," says Miss Constance O'Brien, "that Petruchio gave up choosing Kate's dresses and caps.") If Petruchio is not a *gentleman,* and Kate not a lady, their day differed from ours: they were a happy couple, we may be sure. Kate would obey him with a will, for her husband had fairly beaten her at her own game, and won her respect.

FURNIVALL: *The Leopold Shakspere.*

IV.

The Subordinate Parts.

The subordinate parts of the play—the intrigues of Bianca's suitors against one another, the love affairs of Gremio, of Hortensio and the widow, of Lucentio and Bianca—are, as already remarked, but very loosely interwoven with the main action, and thus stand opposed to it in the form of a second, independent half. This is a defect which Shakspeare could, indeed, not very well have avoided unless he meant entirely to change the old play. And yet upon a closer examination there are nevertheless indications which point to the fundamental motive of the whole, and thus connect the subordinate portions with the principal part. A character like Katharina can be accounted for only by her having received an entirely wrong education, and a false mode of treatment; the father of such a daughter must have wholly misunderstood his position as a father, and, in place of ruling his house with paternal strictness and manly authority, must have abandoned himself to effeminacy and weakness. And this is precisely what good old Baptista appears to have done, for although he makes no secret of his daughter's faults he does not even attempt to correct them. Vincentio also, to judge from the little we see of the development of his character, must have suffered from a similar weakness, otherwise Lucentio, his light-headed son, would not have so entirely forgotten all filial duty and respect towards him as to venture to pass off a ridiculous pedant as his own father, merely to promote his own interests; and Vincentio himself would not have permitted his son to be accompanied by servants equally inconsiderate of their position as servants. Gremio, the old suitor, is very rightly outwitted and made laughing-stock for forgetting his years and becoming the rival of a spirited youth for the love of a pretty girl. Lastly, Lucentio and Hortensio lose their wager against Petruchio, and are deservedly

put to shame for perpetually playing the part of devoted and obsequious lovers, and thus losing sight of the seriousness of their position as men, and their dignity as husbands, accordingly, for having likewise placed themselves in a false and unbecoming position.

ULRICI: *Shakespeare's Dramatic Art.*

V.

The Induction and the Two Plots.

The critics have been very warm and unanimous in praise of Shakespeare's Induction, some, however, wondering and regretting that he did not keep it up to the end of the play, others suspecting that he did so keep it up, but that the continuation has been lost. We are otherwise minded, being convinced that in this as in other things the Poet was wiser than his critics. For the purpose of the Induction was but to start an interest in the play; and he probably knew that such interest, once started, would be rather hindered than set forward by any comings-in of other matter; that there would be no time to think of Sly amidst such a whirlwind of oddities and whimsicalities as he was going to raise. Nevertheless, the regret in question well approves the goodness of the thing; for the better the thing, the more apt men are to think they have not enough until they have too much of it.

As to the Induction itself, we confess with Hazlitt, that if forced to give up this or the play we should be not a little puzzled to choose. But then this, no doubt, is partly because the play, though abounding in well-aimed theatrical hits, is one of comparatively little merit. The Induction is wonderfully stuffed with meat, and that, too, of the most savoury quality; the free, varied transpiration of character crowded into it is literally prodigious for so small a space. And yet how the whole thing

swims in a stream of the most racy and delicate humour! and therewithal has a light aerial grace, touched occasionally with the richest colours of poetry, hovering over it; all, together, making it one of the most expressive and delectable things we shall anywhere find.

The two plots of the play, as Johnson observes, are skilfully interwoven, so as to give a wide variety of comic incident, without running into perplexity. And such variety was the more needful here, forasmuch as the interest turns in a very unusual degree upon the incidents; though the thought and speech are everywhere sprightly and brisk enough. For if the dialogue seldom rise to poetry, it never becomes vapid and flat, these being qualities of which Shakespeare was hardly capable. As to Bianca and the proceedings of her suitors, they seem of little consequence anyway save as helping to make up an agreeable variety of matter. Bianca apparently has not force of character enough to do anything wrong, else she had probably been as naughty as her sister.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

VI.

Shakespeare and His Original.

The refined instinct, artistic judgement, and consummate taste of Shakespeare were perhaps never so wonderfully shown as in his recast of another man's work—a man of real if rough genius of comedy—which we get in *The Taming of the Shrew.* Only the collation of scene with scene, then of speech with speech, then of line with line, will show how much may be borrowed from a stranger's material and how much may be added to it by the same stroke of a single hand. All the force and humour alike of character and situation belong to Shakespeare's eclipsed and forlorn precursor; he has added nothing; he has tempered and enriched everything. That

the luckless author of the first sketch is like to remain a man as nameless as the deed of the witches in *Macbeth*, unless some chance or caprice of accident should suddenly flash favouring light on his now impersonal and indiscoverable individuality, seems clear enough when we take into account the double and final disproof of his imaginary identity with Marlowe, which Mr. Dyce has put forward with such unanswerable certitude. He is a clumsy and coarse-fingered plagiarist from that poet, and his stolen jewels of expression look so grossly out of place in the homely setting of his usual style that they seem transmuted from real to sham. On the other hand, he is of all the Pre-Shakespeareans known to us incomparably the truest, the richest, the most powerful and original humourist; one indeed without a second on that ground, for "the rest are nowhere."

SWINBURNE: *A Study of Shakespeare.*

VII.

Salient Features.

The Taming of the Shrew is almost the only one of Shakespear's comedies that has a regular plot and downright moral. It is full of bustle, animation, and rapidity of action. It shows admirably how self-will is only to be got the better of by stronger will, and how one degree of ridiculous perversity is only to be driven out by another still greater. Petruchio is a madman in his senses; a very honest fellow, who hardly speaks a word of truth and succeeds in all his tricks and impostures. He acts his assumed character to the life, with the most fantastical extravagance, with complete presence of mind, with untired animal spirits, and without a particle of ill-humour from beginning to end. The situation of poor Katherine, worn out by his incessant persecutions, becomes at last almost as pitiable as it is ludi-

crous, and it is difficult to say which to admire most, the unaccountableness of his actions or the unalterableness of his resolutions. It is a character which most husbands ought to study, unless the very audacity of Petruchio's attempt might alarm them more than his success would encourage them.

HAZLITT: *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

VIII.

Shakespeare and Italy.

The opening of the comedy, which speaks of Lombardy and the University of Padua, might have been written by a native Italian:—

> "Tranio, since for the great desire I had
> To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
> I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,
> The pleasant garden of great Italy;
> . . . . . .
> Here let us breathe, and haply institute
> A course of learning and ingenious studies."

The very next line I found myself involuntarily repeating, at the sight of the grave countenances within the walls of Pisa:—

> "Pisa, renowned for grave citizens."

They are altogether a grave people, in their demeanour, their history, and their literature, such as it is. I never met with the anomaly of a merry Pisan. Curiously enough, this line is repeated, word for word, in the fourth act.

Lucentio says, his father came "of the Bentivolii": this is an old Italian plural; a mere Englishman would write "of the Bentivolios." Besides, there was, and is, a branch of the Bentivolii in Florence, where Lucentio says he was brought up.

Comments

But these indications, just at the commencement of the play, are not of great force. We now come to something more important; a remarkable proof of his having been aware of the law of the country in respect to the betrothment of Katharina and Petruchio, of which there is not a vestige in the older play. The father gives her hand to him, both parties consenting, before two witnesses, who declare themselves such, to the act. Such a ceremony is as indissoluble as that of marriage, unless both parties should consent to annul it. The betrothment takes place in due form, exactly as in many of Goldoni's comedies:—

> *Bap.* . . . Give me your hands;
> God send you joy, Petruchio! 't is a match.
> *Gre.* . . . *Tra.* Amen! say we; we will be witnesses.

Instantly Petruchio addresses them as "father and wife"; because from that moment he possesses the legal power of a husband over her, saving that of taking her to his own house. Unless the betrothment is understood in this light, we cannot account for the father's so tamely yielding afterwards to Petruchio's whim of going in his "mad attire" with her to the church. Authority is no longer with the father; in vain he hopes and requests that the bridegroom will change his clothes; Petruchio is peremptory in his lordly will and pleasure, which he could not possibly be without the previous Italian betrothment.

Padua lies between Verona and Venice, at a suitable distance from both for the conduct of the comedy. Petruchio, after being securely betrothed, sets off to Venice, the very place for finery, to buy "rings and things, and fine array" for the wedding; and, when married, he takes her to his country-house, in the direction of Verona, of which city he is a native. All this is complete, and in marked opposition to the worse than mistakes in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, which was written when he knew nothing whatever of the country.

BROWN: *Shakespeare's Autobiographical Poems.*

The Taming of the Shrew

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

A Lord.
CHRISTOPHER SLY, *a tinker.*
Hostess, Page, Players, Huntsmen, and Servants. } *Persons in the Induction.*

BAPTISTA, *a rich gentleman of Padua.*
VINCENTIO, *an old gentleman of Pisa.*
LUCENTIO, *son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca.*
PETRUCHIO, *a gentleman of Verona, a suitor to Katharina.*
GREMIO, HORTENSIO, } *suitors to Bianca.*
TRANIO, BIONDELLO, } *servants to Lucentio.*
GRUMIO, CURTIS, } *servants to Petruchio.*
A Pedant.

KATHARINA, *the shrew,* BIANCA, } *daughters to Baptista.*
Widow.

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants attending on Baptista and Petruchio.

SCENE: *Padua, and Petruchio's country house.*

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

INDUCTION.

Scene I.

Before an alehouse on a heath.

Enter Hostess and Sly.

Sly. I 'll pheeze you, in faith.
Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!
Sly. Y' are a baggage: the Slys are no rogues; look in the chronicles; we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore paucas pallabris; let the world slide: sessa!
Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?
Sly. No, not a denier. Go by, Jeronimy: go to thy cold bed, and warm thee. 10
Host. I know my remedy; I must go fetch the thirdborough. [*Exit.*
Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I 'll answer him by law: I 'll not budge an inch, boy: let him come, and kindly. [*Falls asleep.*

Horns winded. Enter a lord from hunting, with his train.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:
Brach Merriman, the poor cur is emboss'd;
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge-corner, in the coldest fault? 20

I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

First Hun. Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord;
He cried upon it at the merest loss,
And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent:
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool: if Echo were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
But sup them well and look unto them all:
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

First Hun. I will, my lord. 30

Lord. What 's here? one dead, or drunk? See, doth he breathe?

Sec. Hun. He breathes, my lord. Were he not warm'd with ale,
This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!
Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes, 40
Would not the beggar then forget himself?

First Hun. Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

Sec. Hun. It would seem strange unto him when he waked.

Lord. Even as a flattering dream or worthless fancy.
Then take him up and manage well the jest:
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:
Balm his foul head in warm distilled waters
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet:
Procure me music ready when he wakes, 50

To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound;
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight
And with a low submissive reverence
Say 'What is it your honour will command?'
Let one attend him with a silver basin
Full of rose-water and bestrew'd with flowers;
Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,
And say 'Will 't please your lordship cool your hands?'
Some one be ready with a costly suit,
And ask him what apparel he will wear; 60
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
And that his lady mourns at his disease:
Persuade him that he hath been lunatic;
And when he says he is, say that he dreams,
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
This do and do it kindly, gentle sirs;
It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modesty.

First Hun. My lord, I warrant you we will play our part,
As he shall think by our true diligence 70
He is no less than what we say he is.

Lord. Take him up gently and to bed with him;
And each one to his office when he wakes.
[*Some bear out Sly. A trumpet sounds.*
Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds:
[*Exit Servingman.*
Belike, some noble gentleman that means,
Travelling some journey, to repose him here.

Re-enter Servingman.

How now! who is it?

Serv. An 't please your honour, players

That offer service to your lordship.
Lord. Bid them come near.

Enter Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.
Players. We thank your honour. 80
Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-night?
A Player. So please your lordship to accept our duty.
Lord. With all my heart. This fellow I remember,
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son:
'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well:
I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part
Was aptly fitted and naturally perform'd.
A Player. I think 'twas Soto that your honour means.
Lord, 'Tis very true: thou didst it excellent.
Well, you are come to me in happy time; 90
The rather for I have some sport in hand
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.
There is a lord will hear you play to-night:
But I am doubtful of your modesties;
Lest over-eyeing of his odd behaviour,—
For yet his honour never heard a play,—
You break into some merry passion
And so offend him; for I tell you, sirs,
If you should smile he grows impatient.
A Player. Fear not, my lord: we can contain ourselves,
Were he the veriest antic in the world. 101
Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,
And give them friendly welcome every one:
Let them want nothing that my house affords.
[*Exit one with the Players.*
Sirrah, go you to Barthol'mew my page,

And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady:
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber;
And call him 'madam,' do him obeisance.
Tell him from me, as he will win my love,
He bear himself with honourable action, 110
Such as he hath observed in noble ladies
Unto their lords, by them accomplished:
Such duty to the drunkard let him do
With soft low tongue and lowly courtesy,
And say, 'What is 't your honour will command,
Wherein your lady and your humble wife
May show her duty and make known her love?'
And then with kind embracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosom,
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd 120
To see her noble lord restored to health,
Who for this seven years hath esteemed him
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar:
And if the boy have not a woman's gift
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift,
Which in a napkin being close convey'd
Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.
See this dispatch'd with all the haste thou canst:
Anon I 'll give thee more instructions. 130

[*Exit a Servingman.*

I know the boy will well usurp the grace,
Voice, gait and action of a gentlewoman:
I long to hear him call the drunkard husband,
And how my men will stay themselves from laughter
When they do homage to this simple peasant.
I 'll in to counsel them; haply my presence

May well abate the over-merry spleen
Which otherwise would grow into extremes.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A bedchamber in the Lord's house.

Enter aloft Sly, with Attendants; some with apparel, others with basin and ewer and other appurtenances, and Lord.

Sly. For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

First Serv. Will 't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?

Sec. Serv. Will 't please your honour taste of these conserves?

Third Serv. What raiment will your honour wear to-day?

Sly. I am Christophero Sly; call not me 'honour' nor 'lordship': I ne'er drank sack in my life; and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef; ne'er ask me what raiment I 'll wear; for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet; nay, sometime more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the overleather.

Lord. Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour!
O, that a mighty man of such descent,
Of such possessions and so high esteem,
Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

Sly. What, would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-heath, by birth a pedlar, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if she

know me not: if she say I am not fourteen
pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up
for the lyingest knave in Christendom. What!
I am not bestraught: here 's—

Third Serv. O, this it is that makes your lady mourn!

Sec. Serv. O, this is it that makes your servants droop!

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shuns your house, 30
As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.
O noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth,
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,
And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.
Look how thy servants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck.
Wilt thou have music? hark! Apollo plays, [*Music.*
And twenty caged nightingales do sing:
Or wilt thou sleep? we 'll have thee to a couch
Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed 40
On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.
Say thou wilt walk; we will bestrew the ground:
Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,
Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.
Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar
Above the morning lark: or wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

First Serv. Say thou wilt course; thy greyhounds are as swift
As breathed stags, ay, fleeter than the roe. 50

Sec. Serv. Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee straight
Adonis painted by a running brook,

And Cytherea all in sedges hid,
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord. We 'll show thee Io as she was a maid
And how she was beguiled and surprised,
As lively painted as the deed was done.

Third Serv. Or Daphne roaming through a thorny wood
Scratching her legs that one shall swear she bleeds,
And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep, 61
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord and nothing but a lord:
Thou hast a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waning age.

First Serv. And till the tears that she hath shed for thee
Like envious floods o'er-run her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world;
And yet she is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a lord? and have I such a lady? 70
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?
I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak;
I smell sweet savours and I feel soft things:
Upon my life, I am a lord indeed,
And not a tinker nor Christophero Sly.
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;
And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

Sec. Serv. Will 't please your mightiness to wash your hands?
O, how we joy to see your wit restored!
O, that once more you knew but what you are! 80
These fifteen years you have been in a dream;
Or when you waked, so waked as if you slept.

Sly. These fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap.

But did I never speak of all that time?

First Serv. O, yes, my lord, but very idle words:
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say ye were beaten out of door;
And rail upon the hostess of the house;
And say you would present her at the leet,
Because she brought stone jugs and no seal'd quarts:
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket. 91

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

Third Serv. Why, sir, you know no house nor no such maid,
Nor no such men as you have reckon'd up,
As Stephen Sly and old John Naps of Greece
And Peter Turph and Henry Pimpernell
And twenty more such names and men as these
Which never were nor no man ever saw.

Sly. Now Lord be thanked for my good amends!

All. Amen. 100

Sly. I thank thee: thou shalt not lose by it.

Enter the Page as a lady, attended.

Page. How fares my noble lord?

Sly. Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer enough.
Where is my wife?

Page. Here, noble lord: what is thy will with her?

Sly. Are you my wife and will not call me husband?
My men should call me 'lord': I am your goodman.

Page. My husband and my lord, my lord and husband;
I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well. What must I call her? 110

Lord. Madam.

Sly. Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?

Lord. 'Madam' and nothing else: so lords call ladies.

Sly. Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd
And slept above some fifteen year or more.

Page. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me,
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'Tis much. Servants, leave me and her alone.
Madam, undress you and come now to bed

Page. Thrice-noble lord, let me entreat of you 120
To pardon me yet for a night or two;
Or, if not so, until the sun be set:
For your physicians have expressly charged,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed:
I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

Sly. Ay, it stands so that I may hardly tarry so long.
But I would be loath to fall into my dreams
again: I will therefore tarry in despite of the
flesh and the blood. 130

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant comedy;
For so your doctors hold it very meet,
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy:
Therefore they thought it good you hear a play
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will, let them play it. Is not a com-
onty a Christmas gambold or a tumbling-trick? 140

Page. No, my good lord; it is more pleasing stuff.

Sly. What, household stuff?
Page. It is a kind of history.
Sly. Well, we 'll see 't. Come, madam wife, sit by my side and let the world slip: we shall ne'er be younger.

Flourish.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

Padua. A public place.

Enter Lucentio and his man Tranio.

Luc. Tranio, since for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
I am arrived for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy;
And by my father's love and leave am arm'd
With his good will and thy good company,
My trusty servant, well approved in all,
Here let us breathe and haply institute
A course of learning and ingenious studies.
Pisa renowned for grave citizens 10
Gave me my being and my father first,
A merchant of great traffic through the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.
Vincentio's son brought up in Florence
It shall become to serve all hopes conceived,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
Virtue and that part of philosophy
Will I apply that treats of happiness

By virtue specially to be achieved. 20
Tell me thy mind; for I have Pisa left
And am to Padua come, as he that leaves
A shallow plash to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tra. *Mi perdonato,* gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself;
Glad that you thus continue your resolve
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue and this moral discipline, 30
Let 's be no stoics nor no stocks, I pray;
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjured:
Balk logic with acquaintance that you have,
And practise rhetoric in your common talk;
Music and poesy use to quicken you;
The mathematics and the metaphysics,
Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you.
No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en:
In brief, sir, study what you most affect. 40

Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.
If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness,
And take a lodging fit to entertain
Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.
But stay a while: what company is this?

Tra. Master, some show to welcome us to town.

Enter Baptista, Katharina, Bianca, Gremio, and Hortensio. Lucentio and Tranio stand by.

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no farther,

For how I firmly am resolved you know;
That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter 50
Before I have a husband for the elder:
If either of you both love Katharina,
Because I know you well and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

Gre. [*Aside*] To cart her rather: she 's too rough for me.
There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?

Kath. I pray you, sir, is it your will
To make a stale of me amongst these mates?

Hor. Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mates for you,
Unless you were of gentler, milder mould. 60

Kath. I' faith, sir, you shall never need to fear:
I wis it is not half way to her heart;
But if it were, doubt not her care should be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool
And paint your face and use you like a fool.

Hor. From all such devils, good Lord deliver us!

Gre. And me too, good Lord!

Tra. Husht, master! here 's some good pastime toward:
That wench is stark mad or wonderful froward.

Luc. But in the other's silence do I see 70
Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety.
Peace, Tranio!

Tra. Well said, master; mum! and gaze your fill.

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said, Bianca, get you in:
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca,
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

Kath. A pretty peat! it is best
Put finger in the eye, an she knew why.

Bian. Sister, content you in my discontent. 80

Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:
My books and instruments shall be my company,
On them to look and practise by myself.

Luc. Hark, Tranio! thou may'st hear Minerva speak.

Hor. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?
Sorry am I that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.

Gre. Why will you mew her up,
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolved: 90
Go in, Bianca: [*Exit Bianca.*
And for I know she taketh most delight
In music, instruments and poetry,
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. If you, Hortensio,
Or Signior Gremio, you, know any such,
Prefer them hither; for to cunning men
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing-up:
And so farewell. Katharina, you may stay; 100
For I have more to commune with Bianca. [*Exit.*

Kath. Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not?
What, shall I be appointed hours; as though,
belike, I knew not what to take, and what to
leave, ha? [*Exit.*

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam: your gifts are
so good, here 's none will hold you. Their love
is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our
nails together, and fast it fairly out: our cake 's
dough on both sides. Farewell: yet, for the 110
love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any

means light on a fit man to teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish him to her father.

Hor. So will I, Signior Gremio: but a word, I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brooked parle, know now, upon advice, it toucheth us both, that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress, and be happy rivals in Bianca's love, to labour and effect one thing specially. 120

Gre. What 's that, I pray?

Hor. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

Gre. A husband! a devil.

Hor. I say, a husband.

Gre. I say, a devil. Thinkest thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell?

Hor. Tush, Gremio, though it pass your patience and mine to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough. 130

Gre. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition, to be whipped at the high-cross every morning.

Hor. Faith, as you say, there 's small choice in rotten apples. But come; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintained till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to 't afresh. Sweet Bianca! Happy man be his dole! He that 140

runs fastest gets the ring. How say you, Signior Gremio?

Gre. I am agreed; and would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing that would thoroughly woo her, wed her and bed her and rid the house of her! Come on.

[*Exeunt Gremio and Hortensio.*

Tra. I pray, sir, tell me, is it possible 150
That love should of a sudden take such hold!

Luc. O Tranio, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible or likely;
But see, while idly I stood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleness:
And now in plainness do confess to thee,
That art to me as secret and as dear
As Anna to the Queen of Carthage was,
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
If I achieve not this young modest girl. 160
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst;
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated from the heart:
If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so,
'Redime te captum quam queas minimo.'

Luc. Gramercies, lad, go forward; this contents:
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on the maid,
Perhaps you mark'd not what 's the pith of all. 170

Luc. O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agenor had,
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strond.

Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd you not how her sister
Began to scold and raise up such a storm
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move
And with her breath she did perfume the air:
Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her. 180

Tra. Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his trance.
I pray, awake, sir: if you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands:
Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd
That till the father rid his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home;
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
Because she will not be annoy'd with suitors.

Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father 's he!
But art thou not advised, he took some care 190
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?

Tra. Ay, marry, am I, sir; and now 'tis plotted.

Luc. I have it, Tranio.

Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tra. You will be schoolmaster
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That 's your device.

Luc. It is: may it be done?

Tra. Not possible; for who shall bear your part,
And be in Padua here Vincentio's son;
Keep house and ply his book, welcome his friends, 200
Visit his countrymen and banquet them?

Luc. Basta; content thee, for I have it full.

We have not yet been seen in any house,
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces
For man or master; then it follows thus;
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house and port and servants, as I should:
I will some other be; some Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.
'Tis hatch'd and shall be so: Tranio, at once 210
Uncase thee; take my colour'd hat and cloak:
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

Tra. So had you need.
In brief, sir, sith it your pleasure is,
And I am tied to be obedient,
For so your father charged me at our parting;
'Be serviceable to my son,' quoth he,
Although I think 'twas in another sense;
I am content to be Lucentio, 220
Because so well I love Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves:
And let me be a slave to achieve that maid
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.
Here comes the rogue.

Enter Biondello.

Sirrah, where have you been?

Bion. Where have I been! Nay, how now! where are you? Master, has my fellow Tranio stolen your clothes? Or you stolen his? or both? pray, what 's the news?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither: 'tis no time to jest, 230
And therefore frame your manners to the time.

Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
And I for my escape have put on his;
For in a quarrel since I came ashore
I kill'd a man and fear I was descried:
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
While I make way from hence to save my life:
You understand me?

Bion. I sir! ne'er a whit.

Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth: 240
Tranio is changed into Lucentio.

Bion. The better for him: would I were so too!

Tra. So could I, faith, boy, to have the next wish after,
That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest daughter.
But, sirrah, not for my sake, but your master's I advise
You use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies:
When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio;
But in all places else your master Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, let's go: one thing more rests, that thyself execute, to make one among these 250 wooers: if thou ask me why, sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty. [*Exeunt.*

The presenters above speak.

First Serv. My lord, you nod; you do not mind the play.

Sly. Yes, by Saint Anne, do I. A good matter, surely: comes there any more of it?

Page. My lord, 'tis but begun.

Sly. 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady: would 'twere done! [*They sit and mark.*

Scene II.

Padua. Before Hortensio's house.

Enter Petruchio and his man Grumio.

Pet. Verona, for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua, but of all
My best beloved and approved friend,
Hortensio; and I trow this is his house.
Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I say.
Gru. Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is there
any man has rebused your worship?
Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.
Gru. Knock you here, sir! why, sir, what am I, sir,
that I should knock you here, sir? 10
Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate
And rap me well, or I 'll knock your knave's pate.
Gru. My master is grown quarrelsome. I should knock
you first,
And then I know after who comes by the worst.
Pet. Will it not be?
Faith, sirrah, an you 'll not knock, I 'll ring it;
I 'll try how you can *sol, fa,* and sing it.
[*He wrings him by the ears.*
Gru. Help, masters, help! my master is mad.
Pet. Now, knock when I bid you, sirrah villain!

Enter Hortensio.

Hor. How now! what 's the matter? My old friend
Grumio! and my good friend Petruchio! How
do you all at Verona?
Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?
'Con tutto il core ben trovato,' may I say.

Hor. 'Alla nostra casa ben venuto, molto honorato
signor mio Petrucio.'
Rise, Grumio, rise: we will compound this quarrel.

Gru. Nay, 'tis no matter, sir, what he 'leges in Latin.
If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his
service, look you, sir, he bid me knock him and 30
rap him soundly, sir: well, was it fit for a
servant to use his master so, being perhaps, for
aught I see, two-and-thirty, a pip out?
Whom would to God I had well knock'd at first,
Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

Pet. A senseless villain! Good Hortensio,
I bade the rascal knock upon your gate
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate! O heavens! Spake you
not these words plain, 'Sirrah, knock me here, 40
rap me here, knock me well, and knock me
soundly'? And come you now with, 'knocking
at the gate'?

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

Hor. Petruchio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge:
Why, this 's a heavy chance 'twixt him and you,
Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio.
And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale
Blows you to Padua here from old Verona?

Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through the
world, 50
To seek their fortunes farther than at home,
Where small experience grows. But in a few,
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:
Antonio, my father, is deceased;
And I have thrust myself into this maze,

Haply to wive and thrive as best I may:
Crowns in my purse I have and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,
And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife? 60
Thou 'ldst thank me but a little for my counsel:
And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich,
And very rich: but thou 'rt too much my friend,
And I 'll not wish thee to her.

Pet. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we
Few words suffice; and therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,
As wealth is burden of my wooing dance,
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,
As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd 70
As Socrates' Xanthippe, or a worse,
She moves me not, or not removes, at least,
Affection's edge in me, were she as rough
As are the swelling Adriatic seas:
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Gru. Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is: why, give him gold enough and marry him to a puppet or an aglet-baby; or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have 80 as many diseases as two and fifty horses: why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, since we are stepp'd thus far in,
I will continue that I broach'd in jest.
I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough and young and beauteous,
Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman:

Her only fault, and that is faults enough,
Is that she is intolerable curst
And shrewd and froward, so beyond all meas-
ure, 90
That, were my state far worser than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortensio, peace! thou know'st not gold's effect:
Tell me her father's name and 'tis enough;
For I will board her, though she chide as loud
As thunder when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman:
Her name is Katharina Minola,
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue. 100

Pet. I know her father, though I know not her;
And he knew my deceased father well.
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her;
And therefore let me be thus bold with you
To give you over at this first encounter,
Unless you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon him: she may perhaps call him half 110 a score knaves or so: why, that 's nothing; an he begin once, he 'll rail in his rope-tricks. I 'll tell you what, sir, an she stand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face and so disfigure her with it that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat. You know him not, sir.

Hor. Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee;
For in Baptista's keep my treasure is:
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,

His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca; 120
And her withholds from me and other more,
Suitors to her and rivals in my love;
Supposing it a thing impossible,
For those defects I have before rehearsed,
That ever Katharina will be woo'd;
Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en,
That none shall have access unto Bianca
Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

Gru. Katharine the curst!
A title for a maid of all titles the worst. 130

Hor. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace;
And offer me disguised in sober robes
To old Baptista as a schoolmaster
Well seen in music, to instruct Bianca;
That so I may, by this device, at least
Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
And unsuspected court her by herself.

Gru. Here 's no knavery! See, to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together! 140

Enter Gremio and Lucentio disguised.

Master, master, look about you: who goes there, ha?

Hor. Peace, Grumio! it is the rival of my love.
Petruchio, stand by a while.

Gru. A proper stripling and an amorous!

Gre. O, very well; I have perused the note.
Hark you, sir; I 'll have them very fairly bound:
All books of love, see that at any hand;
And see you read no other lectures to her:
You understand me: over and beside
Signior Baptista's liberality, 150

I 'll mend it with a largess. Take your paper too,
And let me have them very well perfumed:
For she is sweeter than perfume itself
To whom they go to. What will you read to her?

Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I 'll plead for you
As for my patron, stand you so assured,
As firmly as yourself were still in place:
Yea, and perhaps with more successful words
Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

Gre. O this learning, what a thing it is! 160

Gru. O this woodcock, what an ass it is!

Pet. Peace, sirrah!

Hor. Grumio, mum! God save you, Signior Gremio.

Gre. And you are well met, Signior Hortensio.
Trow you whither I am going? To Baptista Minola.
I promised to inquire carefully
About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca:
And by good fortune I have lighted well
On this young man, for learning and behaviour
Fit for her turn, well read in poetry 170
And other books, good ones, I warrant ye.

Hor. 'Tis well; and I have met a gentleman
Hath promised me to help me to another,
A fine musician to instruct our mistress;
So shall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, so beloved of me.

Gre. Beloved of me; and that my deeds shall prove.

Gru. And that his bags shall prove.

Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love:
Listen to me, and if you speak me fair, 180
I 'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a gentleman whom by chance I met,

Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curst Katharine,
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

Gre. So said, so done, is well.
Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?

Pet. I know she is an irksome brawling scold:
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

Gre. No, say'st me so, friend? What countryman? 190

Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son:
My father dead, my fortune lives for me;
And I do hope good days and long to see.

Gre. O sir, such a life, with such a wife, were strange!
But if you have a stomach, to 't i' God's name:
You shall have me assisting you in all.
But will you woo this wild-cat?

Pet. Will I live?

Gru. Will he woo her? ay, or I 'll hang her.

Pet. Why came I hither but to that intent?
Think you a little din can daunt mine ears? 200
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea puff'd up with winds
Rage like an angry boar chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
That gives not half so great a blow to hear
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire? 210
Tush, tush! fear boys with bugs.

Gru. For he fears none.

Gre. Hortensio, hark:

This gentleman is happily arrived,
My mind presumes, for his own good and ours.
Hor. I promised we would be contributors
And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.
Gre. And so we will, provided that he win her.
Gru. I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

Enter Tranio brave, and Biondello.

Tra. Gentlemen, God save you. If I may be bold,
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of Signior Baptista Minola? 221
Bion. He that has the two fair daughters: is 't he
you mean?
Tra. Even he, Biondello.
Gre. Hark you, sir; you mean not her to—
Tra. Perhaps, him and her, sir: what have you to do?
Pet. Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.
Tra. I love no chiders, sir. Biondello, let 's away.
Luc. Well begun, Tranio.
Hor. Sir, a word ere you go;
Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no?
Tra. And if I be, sir, is it any offence? 231
Gre. No; if without more words you will get you hence.
Tra. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
For me as for you?
Gre. But so is not she.
Tra. For what reason, I beseech you?
Gre. For this reason, if you 'll know,
That she 's the choice love of Signior Gremio.
Hor. That she 's the chosen of Signior Hortensio.
Tra. Softly, my masters! if you be gentlemen,
Do me this right; hear me with patience.

Baptista is a noble gentleman, 240
To whom my father is not all unknown;
And were his daughter fairer than she is,
She may more suitors have and me for one.
Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers;
Then well one more may fair Bianca have:
And so she shall; Lucentio shall make one,
Though Paris came in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What, this gentleman will out-talk us all!

Luc. Sir, give him head: I know he 'll prove a jade.

Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words? 250

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as ask you,
Did you ever see Baptista's daughter?

Tra. No, sir; but hear I do that he hath two,
The one as famous for a scolding tongue
As is the other for beauteous modesty.

Pet. Sir, sir, the first 's for me; let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules;
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.

Pet. Sir, understand you this of me in sooth:
The youngest daughter whom you hearken for 260
Her father keeps from all access of suitors;
And will not promise her to any man
Until the elder sister first be wed:
The younger then is free and not before.

Tra. If it be so, sir, that you are the man
Must stead us all and me amongst the rest;
And if you break the ice and do this feat,
Achieve the elder, set the younger free
For our access, whose hap shall be to have her
Will not so graceless be to be ingrate. 270

Hor. Sir, you say well and well you do conceive;

And since you do profess to be a suitor,
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholding.
Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack: in sign whereof,
Please ye we may contrive this afternoon,
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health,
And do as adversaries do in law,
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.
Gru. Bion. O excellent motion! Fellows, let 's be gone.
Hor. The motion 's good indeed and be it so, 281
Petruchio, I shall be your ben venuto. [*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

Padua. A room in Baptista's house.

Enter Katharina and Bianca.

Bian. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,
To make a bondmaid and a slave of me;
That I disdain; but for these other gawds,
Unbind my hands, I 'll pull them off myself,
Yea, all my raiment to my petticoat;
Or what you will command me will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.
Kath. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell
Whom thou lovest best: see thou dissemble not.
Bian. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive 10
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.
Kath. Minion, thou liest. Is 't not Hortensio?
Bian. If you affect him, sister, here I swear

I 'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.
Kath. O then, belike, you fancy riches more:
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.
Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so?
Nay then you jest, and now I well perceive
You have but jested with me all this while: 20
I prithee, sister Kate, untie my hands.
Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so. [*Strikes her.*

Enter Baptista.

Bap. Why, how now, dame! whence grows this insolence?
Bianca, stand aside. Poor girl! she weeps.
Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.
For shame, thou hilding of a devilish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?
Kath. Her silence flouts me, and I 'll be revenged.
[*Flies after Bianca.*
Bap. What, in my sight? Bianca, get thee in. 30
[*Exit Bianca.*
Kath. What, will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see
She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding day
And for your love to her lead apes in hell.
Talk not to me: I will go sit and weep
Till I can find occasion of revenge. [*Exit.*
Bap. Was ever gentleman thus grieved as I?
But who comes here?

Enter Gremio, Lucentio in the habit of a mean man; Petruchio, with Hortensio as a musician; and Tranio, with Biondello bearing a lute and books.

Gre. Good morrow, neighbour Baptista.

Bap. Good morrow, neighbour Gremio. God save you, gentlemen! 40

Pet. And you, good sir; Pray, have you not a daughter
Call'd Katharina, fair and virtuous?

Bap. I have a daughter, sir, called Katharina.

Gre. You are too blunt: go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, Signior Gremio: give me leave.
I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That, hearing of her beauty and her wit,
Her affability and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities and mild behaviour, 50
Am bold to show myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report which I so oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine,
[*Presenting Hortensio.*
Cunning in music and the mathematics,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof I know she is not ignorant:
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong:
His name is Licio, born in Mantua. 60

Bap. You 're welcome, sir; and he, for your good sake.
But for my daughter Katharine, this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

Pet. I see you do not mean to part with her,
Or else you like not of my company.

Bap. Mistake me not; I speak but as I find.
Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?

Pet. Petruchio is my name; Antonio's son,
A man well known throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his sake. 70

Gre. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too:
Baccare! you are marvellous forward.

Pet. O, pardon me, Signior Gremio; I would fain be doing.

Gre. I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your wooing. Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To express the like kindness, myself, that have been more kindly beholding to you than any, freely give unto you this young scholar [*presenting Lucentio*], that hath been long 80 studying at Rheims; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in music and mathematics: his name is Cambio; pray, accept his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio. Welcome, good Cambio. But, gentle sir [*To Tranio*], methinks you walk like a stranger: may I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?

Tra. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own;
That, being a stranger in this city here, 90
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous.
Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister.
This liberty is all that I request,
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo
And free access and favour as the rest:
And, toward the education of your daughters,
I here bestow a simple instrument, 100
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books:
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

Bap. Lucentio is your name; of whence, I pray?

Tra. Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.

Bap. A mighty man of Pisa; by report
I know him well: you are very welcome, sir.
Take you the lute, and you the set of books;
You shall go see your pupils presently.
Holla, within!

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen
To my daughters; and tell them both 110
These are their tutors: bid them use them well.
[*Exit Servant, with Luc. and Hor., Bion. following.*
We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner. You are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

Pet. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to woo.
You knew my father well, and in him me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd rather than decreased:
Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love, 120
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

Bap. After my death the one half of my lands,
And in possession twenty thousand crowns.

Pet. And, for that dowry, I 'll assure her of
Her widowhood, be it that she survive me,
In all my lands and leases whatsoever:
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,
That is, her love; for that is all in all. 130

Pet. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded;
And where two raging fires meet together
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her and so she yields to me;
For I am rough and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well mayst thou woo, and happy be thy speed!
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words. 140

Pet. Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter Hortensio, with his head broke.

Bap. How now, my friend! why dost thou look so pale?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

Hor. I think she 'll sooner prove a soldier.
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute?

Hor. Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her she mistook her frets, 150
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering;
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,
'Frets, call you these?' quoth she; 'I 'll fume with them':
And, with that word, she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way;
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute;
While she did call me rascal fiddler
And twangling Jack; with twenty such vile terms,

As she had studied to misuse me so. 160

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;
I love her ten times more than e'er I did:
O, how I long to have some chat with her!

Bap. Well, go with me and be not so discomfited:
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;
She 's apt to learn and thankful for good turns.
Signior Petruchio, will you go with us,
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

Pet. I pray you do; I will attend her here,
[*Exeunt Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, and Hortensio.*
And woo her with some spirit when she comes. 170
Say that she rail; why then I 'll tell her plain
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale;
Say that she frown; I 'll say she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew;
Say she be mute and will not speak a word:
Then I 'll commend her volubility,
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence:
If she do bid me pack, I 'll give her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a week:
If she deny to wed, I 'll crave the day 180
When I shall ask the banns, and when be married.
But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.

Enter Katharina.

Good morrow, Kate; for that 's your name, I hear.

Kath. Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing:
They call me Katharine that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;

But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kate of Kate-Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all Kates, and therefore, Kate, 190
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation;
Hearing thy mildness praised in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,
Myself am moved to woo thee for my wife.

Kath. Moved! in good time: let him that moved you hither,
Remove you hence: I knew you at the first
You were a moveable.

Pet. Why, what 's a moveable?

Kath. A join'd-stool.

Pet. Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.

Kath. Asses are made to bear, and so are you. 200

Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you.

Kath. No such jade as you, if me you mean.

Pet. Alas, good Kate, I will not burden thee!
For, knowing thee to be but young and light,—

Kath. Too light for such a swain as you to catch;
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

Pet. Should be! should—buzz!

Kath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

Pet. O slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take thee!

Kath. Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.

Pet. Come, come, you wasp; i' faith, you are too angry.

Kath. If I be waspish, best beware my sting. 211

Pet. My remedy is then, to pluck it out.

Kath. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

Pet. Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting? In his tail.

Kath. In his tongue.
Pet. Whose tongue?
Kath. Yours, if you talk of tails: and so farewell.
Pet. What, with my tongue in your tail? nay, come again,
Good Kate; I am a gentleman.
Kath. That I 'll try. [*She strikes him.* 220
Pet. I swear I 'll cuff you, if you strike again.
Kath. So may you lose your arms:
If you strike me, you are no gentleman;
And if no gentleman, why then no arms.
Pet. A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy books!
Kath. What is your crest? a coxcomb?
Pet. A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.
Kath. No cock of mine; you crow too like a craven.
Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.
Kath. It is my fashion, when I see a crab. 230
Pet. Why, here 's no crab; and therefore look not sour.
Kath. There is, there is.
Pet. Then show it me.
Kath. Had I a glass, I would.
Pet. What, you mean my face?
Kath. Well aim'd of such a young one.
Pet. Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.
Kath. Yet you are wither'd.
Pet. 'Tis with cares. 240
Kath. I care not.
Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth you scape not so.
Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry: let me go.
Pet. No, not a whit: I find you passing gentle.
'Twas told me you were rough and coy and sullen,
And now I find report a very liar;
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,

But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers:
Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will, 250
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk,
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft and affable.
Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?
O slanderous world! Kate like the hazel-twig
Is straight and slender, and as brown in hue
As hazel-nuts and sweeter than the kernels.
O, let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.

Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove 260
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?
O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;
And then let Kate be chaste and Dian sportful!

Kath. Where did you study all this goodly speech?

Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

Kath. A witty mother! witless else her son.

Pet. Am I not wise?

Kath. Yes; keep you warm.

Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed:
And therefore, setting all this chat aside, 270
Thus in plain terms: your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well,
Thou must be married to no man but me;
For I am he am born to tame you, Kate,
And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate

Conformable as other household Kates. 280
Here comes your father: never make denial;
I must and will have Katharina to my wife.

Re-enter Baptista, Gremio, and Tranio.

Bap. Now, Signior Petruchio, how speed you with my daughter?

Pet. How but well, sir? how but well?
It were impossible I should speed amiss.

Bap. Why, how now, daughter Katharine! in your dumps?

Kath. Call you me daughter? now, I promise you
You have show'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatic;
A mad-cap ruffian and a swearing Jack, 290
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. Father, 'tis thus: yourself and all the world,
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her:
If she be curst, it is for policy,
For she 's not froward, but modest as the dove;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
For patience she will prove a second Grissel,
And Roman Lucrece for her chastity
And to conclude, we have 'greed so well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day. 300

Kath. I 'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.

Gre. Hark, Petruchio; she says she 'll see thee hang'd first.

Tra. Is this your speeding? nay, then, good night our part!

Pet. Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for myself:
If she and I be pleased, what 's that to you?

'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That she shall still be curst in company.
I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
How much she loves me: O, the kindest Kate!
She hung about my neck; and kiss on kiss 310
She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,
That in a twink she won me to her love.
O, you are novices! 'tis a world to see,
How tame, when men and women are alone,
A meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew.
Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day.
Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;
I will be sure my Katharine shall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to say: but give me your hands;
God send you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match. 321

Gre. Tra. Amen, say we: we will be witnesses.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu;
I will to Venice; Sunday comes apace
We will have rings, and things, and fine array;
And, kiss me, Kate, we will be married o' Sunday.

[*Exeunt Petruchio and Katharina severally.*

Gre. Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?

Bap. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,
And venture madly on a desperate mart.

Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you: 330
'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

Bap. The gain I seek is quiet in the match.

Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch.
But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter:
Now is the day we long have looked for:
I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.

Tra. And I am one that love Bianca more
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.
Gre. Youngling, thou canst not love so dear as I.
Tra. Greybeard, thy love doth freeze.
Gre. But thine doth fry. 340
Skipper, stand back: 'tis age that nourisheth.
Tra. But youth in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.
Bap. Content you, gentlemen: I will compound this strife.
'Tis deeds must win the prize; and he, of both,
That can assure my daughter greatest dower
Shall have my Bianca's love.
Say, Signior Gremio, what can you assure her?
Gre. First, as you know, my house within the city
Is richly furnished with plate and gold;
Basins and ewers to lave her dainty hands; 350
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry;
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns;
In cypress chests my arras counterpoints,
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,
Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needlework,
Pewter and brass and all things that belong
To house or housekeeping: then, at my farm
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Sixscore fat oxen standing in my stalls, 360
And all things answerable to this portion.
Myself am struck in years, I must confess;
And if I die to-morrow, this is hers,
If whilst I live she will be only mine.
Tra. That 'only' came well in. Sir, list to me:
I am my father's heir and only son:
If I may have your daughter to my wife,

I 'll leave her houses three or four as good,
Within rich Pisa walls, as any one
Old Signior Gremio has in Padua; 370
Besides two thousand ducats by the year
Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.
What, have I pinch'd you, Signior Gremio?

Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year of land!
My land amounts not to so much in all:
That she shall have; besides an argosy
That now is lying in Marseilles' road.
What, have I choked you with an argosy?

Tra. Gremio, 'tis known my father hath no less 379
Than three great argosies; besides two galliasses,
And twelve tight galleys: these I will assure her,
And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.

Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more;
And she can have no more than all I have:
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,
By your firm promise: Gremio is out-vied.

Bap. I must confess your offer is the best;
And, let your father make her the assurance,
She is your own; else, you must pardon me, 390
If you should die before him, where 's her dower?

Tra. That 's but a cavil: he is old, I young.

Gre. And may not young men die, as well as old?

Bap. Well, gentlemen,
I am thus resolved: on Sunday next you know
My daughter Katharine is to be married:
Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance;
If not, to Signior Gremio:

And so, I take my leave, and thank you both. 400
Gre. Adieu, good neighbour. [*Exit Baptista.*
Now I fear thee not:
Sirrah, young gamester, your father were a fool
To give thee all, and in his waning age
Set foot under thy table: tut, a toy!
An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. [*Exit.*
Tra. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!
Yet I have faced it with a card of ten.
'Tis in my head to do my master good:
I see no reason but supposed Lucentio
Must get a father, call'd—supposed Vincentio; 410
And that 's a wonder: fathers commonly
Do get their childern; but in this case of wooing,
A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning.
[*Exit.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

Padua. Baptista's house.

Enter Lucentio, Hortensio, and Bianca.

Luc. Fiddler, forbear; you grow too forward, sir:
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katharine welcomed you withal?
Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this is
The patroness of heavenly harmony:
Then give me leave to have prerogative;
And when in music we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.
Luc. Preposterous ass, that never read so far

To know the cause why music was ordain'd! 10
Was it not to refresh the mind of man
After his studies or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And while I pause, serve in your harmony.

Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.

Bian. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To strive for that which resteth in my choice:
I am no breeching scholar in the schools;
I 'll not be tied to hours nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself. 20
And to cut off all strife, here sit we down:
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles;
His lecture will be done ere you have tuned.

Hor. You 'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?

Luc. That will be never; tune your instrument.

Bian. Where left we last?

Luc. Here, madam:
'Hic ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.'

Bian. Construe them. 30

Luc. 'Hic ibat,' as I told you before,—'Simois,' I am Lucentio,—'hic est,' son unto Vincentio of Pisa,—'Sigeia tellus,' disguised thus to get your love;—'Hic steterat,' and that Lucentio that comes a-wooing,—'Priami,' is my man Tranio,—'regia,' bearing my port,—'celsa senis,' that we might beguile the old pantaloon.

Hor. Madam, my instrument 's in tune.

Bian. Let 's hear. O fie! the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again. 40

Bian. Now let me see if I can construe it:

'Hic ibat Simois,' I know you not,—'hic est
Sigeia tellus,' I trust you not,—'Hic steterat
Priami,' take heed he hear us not,—'regia,'
presume not,—'celsa senis,' despair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the base.

Hor. The base is right; 'tis the base knave that jars.
[*Aside*] How fiery and forward our pedant is!
Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love:
Pedascule, I 'll watch you better yet. 50

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

Luc. Mistrust it not; for, sure, Æacides
Was Ajax, call'd so from his grandfather.

Bian. I must believe my master; else, I promise you,
I should be arguing still upon that doubt.
But let it rest. Now, Licio, to you:
Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Hor. You may go walk, and give me leave a while:
My lessons make no music in three parts. 60

Luc. Are you so formal, sir? well, I must wait,
[*Aside*] And watch withal; for, but I be deceived,
Our fine musician groweth amorous.

Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art;
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade:
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn. 70

Bian. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

Bian. [*Reads*] "'Gamut' I am, the ground of all accord,
'A re,' to plead Hortensio's passion;
'B mi,' Bianca, take him for thy lord,
'C fa ut,' that loves with all affection:
'D sol re,' one clef, two notes have I:
'E la mi,' show pity, or I die."
Call you this gamut? tut, I like it not:
Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice, 80
To change true rules for old inventions.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mistress, your father prays you leave your books,
And help to dress your sister's chamber up:
You know to-morrow is the wedding-day.
Bian. Farewell, sweet masters both; I must be gone.
[*Exeunt Bianca and Servant.*
Luc. Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay. [*Exit.*
Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant:
Methinks he looks as though he were in love:
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,
To cast thy wandering eyes on every stale, 90
Seize thee that list: if once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

Padua. Before Baptista's house.

Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, Katharina, Bianca, Lucentio, and others, attendants.

Bap. Signior Lucentio [*To Tranio*], this is the 'pointed day.
That Katharine and Petruchio should be married,
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.

What will be said? what mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage!
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

Kath. No shame but mine: I must forsooth, be forced
To give my hand, opposed against my heart,
Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen; 10
Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.
I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour:
And, to be noted for a merry man,
He 'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite, and proclaim the banns;
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
Now must the world point at poor Katharine,
And say, 'Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,
If it would please him come and marry her!' 20

Tra. Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too.
Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
Whatever fortune stays him from his word:
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;
Though he be merry, yet withal he 's honest.

Kath. Would Katharine had never seen him though!
[*Exit weeping, followed by Bianca and others.*

Bap. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;
For such an injury would vex a very saint,
Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Master, master! news, old news, and such 30
news as you never heard of!

Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

Bion. Why, is it not news, to hear of Petruchio's coming?

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why, no, sir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion. When he stands where I am and sees you there. 40

Tra. But say, what to thine old news?

Bion. Why, Petruchio is coming in a new hat and an old jerkin, a pair of old breeches thrice turned, a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another laced, an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town-armoury, with a broken hilt, and chapeless; with two broken points: his horse hipped with an old mothy saddle and stirrups of no kindred; besides, possessed with the glanders and like to mose in 50 the chine; troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions, full of windgalls, sped with spavins, rayed with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots, swayed in the back and shoulder-shotten; near-legged before and with a half-checked bit and a head stall of sheep's leather which, being restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst and now repaired with knots; one girth six times pieced and a 60 woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with pack-thread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. O, sir, his lackey, for all the world caparisoned like the horse; with a linen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered with a red and blue list; an old hat, and 'the humour of forty fancies' pricked in 't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparel, and not like a Christian footboy or a gentleman's lackey. 70

Tra. 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion;
Yet oftentimes he goes but mean-apparell'd.

Bap. I am glad he 's come, howsoe'er he comes.

Bion. Why, sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say he comes?

Bion. Who? that Petruchio came?

Bap. Ay, that Petruchio came.

Bion. No, sir; I say his horse comes, with him on his back. 80

Bap. Why, that 's all one.

Bion. Nay, by Saint Jamy,
I hold you a penny,
A horse and a man
Is more than one,
And yet not many.

Enter Petruchio and Grumio.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who 's at home?

Bap. You are welcome, sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well apparell'd
As I wish you were. 90

Pet. Were it better, I should rush in thus.
But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?

How does my father? Gentles, methinks you frown:
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some comet or unusual prodigy?

Bap. Why, sir, you know this is your wedding-day:
First were we sad, fearing you would not come;
Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.
Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate, 100
An eye-sore to our solemn festival!

Tra. And tell us, what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,
Though in some part enforced to digress;
Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse
As you shall well be satisfied withal.
But where is Kate? I stay too long from her: 110
The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.

Tra. See not your bride in these unreverent robes:
Go to my chamber; put on clothes of mine.

Pet. Not I, believe me: thus I 'll visit her.

Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

Pet. Good sooth, even thus; therefore ha' done with words:
To me she 's married, not unto my clothes:
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I can change these poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for Kate and better for myself. 120
But what a fool am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good morrow to my bride,
And seal the title with a lovely kiss!

[*Exeunt Petruchio and Grumio.*

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire:
We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better ere he go to church.

Bap. I 'll after him, and see the event of this.
[*Exeunt Baptista, Gremio, and attendants.*

Tra. But to her love concerneth us to add
Her father's liking: which to bring to pass,
As I before imparted to your worship, 130
I am to get a man,—whate'er he be,
It skills not much, we 'll fit him to our turn,—
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa;
And make assurance here in Padua
Of greater sums than I have promised.
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow-schoolmaster
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage; 140
Which once performed, let all the world say no,
I 'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this business:
We 'll over-reach the greybeard, Gremio,
The narrow-prying father, Minola,
The quaint musician, amorous Licio;
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.

Re-enter Gremio.

Signior Gremio, came you from the church?

Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from school. 150

Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

Gre. A bridegroom say you? 'tis a groom indeed,

A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

Tra. Curster than she? why, 'tis impossible.

Gre. Why, he 's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

Tra. Why, she 's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

Gre. Tut, she 's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him!
I 'll tell you, Sir Lucentio: when the priest
Should ask, if Katharine should be his wife,
'Ay, by gogs-wouns,' quoth he; and swore so loud,
That, all amazed, the priest let fall the book; 161
And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,
This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff
That down fell priest and book, and book and priest:
'Now take them up,' quoth he, 'if any list.'

Tra. What said the wench when he rose again?

Gre. Trembled and shook; for why he stamp'd and swore,
As if the vicar meant to cozen him.
But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine: 'A health!' quoth he; as if 170
He had been aboard, carousing to his mates
After a storm: quaff'd off the muscadel,
And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;
Having no other reason
But that his beard grew thin and hungerly
And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.
This done, he took the bride about the neck
And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack
That at the parting all the church did echo:
And I seeing this came hence for very shame; 180
And after me, I know, the rout is coming.
Such a mad marriage never was before:
Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play. [*Music.*

Re-enter Petruchio, Katharina, Bianca, Baptista, Hortensio, Grumio, and train.

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains:
I know you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepared great store of wedding cheer?
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.
Bap. Is 't possible you will away to-night?
Pet. I must away to-day, before night come: 190
Make it no wonder; if you knew my business,
You would entreat me rather go than stay.
And, honest company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myself
To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife:
Dine with my father, drink a health to me;
For I must hence; and farewell to you all.
Tra. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.
Pet. It may not be.
Gre. Let me entreat you.
Pet. It cannot be.
Kath. Let me entreat you. 200
Pet. I am content.
Kath. Are you content to stay?
Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay;
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.
Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.
Pet. Grumio, my horse.
Gru. Ay, sir, they be ready: the oats have eaten the horses.
Kath. Nay, then,
Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;

No, nor to-morrow, not till I please myself.
The door is open, sir; there lies your way; 210
You may be jogging whiles your boots are green;
For me, I 'll not be gone till I please myself:
'Tis like you 'll prove a jolly surly groom,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. O Kate, content thee; prithee, be not angry.

Kath. I will be angry: what hast thou to do?
Father, be quiet: he shall stay my leisure.

Gre. Ay, marry, sir, now it begins to work.

Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner:
I see a woman may be made a fool, 220
If she had not a spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command.
Obey the bride, you that attend on her;
Go to the feast, revel and domineer,
Carouse full measure to her maidenhead.
Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves:
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;
I will be master of what is mine own:
She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house, 230
My household stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing;
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare;
I 'll bring mine action on the proudest he
That stops my way in Padua. Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon, we are beset with thieves;
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man.
Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, Kate:
I 'll buckler thee against a million.

[*Exeunt Petruchio, Katharina, and Grumio.*

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones. 240
Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.
Tra. Of all mad matches never was the like.
Luc. Mistress, what 's your opinion of your sister?
Bian. That, being mad herself, she 's madly mated.
Gre. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.
Bap. Neighbours and friends, though bride and bridegroom wants
For to supply the places at the table,
You know there wants no junkets at the feast.
Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place;
And let Bianca take her sister's room. 250
Tra. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?
Bap. She shall, Lucentio. Come, gentlemen, let 's go.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

Petruchio's country house.

Enter Grumio.

Gru. Fie, fie on all tired jades, on all mad masters, and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so rayed? was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot, and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me: but I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself; for, considering the weather, a 10

taller man than I will take cold. Holla, ho! Curtis!

Enter Curtis.

Curt. Who is that calls so coldly?

Gru. A piece of ice: if thou doubt it, thou mayst slide from my shoulder to my heel with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

Curt. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

Gru. O, ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire, fire; cast on no water. 20

Curt. Is she so hot a shrew as she 's reported?

Gru. She was, good Curtis, before this frost: but, thou knowest, winter tames man, woman, and beast; for it hath tamed my old master, and my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis.

Curt. Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beast.

Gru. Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot; and so long am I at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand, she being now at hand, 30 thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office?

Curt. I prithee, good Grumio, tell me, how goes the world?

Gru. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and therefore fire: do thy duty, and have thy duty, for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

Curt. There 's fire ready; and therefore, good Grumio, the news. 40

Gru. Why, 'Jack, boy! ho! boy!' and as much news as thou wilt.

Curt. Come, you are so full of cony-catching!

Gru. Why, therefore fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where 's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept; the serving-men in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on? Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without, the carpets laid, and every thing in order? 50

Curt. All ready; and therefore, I pray thee, news.

Gru. First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

Curt. How?

Gru. Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let 's ha 't, good Grumio.

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There. [*Strikes him.* 60

Curt. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis called a sensible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: *Imprimis,* we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress,—

Curt. Both of one horse?

Gru. What 's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horse.

Gru. Tell thou the tale: but hadst thou not crossed me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse 70 fell and she under her horse; thou shouldst have heard in how miry a place, how she was

bemoiled, how he left her with the horse upon her, how he beat me because her horse stumbled, how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me, how he swore, how she prayed, that never prayed before, how I cried, how the horses ran away, how her bridle was burst, how I lost my crupper, with many things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion and thou 80 return unexperienced to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckoning he is more shrew than she.

Gru. Ay; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find when he comes home. But what talk I of this? Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop and the rest: let their heads be sleekly combed, their blue coats brushed, and their garters of an indifferent knit: let them curtsy with their left legs, and not presume to touch a hair of my master's 90 horse-tail till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear, ho? you must meet my master to countenance my mistress!

Gru. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Gru. Thou, it seems, that calls for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her. 100

Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter four or five serving-men.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio!

Phil. How now, Grumio!
Jos. What, Grumio!
Nich. Fellow Grumio!
Nath. How now, old lad?
Gru. Welcome, you;—how now, you;—what, you;
—fellow, you;—and thus much for greeting.
Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and
all things neat? 110
Nath. All things is ready. How near is our master?
Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore
be not—Cock's passion, silence! I hear my
master.

Enter Petruchio and Katharina.

Pet. Where be these knaves? What, no man at door
To hold my stirrup nor to take my horse!
Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?
All Serv. Here, here, sir; here, sir.
Pet. Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir!
You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms! 120
What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?
Where is the foolish knave I sent before?
Gru. Here, sir, as foolish as I was before.
Pet. You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-horse
drudge!
Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?
Gru. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the heel;
There was no link to colour Peter's hat, 129
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:
There were none fine but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;
The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.
[*Exeunt Servants.*

[*Singing*] Where is the life that late I led—

Where are those—Sit down, Kate, and welcome.—
Soud, soud, soud, soud!

Re-enter Servants with supper.

Why, when, I say? Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.
Off with my boots, you rogues! you villains, when?

[*Sings*] It was the friar of orders grey, 140
As he forth walked on his way:—

Out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry:
Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.
[*Strikes him.*
Be merry, Kate. Some water, here; what, ho!
Where 's my spaniel Troilus? Sirrah, get you hence,
And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:
One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.
Where are my slippers? Shall I have some water?

Enter one with water.

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.
You whoreson villain! will you let it fall!
[*Strikes him.*

Kath. Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling. 151
Pet. A whoreson beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave!
Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate; or else shall I?
What 's this? mutton?

First. Serv. Ay.
Pet. Who brought it?
Peter. I
Pet. 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat.
What dogs are these! where is the rascal cook?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all: 160
[*Throws the meat, etc., about the stage.*
You heedless joltheads and unmanner'd slaves!
What, do you grumble? I 'll be with you straight.
Kath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet:
The meat was well, if you were so contented.
Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away;
And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler, planteth anger;
And better 'twere that both of us did fast,
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh. 170
Be patient; to-morrow 't shall be mended,
And, for this night, we 'll fast for company:
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.
[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Servants severally.

Nath. Peter, didst ever see the like?
Peter. He kills her in her own humour.

Re-enter Curtis.

Gru. Where is he?
Curt. In her chamber, making a sermon of continency to her;
And rails, and swears, and rates, that she, poor soul,

Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak,
And sits as one new-risen from a dream. 181
Away, away! for he is coming hither. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Petruchio.

Pet. Thus have I politicly begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully.
My falcon now is sharp and passing empty;
And till she stoop she must not be full-gorged,
For then she never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard,
To make her come and know her keeper's call,
That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites 190
That bate and beat and will not be obedient.
She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;
Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not;
As with the meat, some undeserved fault
I 'll find about the making of the bed;
And here I 'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets:
Ay, and amid this hurly I intend
That all is done in reverend care of her;
And in conclusion she shall watch all night: 200
And if she chance to nod, I 'll rail and brawl,
And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness;
And thus I 'll curb her mad and headstrong humour.
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak: 'tis charity to show. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

Padua. Before Baptista's house.

Enter Tranio and Hortensio.

Tra. Is 't possible, friend Licio, that Mistress Bianca
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?
I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.
Hor. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
Stand by and mark the manner of his teaching.

Enter Bianca and Lucentio.

Luc. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?
Bian. What, master, read you? first resolve me that.
Luc. I read that I profess, the Art to Love.
Bian. And may you prove, sir, master of your art! 9
Luc. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart!
Hor. Quick proceeders, marry! Now, tell me, I pray,
You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca
Loved none in the world so well as Lucentio.
Tra. O despiteful love! unconstant womankind!
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.
Hor. Mistake no more: I am not Licio,
Nor a musician, as I seem to be;
But one that scorn to live in this disguise,
For such a one as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of such a cullion: 20
Know, sir, that I am call'd Hortensio.
Tra. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca;
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,
I will with you, if you be so contented,
Forswear Bianca and her love for ever

Hor. See, how they kiss and court! Signior Lucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
Never to woo her more, but do forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours 30
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,
Never to marry with her though she would entreat:
Fie on her! see, how beastly she doth court him!

Hor. Would all the world but he had quite forsworn!
For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow,
Ere three days pass, which hath as long loved me
As I have loved this proud disdainful haggard.
And so farewell, Signior Lucentio. 40
Kindness in women, not their beautous looks,
Shall win my love: and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before. [*Exit.*

Tra. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace
As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case!
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love,
And have forsworn you with Hortensio.

Bian. Tranio, you jest: but have you both forsworn me?

Tra. Mistress, we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of Licio.

Tra. I' faith, he 'll have a lusty widow now, 50
That will be woo'd and wedded in a day.

Bian. God give him joy.

Tra. Ay, and he 'll tame her.

Bian. He says so, Tranio.

Tra. Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.

Bian. The taming-school! what, is there such a place?

Tra. Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master;

That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,
To tame a shrew and charm her chattering tongue.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. O master, master, I have watch'd so long
That I am dog-weary! but at last I spied 60
An ancient angel coming down the hill,
Will serve the turn.
Tra. What is he, Biondello?
Bion. Master, a mercatante, or a pedant,
I know not what; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance surely like a father.
Luc. And what of him, Tranio?
Tra. If he be credulous and trust my tale,
I 'll make him glad to seem Vincentio,
And give assurance to Baptista Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio. 70
Take in your love, and then let me alone.
[*Exeunt Lucentio and Bianca.*

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you, sir!
Tra. And you, sir! you are welcome.
Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?
Ped. Sir, at the farthest for a week or two:
But then up farther, and as far as Rome;
And so to Tripoli, if God lend me life.
Tra. What countryman, I pray?
Ped. Of Mantua.
Tra. Of Mantua, sir? marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careless of your life?
Ped. My life, sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard. 80

Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua. Know you not the cause?
Your ships are stay'd at Venice; and the Duke,
For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis marvel, but that you are but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

Ped. Alas, sir, it is worse for me than so!
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them. 90

Tra. Well, sir, to do you courtesy,
This will I do, and this I will advise you:
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?

Ped. Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been;
Pisa renowned for grave citizens.

Tra. Among them know you one Vincentio?

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him;
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father, sir; and, sooth to say,
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you. 100

Bion. As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all one.
[*Aside.*

Tra. To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his sake;
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes
That you are like to Sir Vincentio.
His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodged:
Look that you take upon you as you should;
You understand me, sir: so shall you stay
Till you have done your business in the city: 110
If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.

Ped. O sir, I do; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.

Tra. Then go with me to make the matter good.
This, by the way, I let you understand;
My father is here look'd for every day,
To pass assurance of a dower in marriage
'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here:
In all these circumstances I 'll instruct you:
Go with me to clothe you as becomes you. 120

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A room in Petruchio's house.

Enter Katharina and Grumio.

Gru. No, no, forsooth; I dare not for my life.

Kath. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears:
What, did he marry me to famish me?
Beggars, that come unto my father's door,
Upon entreaty have a present alms;
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:
But I, who never knew how to entreat,
Nor never needed that I should entreat,
Am starved for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed: 10
And that which spites me more than all these wants,
He does it under name of perfect love;
As who should say, if I should sleep or eat,
'Twere deadly sickness or else present death.
I prithee go and get me some repast;
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Gru. What say you to a neat's foot?

Kath. 'Tis passing good: I prithee let me have it.
Gru. I fear it is too choleric a meat.
How say you to a fat tripe finely broil'd? 20
Kath. I like it well; good Grumio, fetch it me.
Gru. I cannot tell; I fear 'tis choleric.
What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?
Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.
Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.
Kath. Why then, the beef, and let the mustard rest.
Gru. Nay then, I will not: you shall have the mustard,
Or else you get no beef of Grumio.
Kath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.
Gru. Why then, the mustard without the beef. 30
Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave, [*Beats him.*
That feed'st me with the very name of meat:
Sorrow on thee and all the pack of you
That triumph thus upon my misery!
Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter Petruchio and Hortensio with meat.

Pet. How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all amort?
Hor. Mistress, what cheer?
Kath. Faith, as cold as can be.
Pet. Pluck up thy spirits; look cheerfully upon me.
Here, love; thou see'st how diligent I am
To dress thy meat myself and bring it thee: 40
I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.
What, not a word? Nay, then thou lovest it not;
And all my pains is sorted to no proof.
Here, take away this dish.
Kath. I pray you, let it stand.
Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks;

And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.
Kath. I thank you, sir.
Hor. Signior Petruchio, fie! you are to blame.
Come, Mistress Kate, I 'll bear you company.
Pet. Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lovest me. [*Aside.*
Much good do it unto thy gentle heart! 51
Kate, eat apace: and now, my honey love,
Will we return unto thy father's house,
And revel it as bravely as the best,
With silken coats and caps and golden rings,
With ruffs and cuffs and fardingales and things;
With scarfs and fans and double change of bravery,
With amber bracelets, beads and all this knavery.
What, hast thou dined? The tailor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure. 60

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;
Lay forth the gown.

Enter Haberdasher.

What news with you, sir?
Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.
Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer;
A velvet dish: fie, fie! 'tis lewd and filthy:
Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut-shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap:
Away with it! come, let me have a bigger.
Kath. I 'll have no bigger: this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these. 70
Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not till then.

Hor. That will not be in haste. [*Aside.*

Kath. Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak;
And speak I will; I am no child, no babe:
Your betters have endured me say my mind,
And if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or else my heart concealing it will break;
And rather than it shall, I will be free
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words. 80

Pet. Why, thou say'st true; it is a paltry cap,
A custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pie:
I love thee well, in that thou likest it not.

Kath. Love me or love me not, I like the cap;
And it I will have, or I will have none.
[*Exit Haberdasher.*

Pet. Thy gown? why, ay: come, tailor, let us see 't.
O mercy, God! what masquing stuff is here?
What 's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon:
What, up and down, carved like an apple-tart?
Here 's snip and nip and cut and slish and slash, 90
Like to a censer in a barber's shop:
Why, what, i' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?

Hor. I see she 's like to have neither cap nor gown.
[*Aside.*

Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion and the time.

Pet. Marry, and did; but if you be remember'd,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.
Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, sir:
I 'll none of it: hence! make your best of it. 100

Kath. I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:

PETRUCHIO: "Why, what i' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?"

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW *Act* IV *Scene* 3

Belike you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tai. She says your worship means to make a puppet of her.

Pet. O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou thread, thou thimble,
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail!
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket thou! 110
Braved in mine own house with a skein of thread?
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou livest!
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

Tai. Your worship is deceived; the gown is made
Just as my master had direction:
Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no order; I gave him the stuff.

Tai. But how did you desire it should be made? 120

Gru. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

Tai. But did you not request to have it cut?

Gru. Thou hast faced many things.

Tai. I have.

Gru. Face not me: thou hast braved many men; brave not me; I will neither be faced nor braved.
I say unto thee, I bid thy master cut out the gown, but I did not bid him cut it to pieces: ergo, thou liest.

Tai. Why, here is the note of the fashion to 130 testify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in 's throat if he say I said so.

Tai. [*Reads*] 'Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown:'

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread: I said a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tai. [*Reads*] 'With a small compassed cape:' 140

Gru. I confess the cape.

Tai. [*Reads*] 'With a trunk sleeve:'

Gru. I confess two sleeves.

Tai. [*Reads*] 'The sleeves curiously cut.'

Pet. Ay, there 's the villany.

Gru. Error i' the bill, sir; error i' the bill. I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sewed up again; and that I 'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tai. This is true that I say: an I had thee in place 150 where, thou shouldst know it.

Gru. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he shall have no odds.

Pet. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i' the right, sir: 'tis for my mistress.

Pet. Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life: take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use! 160

Pet. Why, sir, what 's your conceit in that?

Gru. O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for: Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use! O, fie, fie, fie!

Pet. Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid. [*Aside* Go, take it hence; be gone, and say no more.

Hor. Tailor, I 'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow:
Take no unkindness of his hasty words:
Away! I say; commend me to thy master.
[*Exit Tailor.*

Pet. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's 170
Even in these honest mean habiliments:
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor;
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
What is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?
O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse 180
For this poor furniture and mean array.
If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me;
And therefore frolic: we will hence forthwith,
To feast and sport us at thy father's house.
Go, call my men, and let us straight to him;
And bring our horses unto Long-lane end;
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.
Let 's see; I think 'tis now some seven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner-time.

Kath. I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two; 190
And 'twill be supper-time ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be seven ere I go to horse:
Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still crossing it. Sirs, let 't alone:
I will not go to-day; and ere I do,
It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

Hor. Why, so this gallant will command the sun.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Padua. Before Baptista's house.

Enter Tranio, and the Pedant dressed like Vincentio.

Tra. Sir, this is the house: please it you that I call?
Ped. Ay, what else? and but I be deceived
Signior Baptista may remember me,
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,
Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.
Tra. 'Tis well; and hold your own, in any case,
With such austerity as 'longeth to a father.
Ped. I warrant you.

Enter Biondello.

But, sir, here comes your boy;
'Twere good he were school'd.
Tra. Fear you not him. Sirrah Biondello, 10
Now do your duty throughly, I advise you.
Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.
Bion. Tut, fear not me.
Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?
Bion. I told him that your father was at Venice;
And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.
Tra. Thou 'rt a tall fellow: hold thee that to drink.
Here comes Baptista: set your countenance, sir.

Enter Baptista and Lucentio.

Signior Baptista, you are happily met.
[*To the Pedant*] Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of: 20
I pray you, stand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft, son!
Sir, by your leave: having come to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love between your daughter and himself:
And, for the good report I hear of you,
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And she to him, to stay him not too long, 30
I am content, in a good father's care,
To have him match'd; and, if you please to like
No worse than I, upon some agreement
Me shall you find ready and willing
With one consent to have her so bestow'd;
For curious I cannot be with you,
Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say:
Your plainness and your shortness please me well.
Right true it is, your son Lucentio here 40
Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections:
And therefore, if you say no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him,
And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,
The match is made, and all is done:
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

Tra. I thank you, sir. Where then do you know best
We be affied and such assurance ta'en
As shall with either part's agreement stand? 50

Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio; for, you know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants:
Besides, old Gremio is hearkening still;
And happily we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you:
There doth my father lie; and there, this night,
We 'll pass the business privately and well.
Send for your daughter by your servant here;
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
The worst is this, that, at so slender warning, 60
You are like to have a thin and slender pittance.
Bap. It likes me well. Cambio, hie you home.
And bid Bianca make her ready straight;
And, if you will, tell what hath happened,
Lucentio's father is arrived in Padua,
And how she 's like to be Lucentio's wife.
Bion. I pray the gods she may with all my heart!
Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.
[*Exit Bion.*
Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?
Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer: 70
Come, sir; we will better it in Pisa.
Bap. I follow you.
[*Exeunt Tranio, Pedant, and Baptista.*

Re-enter Biondello.

Bion. Cambio.
Luc. What sayest thou, Biondello?
Bion. You saw my master wink and laugh upon you?
Luc. Biondello, what of that?
Bion. Faith, nothing; but has left me here behind, to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens.
Luc. I pray thee, moralize them. 80
Bion. Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.
Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

Luc. And then?

Bion. The old priest at Saint Luke's church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell; expect they are busied about a counterfeit assurance: take you assurance of her, 'cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum:' to the church; take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses:
If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,
But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.

Luc. Hearest thou, Biondello?

Bion. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, sir: and so, adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to Saint Luke's, to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix. [*Exit.*

Luc. I may, and will, if she be so contented:
She will be pleased; then wherefore should I doubt?
Hap what hap may, I 'll roundly go about her:
It shall go hard if Cambio go without her. [*Exit.*

Scene V.

A public road.

Enter Petruchio, Katharina, Hortensio, and Servants.

Pet. Come on, i' God's name; once more toward our father's.
Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

Kath. The moon! the sun: it is not moonlight now.
Pet. I say it is the moon that shines so bright.
Kath. I know it is the sun that shines so bright.
Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that 's myself,
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your father's house.
Go on and fetch our horses back again.
Evermore cross'd and cross'd; nothing but cross'd! 10
Hor. Say as he says, or we shall never go.
Kath. Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please:
And if you please to call it a rush-candle,
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.
Pet. I say it is the moon.
Kath. I know it is the moon.
Pet. Nay, then you lie: it is the blessed sun.
Kath. Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun.
But sun it is not, when you say it is not;
And the moon changes even as your mind. 20
What you will have it named, even that it is;
And so it shall be so for Katharine.
Hor. Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is won.
Pet. Well, forward, forward! thus the bowl should run,
And not unluckily against the bias.
But, soft! company is coming here.

Enter Vincentio.

[*To Vincentio*] Good morrow, gentle mistress: where away?
Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks? 30

What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,
As those two eyes become that heavenly face?
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee.
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

Hor. A' will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.

Kath. Young budding virgin, fair and fresh and sweet,
Whither away, or where is thy abode?
Happy the parents of so fair a child;
Happier the man, whom favourable stars
Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow! 40

Pet. Why, how now, Kate! I hope thou art not mad:
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd;
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

Kath. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
That have been so bedazzled with the sun,
That everything I look on seemeth green:
Now I perceive thou art a reverend father;
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

Pet. Do, good old grandsire; and withal make known
Which way thou travellest: if along with us, 50
We shall be joyful of thy company.

Vin. Fair sir, and you my merry mistress,
That with your strange encounter much amazed me,
My name is call'd Vincentio; my dwelling Pisa;
And bound I am to Padua; there to visit
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

Pet. What is his name?

Vin. Lucentio, gentle sir.

Pet. Happily met; the happier for thy son.
And now by law, as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee my loving father: 60
The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,

Thy son by this hath married. Wonder not,
Nor be not grieved: she is of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
Beside, so qualified as may beseem
The spouse of any noble gentleman.
Let me embrace with old Vincentio,
And wander we to see thy honest son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

Vin. But is this true? or is it else your pleasure, 70
Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake?

Hor. I do assure thee, father, so it is.

Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof;
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.
[*Exeunt all but Hortensio.*

Hor. Well, Petruchio, this has put me in heart.
Have to my widow! and if she be froward,
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward.
[*Exit.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

Padua. Before Lucentio's house.

Gremio discovered. Enter behind Biondello, Lucentio, and Bianca.

Bion. Softly and swiftly, sir; for the priest is ready.

Luc. I fly, Biondello: but they may chance to need thee at home; therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, faith, I 'll see the church o' your back;

and then come back to my master's as soon as I can. [*Exeunt Lucentio, Bianca, and Biondello.*

Gre. I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter Petruchio, Katharina, Vincentio, Grumio, with Attendants.

Pet. Sir, here 's the door, this is Lucentio's house:
My father's bears more toward the market-place;
Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir. 10

Vin. You shall not choose but drink before you go:
I think I shall command your welcome here,
And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward.
[*Knocks.*

Gre. They are busy within; you were best knock louder.

Pedant looks out of the window.

Ped. What 's he that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

Vin. Is Signior Lucentio within, sir?

Ped. He 's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or 20
two, to make merry withal.

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself: he shall need none, so long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you your son was well beloved in Padua. Do you hear, sir?—to leave frivolous circumstances,—I pray you, tell Signior Lucentio, that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

Ped. Thou liest: his father has come from Padua, and here looking out at the window. 30

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

Pet. [*To Vincentio*] Why, how now, gentleman! why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain: I believe a' means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

Re-enter Biondello.

Bion. I have seen them in the church together: God send 'em good shipping! But who is here? 40 mine old master Vincentio! now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

Vin. [*Seeing Biondello*] Come hither, crack-hemp.

Bion. I hope I may choose, sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue. What, have you forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you! no, sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio? 50

Bion. What, my old worshipful old master? yet marry, sir: see where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is 't so, indeed? [*Beats Biondello.*

Bion. Help, help, help! here 's a madman will murder me. [*Exit.*

Ped. Help, son! help, Signior Baptista! [*Exit from above.*

Pet. Prithee, Kate, let 's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. [*They retire.*

Re-enter Pedant below; Tranio, Baptista, and Servants.

Tra. Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my servant? 60

Vin. What am I, sir! nay, what are you, sir? O

immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatain hat! O, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

Tra. How now! what 's the matter?

Bap. What, is the man lunatic?

Tra. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman. Why, sir, what 'cerns it you if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it. 70

Vin. Thy father! O villain! he is a sail-maker in Bergamo.

Bap. You mistake, sir, you mistake, sir. Pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name! as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old and his name is Tranio. 80

Ped. Away, away, mad ass! his name is Lucentio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, Signior Vincentio.

Vin. Lucentio! O, he hath murdered his master! Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the Duke's name. O, my son, my son! Tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

Tra. Call forth an officer.

Enter one with an Officer.

Carry this mad knave to the gaol. Father Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthcoming. 90

Vin. Carry me to the gaol!
Gre. Stay, officer: he shall not go to prison.
Bap. Talk not, Signior Gremio: I say he shall go to prison.
Gre. Take heed, Signior Baptista, lest you be cony-catched in this business: I dare swear this is the right Vincentio.
Ped. Swear, if thou darest.
Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it. 100
Tra. Then thou wert best say that I am not Lucentio.
Gre. Yes, I know thee to be Signior Lucentio.
Bap. Away with the dotard! to the gaol with him!
Vin. Thus strangers may be haled and abused:
O monstrous villain!

Re-enter Biondello, with Lucentio and Bianca.

Bion. O, we are spoiled! and—yonder he is: deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.
Luc. Pardon, sweet father. [*Kneeling.*
Vin. Lives my sweet son?

[*Exeunt Biondello, Tranio, and Pedant, as fast as may be.*

Bian. Pardon, dear father.
Bap. How hast thou offended?
Where is Lucentio?
Luc. Here 's Lucentio, 110
Right son to the right Vincentio;
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne.
Gre. Here 's packing, with a witness, to deceive us all!
Vin. Where is that damned villain Tranio,

That faced and braved me in this matter so?
Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?
Bian. Cambio is changed into Lucentio.
Luc. Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love 120
Made me exchange my state with Tranio,
While he did bear my countenance in the town;
And happily I have arrived at the last
Unto the wished haven of my bliss.
What Tranio did, myself enforced him to;
Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.
Vin. I 'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent me to the gaol.
Bap. But do you hear, sir? have you married my daughter without asking my good will? 130
Vin. Fear not, Baptista; we will content you, go to: but I will in, to be revenged for this villany. [*Exit.*
Bap. And I, to sound the depth of this knavery. [*Exit.*
Luc. Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown. [*Exeunt Lucentio and Bianca.*
Gre. My cake is dough: but I 'll in among the rest;
Out of hope of all, but my share of the feast. [*Exit.*
Kath. Husband, let 's follow, to see the end of this ado.
Pet. First kiss me, Kate, and we will. 140
Kath. What, in the midst of the street?
Pet. What, art thou ashamed of me?
Kath. No, sir, God forbid; but ashamed to kiss.
Pet. Why, then let 's home again. Come, sirrah, let 's away.
Kath. Nay, I will give thee a kiss: now pray thee, love, stay.
Pet. Is not this well? Come, my sweet Kate:
Better once than never, for never too late. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Padua. Lucentio's house.

Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gremio, the Pedant, Lucentio, Bianca, Petruchio, Katharina, Hortensio, and Widow, Tranio, Biondello, and Grumio: the Servingmen with Tranio bringing in a banquet.

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree:
And time it is, when raging war is done,
To smile at scapes and perils overblown.
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
While I with self-same kindness welcome thine.
Brother Petruchio, sister Katharina,
And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house:
My banquet is to close our stomachs up,
After our great good cheer. Pray you, sit down;
For now we sit to chat, as well as eat. 11
Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!
Bap. Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.
Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.
Hor. For both our sakes, I would that word were true.
Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.
Wid. Then never trust me, if I be afeard.
Pet. You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense:
I mean Hortensio is afeard of you.
Wid. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round. 20
Pet. Roundly replied.
Kath. Mistress, how mean you that?
Wid. Thus I conceive by him.
Pet. Conceives by me! How likes Hortensio that?
Hor. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

Pet. Very well mended. Kiss him for that, good widow.

Kath. 'He that is giddy thinks the world turns round':
I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,
Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe:
And now you know my meaning. 30

Kath. A very mean meaning.

Wid. Right, I mean you.

Kath. And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.

Pet. To her, Kate!

Hor. To her, widow!

Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

Hor. That 's my office.

Pet. Spoke like an officer: ha' to thee, lad.
[*Drinks to Hortensio.*

Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?

Gre. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

Bian. Head, and butt! an hasty-witted body 40
Would say your head and butt were head and horn.

Vin. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you?

Bian. Ay, but not frighted me; therefore I 'll sleep again.

Pet. Nay, that you shall not: since you have begun,
Have at you for a bitter jest or two!

Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush;
And then pursue me as you draw your bow.
You are welcome all.
[*Exeunt Bianca, Katharina, and Widow.*

Pet. She hath prevented me. Here, Signior Tranio,
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not; 50
Therefore a health to all that shot and miss'd.

Tra. O, sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his greyhound,
Which runs himself, and catches for his master.
Pet. A good swift simile, but something currish.
Tra. 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself:
'Tis thought your deer does hold you at a bay.
Bap. O ho, Petruchio! Tranio hits you now.
Luc. I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.
Hor. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?
Pet. A' has a little gall'd me, I confess; 60
And, as the jest did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.
Bap. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.
Pet. Well, I say no: and therefore for assurance
Let 's each one send unto his wife:
And he whose wife is most obedient,
To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose.
Hor. Content. What is the wager?
Luc. Twenty crowns. 70
Pet. Twenty crowns!
I 'll venture so much of my hawk or hound,
But twenty times so much upon my wife.
Luc. A hundred then.
Hor. Content.
Pet. A match! 'tis done.
Hor. Who shall begin?
Luc. That will I.
Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.
Bion. I go. [*Exit.*
Bap. Son, I 'll be your half, Bianca comes.
Luc. I 'll have no halves; I 'll bear it all myself.

Re-enter Biondello.

How now! what news?
Bion. Sir, my mistress sends you word 80
That she is busy, and she cannot come.
Pet. How! she is busy, and she cannot come!
Is that an answer?
Gre. Ay, and a kind one too:
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.
Pet. I hope, better.
Hor. Sirrah Biondello, go and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith. [*Exit Biondello.*
Pet. O, ho! entreat her!
Nay, then she must needs come.
Hor. I am afraid, sir,
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Re-enter Biondello.

Now, where 's my wife? 90
Bion. She says you have some goodly jest in hand:
She will not come; she bids you come to her.
Pet. Worse and worse; she will not come! O vile,
Intolerable, not to be endured!
Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress;
Say, I command her come to me. [*Exit Grumio.*
Hor. I know her answer.
Pet. What?
Hor. She will not.
Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.
Bap. Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharina!

Re-enter Katharina.

Kath. What is your will, sir, that you send for me? 100

Pet. Where is your sister and Hortensio's wife?
Kath. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.
Pet. Go, fetch them hither: if they deny to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands:
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.
[*Exit Katharina.*
Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.
Hor. And so it is: I wonder what it bodes.
Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
An awful rule, and right supremacy;
And, to be short, what not, that 's sweet and happy?
Bap. Now, fair befall thee, good Petruchio! 111
The wager thou hast won; and I will add
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns;
Another dowry to another daughter,
For she is changed, as she had never been.
Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet,
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.
See where she comes and brings your froward wives
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion. 120

Re-enter Katharina, with Bianca and Widow.

Katharina, that cap of yours becomes you not:
Off with that bauble, throw it under-foot.
Wid. Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a silly pass!
Bian. Fie, what a foolish duty call you this?
Luc. I would your duty were as foolish too:
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me an hundred crowns since supper-time.
Bian. The more fool you, for laying on my duty. 129

Pet. Katharina, I charge thee, tell these headstrong women
What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.
Wid. Come, come, you 're mocking: we will have no telling.
Pet. Come on, I say; and first begin with her.
Wid. She shall not.
Pet. I say she shall: and first begin with her.
Kath. Fie, fie! unknit that threatening unkind brow;
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes.
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty as frosts do bite the meads,
Confounds thy fame as whirlwinds shake fair buds,
And in no sense is meet or amiable. 141
A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance commits his body
To painful labour both by sea and land,
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold, 150
Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands
But love, fair looks and true obedience;
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince
Even such a woman oweth to her husband;
And when she is froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord? 160
I am ashamed that women are so simple

To offer war where they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love and obey.
Why are our bodies soft and weak and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions and our hearts
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms!
My mind hath been as big as one of yours, 170
My heart as great, my reason haply more,
To bandy word for word and frown for frown;
But now I see our lances are but straws,
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,
That seeming to be most which we indeed least are.
Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot,
And place your hands below your husband's foot:
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready, may it do him ease. 179

Pet. Why, there's a wench! Come on, and kiss me, Kate.

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou shalt ha't.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing, when women are froward.

Pet. Come, Kate, we'll to bed.
We three are married, but you two are sped.
'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white;
[*To Lucentio.*
And, being a winner, God give you good night!
[*Exeunt Petruchio and Katharina.*

Hor. Now, go thy ways; thou hast tamed a curst shrew.

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tamed so.
[*Exeunt.*

Glossary.

Above (so Folios 1, 2, and Quarto; Folios 3 and 4, "*about*"); Induct. ii. 115.

Achieve, gain, possess; I. i. 160.

Adversaries, opposing counsel; I. ii. 278.

Advice, reflection, second thoughts; I. i. 117.

Advised; "art thou not advised, do you not understand"; I. i. 190.

Affied, affianced, betrothed; IV. iv. 49.

Agenor; "the daughter of A.," *i.e.* "Europa, for whose sake Jupiter translated himself into a bull"; I. i. 172.

Aglet-baby, the tag of a point or lace, with a head formed into a small figure; I. ii. 79.

Aim'd, guessed; II. i. 238.

Al'ce, a contracted form of "Alice"; Induct. ii. 112.

Token of Alce Wates, who lived at the Sign of the Three Pigeons.

"*A little pot, and soon hot*"; alluding to the proverb, "a little pot is soon hot"; IV. i. 6.

"*Alla nostra casa ben venuto,*" etc., Welcome to our house my much honoured Signior; I. ii. 25-6.

Amort, dejected; IV. iii. 36.

An, if; I. i. 131.

Ancient, old, former; Induct. ii. 33; I. ii. 47.

And all one, but it does not matter; IV. ii. 101.

Angel; "ancient angel," probably a cant term for a good old soul; IV. ii. 61.

Anna, the sister of Dido; I. i. 158.

Antic, buffoon, oddity; Induct. i. 101.

Apes; "lead apes in hell," al-

A mediæval ape-leader.
From the *Dialogues de St. Gregoire,* preserved at Brussells (XIIth Cent. MS., Bibl. Reg. 9917).

luding to the old belief that spinsters lead apes in hell; II. i. 34.

Apply, i.e. "ply," or (?) apply myself to; I. i. 19.

Argosy, a merchant-ship; II. i. 376.

Arms, play upon the two senses, ordinary and heraldic, of *arms*; II. i. 222.

Arras, tapestry; II. i. 353.

As, so that; Induct. i. 70; as if, I. ii. 157; as though, II. i. 160; that, IV. iii. 114.

Assurance, legal settlement; II. i. 389.

At a bay, at bay; V. ii. 56.

Awful, awe inspiring; V. ii. 389.

Baccare, a cant word, meaning go back, used in allusion to a proverbial saying, "Back-are, quoth Mortimer to his sow"; probably made in ridicule of some man who affected a knowledge of Latin without knowing it; II. i. 73.

Balk; "b. logic," *i.e.* (probably) chop logic; I. i. 34.

Balm, anoint; Induct. i. 48.

Bars, prevents; Induct. ii. 138.

Basta (Italian), enough; I. i. 202.

Bate, flap the wings; IV. i. 191.

Bear-herd, a leader of a tame bear; Induct. ii. 21.

Bears me fair in hand, gives me every encouragement; IV. ii. 3.

Beholding, beholden; I. ii. 274.

Belike, perhaps, probably; Induct. i. 75.

Be-mete, be-measure; IV. iii. 113.

Bemoiled, besmirched, bedraggled; IV. i. 73.

Ben venuto; "I shall be your b. v.," *i.e.* "I will guarantee your welcome"; I. ii. 282.

Bestraught = distraught = distracted; Induct. ii. 27.

Bias, a weight on one side of a bowl, which affects its direction; IV. v. 25.

Bill, with a play upon the two senses of "bill"; IV. iii. 152.

Blear'd, dimmed; V. i. 113.

Blue coats, the dress of common serving men; IV. i. 87.

Board, woo; I. ii. 95.

Books; "put me in thy books," *i.e.* good books; used with a playful quibble; II. i. 225.

This curious illustration of the above phrase is taken from a XV th Century painting in Carlisle Cathedral, illustrating a legendary history of St. Augustine.

Boot, avail, use; V. ii. 176.
Boot-hose, stocking suited to wear with boots; III. ii. 67.
Boss'd, embossed, studded; II. i. 355.
Bottom, a ball (of thread); IV. iii. 138.
Bow'd, bent; II. i. 151.
Brach, a kind of scenting-dog, properly a female hound (*"Brach Merriman,"* l. 17, *vide* Note); Induct. i. 18.
Bravie, i.e. handsomely clad; Induct. i. 40.
Braved, used in double sense, (1) made fine, and (2) outbraved; (similarly "face," *ibid.*); IV. iii. 125.
Bravery, finery; IV. iii. 57.
Braves, bullying; III. i. 15.
Breathed, in full career; Induct. ii. 50.
Breeching scholar, schoolboy; in Elizabethan times, liable to be whipped; III. i. 18.

The seal of Louth Grammar School, founded 1552. (See *Journ. Brit. Arch. Asso.*, 1856, p. 154.)

Bring = take; IV. i. 173.
Buckler, shield; III. ii. 239.
Bugs, bugbears; I. ii. 211.
Burst, broken; Induct. i. 8; IV. i. 78.
Burton-heath, probably Barton-on-the-heath, a village in Warwickshire; Induct. ii. 19.
But, except, unless; III. i. 62; IV. iv. 2.
Buttery, a place for keeping provisions, especially liquor; Induct. i. 102.
Buzz, used equivocally with a play upon "be" (="bee") and "buzz," an interjection to command silence; II. i 207.
Buzzard, II. i. 207-9 (*vide* Note).

Carousing to, drinking healths to; III. ii. 171.
Carpets, probably "table-covers"; IV. i. 50.
Cart (used as a play upon "court"), to punish a culprit by carting, a punishment akin to the ducking-stool; I. i. 55.
Cast on no water; alluding to the old catch, "Scotland burneth, Scotland burneth! Fire, fire, fire, fire! Cast on water, cast on water!" IV. i. 21.
Censer, a fire pan which was used for burning perfumes; IV. iii. 91.
'Cerns = concerns; V. i. 72.
Chafed, made furious; I. ii. 203.
Chapeless, without a chape; the "chape" was the metal part at the end of the scabbard; III. ii. 47.

Checks (so the Folios and Quarto; Blackstone "ethics"; the old play in corresponding passage, "Aristotle's walks"), austere rules; I. i. 32.

Close, secretly; Induct. i. 127.

Cock's, common corruption of the name of God; IV. i. 113.

Conformable, compliant, yielding; II. i. 280.

Comonty; Sly's blunder for "Comedy"; Induct. ii. 140.

Compassed, round; IV. iii. 140.

Conditions; "soft c.," gentle qualities; V. ii. 167.

Conserves, preserves; Induct. ii. 3.

Contented, pleased; IV. iv. 104.

Contents, pleases; IV. iii. 179.

Content you, keep your temper; II. i. 343.

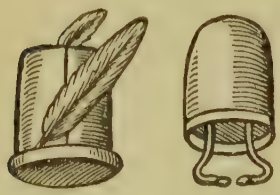
Contrive, while away; I. ii. 276.

Con tutto, etc.; with all my heart, well met! I. ii. 24.

Cony-catched, deceived, tricked; V. i. 96.

Cony-catching, trickery, foolery; IV. i. 43.

Copatain hat, a high crowned hat; V. i. 63.



From Holme's Academy of Armory (1688).

Countenance, do honour to; IV. i. 99.

Counterpoints, counterpanes; II. i. 353.

Coxcomb, the ornament on a fool's cap; II. i. 226.

From an engraving by Fairholt of an old painting.

Crab, crab-apple; II. i. 230.

Crack-hemp, one who deserves hanging; V. i. 43.

Craven, a beaten cock; II. i. 228.

Credit, do honour to; IV. i. 100.

Cried; "he cried upon it at the merest loss," *i.e.* he gave the cry when the scent seemed utterly lost; Induct i. 23.

Cullion, base fellow; IV. ii. 20.

Cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum, i.e. "with exclusive copyright," used with reference to marriage-rights; IV. iv. 92.

Cunning, skill, art; Induct. i. 92.

Cunning, skilful, clever; I. i. 97; II. i. 56.
Curious, punctilious; IV. iv. 36.
Curst, shrewish; I. i. 184.
Custard-coffin; the raised crust of a custard was called a coffin; IV. iii. 82.
Cytherea, Venus; Induct. ii. 53.

Dance bare-foot; "I must dance bare-foot on her wedding day," alluding to the old custom that the elder unmarried sisters danced without shoes at the marriage of the youngest daughter; II. i. 33.
Declining; "d. head into"= head d. into; Induct. i. 119.
Deep-mouth'd, having a deep-sounding bark; Induct. i. 18.
Demi-cannon, a kind of ordnance; IV. iii. 88.
Denier, a very small coin; the twelfth part of a *sou*; Induct. i. 9.
Diaper, a towel of figured linen; Induct. i. 57.
Digress, deviate (from his promise); III. ii. 107.
Dog-weary, "tired as a dog"; IV. ii. 60.
Domineer, indulge without restraint; III. ii. 224.
Dough; "our cakes are dough on both sides," etc.; *i.e.* we are disappointed; a popular proverb, I. i. 110; V. i. 137.

Eleven and twenty, supposed to be an allusion to the game of one and thirty; IV. ii. 57.
Emboss'd, foaming at the mouth; a hunter's term; Induct. i. 17.
Embracements, embraces; Induct. i. 118.
Encounter, greeting; IV. v. 54.
Expect, believe (Folio 2, 'except'); IV. iv. 90.

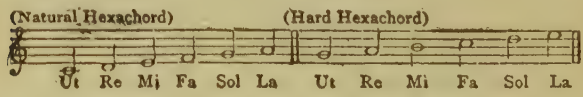
"*Fac'd it with a card of ten,*" played the best card, the trump card; II. i. 407.
Fair, in state, finery; II. i. 17.
"*Fair befal thee,*" good fortune befal thee; V. ii. 111.
Fardingales = farthingales, hoops; IV. iii. 56.
Fashions (a corruption of *farcins*), a skin disease in horses; III. ii. 52.
Fault; "coldest f.," *i.e.* absolute loss of scent; Induct. i. 20.
Fay, faith; Induct. ii. 83.
Fear, frighten; I. ii. 211.
Fears; used equivocally, (1) is afraid of; (2) affrights; V. ii. 16.
Few; "in a few," *i.e.* in a few words; I. ii. 52.
Fine, smart; IV. i. 131.
Fives, a disease in horses; III. ii. 54.
"*Florentius' love*"; an allusion to a story in Gower's *Confessio Amantis*; a Knight Florent agrees to marry an ugly hag, if she will teach him to solve a riddle on which his life depends (*cp.* Chaucer's Wife of Bath's Tale); I. ii. 69.
Flouts, mocks; II. i. 29.

Fool, a professional fool; I. i. 65.
For assurance, to make sure; V. ii. 65.
Foul, ugly, deformed; I. ii. 69.
Frets, stops of the lute; II. i. 150.
Fretting, spoiling (with a play upon "fret" in the ordinary sense); II. i. 330.
Froward, refractory; I. i. 69.
Full, exactly; I. i. 202.
Furniture, dress, furnishings; IV. iii. 181.

Galliasses, large galleys; II. i. 380.
Gambold, the old form of "gambol," growing obsolete in Shakespeare's time; hence used by Sly; Induct. ii. 140.
Gamester, used contemptuously; II. i. 402.
Gamut, III. i. 71. (See accompanying example of Mediæval Sol-fa from Naylor's *Shakespeare and Music, q.v.* pp. 37, 186.)

Gogs-wouns, a corruption of "God's wounds"; III. ii. 160.
Good shipping, a good voyage, good luck; V. i. 40.
Grace, a kindness; I. ii. 131.
Gramercies, i.e. "grands mercies," great thanks; I. i. 41.
Gratify, reward; I. ii. 273.
Green; "whiles your boots are green," *i.e.* (?) freshly greased, or fresh, new (*cp.* colloquial phrase, "before your shoes wear out"); III. ii. 211.
Grissel, the typical instance of womanly patience; an allusion to Griselda, the heroine of Chaucer's *Clerk's Tale*; II. i. 297.

Haggard, a wild hawk; IV. i. 188.
Haled, pulled away by force; V. i. 104.
Halt, limp; II. i. 258.
Hand; "at any hand," in any case; I. ii. 147.
Hap, good luck; I. ii. 269.



Gawds, ornaments, trifling toys; II. i. 3.
Gentles, gentlemen; III. ii. 93.
Gifts, endowments, abilities; I. i. 106.
Gird, gibe; V. ii. 58.
Give over, leave; I. ii. 105.
God-a-mercy, God have mercy; IV. iii. 154.

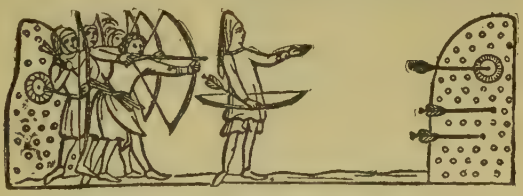
Happily, haply, perhaps; IV. iv. 54.
"*Happy man be his dole,*" happiness be his portion; I. i. 143.
Hard; "that goes hard," that's bad; IV. ii. 80.
Ha' to thee, here's to thee; V. ii. 37.

Have, get; Induct. ii. 39.
Have to 't, set to it; I. i. 142.
He = man; III. ii. 234.
Hic ibat Simois, etc.; from Ovid, *Epis. Heroid,* I. 33; III. 28-9.
High-cross, the market-place, where formerly a cross was always erected; I. i. 135.
Hilding, term of contempt; menial; II. i. 26.
Hipped, covered to the hips; III. ii. 48.
"Hit the white"; hit the centre of the target; with allusion to *Bianca* (white) a term in archery; halidom;
Holidame, V. ii. 186. "by my halidom" = upon my sacred word or oath; V. ii. 99.
"Humour of forty fancies"; probably the title of a collection of ballads; III. ii. 69.
Hungerly, hungrily, scantily; III. ii. 175.
Hurly, hurly-burly; IV. i. 198.
Husband, economist, housekeeper, V. i. 65.
Husht, hush! (*cp.* "hist," "whist"); I. i. 68.

Idle, absurd; Induct. ii. 14.
Indifferent, equally; I. ii. 181.
Indifferent; "garters of an indifferent knit," *i.e.* tied in an ordinary way, not looped conspicuously; IV. i. 88.
Ingenious, probably "ingenuous"; Sh. uses the two words indiscriminately; I. i. 9.
Ingrate, ungrateful; I. ii. 270.
Intend, pretend; IV. i. 198.
Intolerable = intolerably; I. ii. 89.
I wis, i.e. iwis, truly; I. i. 62.

Jack, a term of contempt; II. i. 159.
"Jack, boy! ho! boy!" the commencement of an old catch; IV. i. 41. (See Nay-

From Ward's *Woe to Drunkards* (1627). The picture illustrates "the degeneracy of the age by a comparison of its follies with the manly virtues of a former period, which are typified by the booted leg in the stirrup, etc."



From an illumination in the Loutterell Psalter (XIVth Cent.).

lor's *Shakespeare and Music*, p. 199.)

Jacks . . . jills, drinking-vessels made respectively of leather and metal, with a play upon "jacks," men servants, and "jills," maid servants; IV. i. 49.

Jade, worthless nag; I. ii. 249.

Jealous, suspicious; IV. v. 76.

Join'd-stool, a kind of folding chair; II. i. 199.

Joltheads, blockheads; IV. i. 161.

Jump, agree; I. i. 194.

Junkets, dainties; III. ii. 248.

Kate, a play on *Kate* and *cat*; II. i. 279.

Kated, perhaps with a play upon *cat*; III. ii. 245.

Kates; "Dainties are all Kates"; a play on the word *cates*; II. i. 190.

Keep you warm; referring to the proverb "To have wit enough to keep one's self warm"; II. i. 268.

Kennel, gutter; IV. iii. 98.

Kindly; "let him come and kindly"; evidently used like the colloquial "welcome," to express indifference; Induct. i. 15; in a natural manner; Induct. i. 66.

Knack, knick-knack, trifle; IV. iii. 67.

Lampass, a disease in horses; III. ii. 51.

Laying on, laying a wager on; V. ii. 129.

Leda's daughter, i.e. Helen; I. ii. 244.

Leet, Court-leet, which tried those who used false weights and measures; Induct. ii. 89.

'Leges = alleges; I. ii. 28.

Lewd, vile; IV. iii. 65.

Lie, stay, lodge; IV. iv. 56.

Lief, gladly, willingly; I. i. 134.

Like, likely; IV. iv. 70.

Like of = like; II. i. 65.

Link, a pitch torch; IV. i. 129.

Lodging, chamber; Induct. i. 49.

Longly, a great while, a long time (? longingly); I. i. 169.

Look big, angrily; III. ii. 228.

Lovely, loving; III. ii. 123.

Lure, a stuffed bird used in falconry for training the hawk; IV. i. 187.

From an illumination in *Le Livre du Roy. Modus.*, Nat. Lib., Paris.

Lusty, lively; II. i. 161.

Maidenhead, maidenhood; III. ii. 225.

Malt-horse, a brewer's horse; used as a term of contempt; IV. i. 124.

Man, tame; IV. i. 188.

Marr'd . . . made, a favourite quibble in old English literature; the two words were pronounced almost alike; IV. iii. 115-116.

Married o' Sunday; "we will be married o' Sunday"; the burden of several popular songs, the best known occurring in *Ralph Roister Doister*; II. i. 326.
Mart, bargain; II. i. 329.
Masquing, masquerading; IV. iii. 87.
Meacock, timorous, worthless; II. i. 315.
Meaner, of lower rank; I. i. 209.
Mercatante (spelt "marcantant" in Folios and Quarto), merchant; IV. ii. 63.
Merry passion, merriment; Induct. i. 97.
Mess, course; IV. iv. 70.
Mew up, shut up; I. i. 87.
Minion, saucy wench; II. i. 13.
Mi perdonato (Folios "me pardonato"; Quarto "me pardinato"); me being pardoned; I. i. 25.
Modesty, moderation; Induct. i. 68.
Mose in the chine, a disease in horses; III. ii. 50.
Moved, angry; V. ii. 142.

Napkin, handkerchief; Induct. i. 27.
Neat, ox; IV. iii. 17.
News; "what's the news?" what does this mean? I. i. 229.

Of = for, II. i. 238; on, IV. i. 66; V. ii. 72.
Old, used intensitively; *cp.* modern phrase, "old fellow," III. ii. 30.
On = of; IV. i. 29.
Orchard, garden; II. i. 112.
Or ere, before; IV. v. 8.
Other, others; I. ii. 121.
Over-eyeing, witnessing, seeing; Induct. i. 95.

Packing, plotting; V. i. 114.
Pain, pains, toil; III. i. 12.
Palabris; "paucas pallabris"; Sly's corruption of the Spanish "pocas palabras," *i.e.* few words; Induct. i. 5.
Pantaloon, an old fool; a standing character in Italian comedy (*cp. As You Like It* Glossary); III. i. 37.
Parle, barley; I. i. 117.
Pass, convey (a legal term); IV. iv. 45; transact, IV. iv. 57.
Passing, surpassing; Induct. i. 67; II. i. 113.
Peat, the old form of "pet"; I. i. 78.
Pedant, schoolmaster; IV. ii. 63.
Pedascule, pedant, schoolmaster; III. i. 50.
Pheeze, originally "to incite, send forth, drive away," whence probably secondary meaning "to beat," and in certain dialects "to pay a person off for an injury"; Induct i. 1.
Plash, pool; I. i. 23.
Points, tagged laces used for fastening various parts of the dress; III. ii. 48.

Porringer, a bowl or basin; IV. iii. 64.
Port, style of living; I. i. 207.
Practise, plot, play a trick; Induct. i. 36.
Prefer, recommend; I. i. 97.
Present, immediate; IV. iii. 5.
Presently, immediately; IV. iv. 59.
Pricks, incites, III. ii. 74; "pricked in," pinned in, stuck in, III. ii. 69.
Proceeders; perhaps used equivocally; to *proceed* Master of Arts is the academic term for taking the degree; IV. ii. 11.
Proper, handsome; I. ii. 144.
Put finger in the eye, weep in a childish manner; I. i. 78.

Quaint, fine (used ironically), III. ii. 147; elegant, IV. iii. 102.
Quantity, used in the sense of a very small quantity; IV. iii. 112.

Rated, driven away by scolding; I. i. 164.
Rayed, dirtied, soiled; III. ii. 53; IV. i. 3.
Rebused; Grumio's blunder for "abused"; I. ii. 7.
Reckoning, description; IV. i. 82.
Redime te captum, etc., *i.e.* "Redeem thyself, captive, for the least sum thou canst"; quoted from Terence in Lily's Latin Grammar, whence the writer no doubt derived the line; I. i. 166.
Rests, remains; I. i. 249.
Reverend, reverent, respectful; IV. i. 199.
Ring, the prize ring; I. i. 144.
Rope-tricks, tricks deserving the halter; Grumio's word for "rhetoric" *cp.* the Nurse's "ropery" for "roguery," Rom. II. iv. 154), I. ii. 112.
Roundly, straightway, directly, I. i. 59; bluntly, III. ii. 214; without needless ceremony, IV. iv. 106; used with a play on the word, V. ii. 21.
Rudesby, rude clown; III. ii. 10.
Ruffling (*vide* note); IV. iii. 60.
Rushes strewed; referring to the old custom of strewing the floors with rushes; IV. i. 46.
Sack, Spanish or Canary wine; Induct. ii. 2.
Sadness, seriousness; "in good s.," in all seriousness; V. ii. 63.
Score; "fourteen pence on the

s."; Induct. ii. 24, reckoning, tally, illustrated by the following portion of a woodcut representing the Festival of the Cobblers of Paris, August 1st, 1641.

Scrivener, a writer of contracts; IV. iv. 59.

Sealed quarts, quart pots sealed as being of legal size; Induct. ii. 90.

Secret, confidential; I. i. 157.

Seen; "well seen," well-skilled, skilful; I. ii. 134.

"Seize thee that list," i.e. let them take thee that will; III. i. 91.

Sessa; "probably a cry used by way of exhorting to swift running"; Induct. i. 6.

Sheathing, having a new sheath made for it; IV. i. 130.

Sheer ale, pure ale, unmixed ale; Induct. ii. 25.

Should; when the priest should ask, *i.e.* had in due course to ask; III. ii. 159.

Shrewd, bad, evil; I. i. 184.

Simple, foolish; V. ii. 161.

Sith, since; I. i. 215.

Skills, matters; III. ii. 132.

Skipper, used contemptuously for *frivolous youth;* II. i. 341.

Slipp'd, started, let slip; V. ii. 52.

"Socrates' Xanthippe" (old eds. "Zentippe" and "Zantippe"); the famous shrew of antiquity; I. ii. 71.

Soud, a word imitative of a noise made by a person heated and fatigued; IV. i. 137.

Sorted to no proof, proved to be to no purpose; IV. iii. 43.

So very = so great; I. i. 127.

Specialties, special deeds; II. i. 127.

Speed, succeed; I. ii. 247.

Spleen, sudden impulse of mirth; Induct. i. 137; ill temper, III. ii. 10.

Spoke = spoken; II. i. 193.

Stale, laughing-stock; probably with a quibbling allusion to "stale-mate" in chess; I. i. 58; decoy, bait; III. i. 90.

Stand, withstand; I. ii. 113.

Stay, restrain; Induct. i. 134.

Stead, aid; I. ii. 266.

Still, continually; IV. i. 202.

Stock, stocking; III. ii. 66.

Stomach; perhaps a play upon the two senses of the word, *i.e.* "appetite," and "choler"; IV. i. 153.

Stoop, yield; a technical term in falconry for coming down on the prey; IV. i. 186.

Straight, straightway, immediately; Induct. i. 52.

Strond (so all the old editions, except Folio 1, which reads "strand"), strand; I. i. 174.

Suits; "in all suits," in every respect; Induct. i. 106.

Supposes, assumed characters (*cp.* Ariosto's' "I suppositi," trans. by Gascoigne as *"The Supposes"*); V. i. 113.

Sweeting, a term of endearment; IV. iii. 36.

Swift, quick, with play upon the word; V. ii. 54.
Swinge, lash; V. ii. 104.

Ta'en; "orders . . . ta'en," *i.e.* given; I. ii. 126.
Tall, fine; IV. iv. 17.
Tender, tend; Induct. i. 16.
Tents and canopies, probably bed hangings; II. i. 354.
Thirdborough (Folios and Quarto "head-borough," Theobald's correction), constable; Induct. i. 12.
Throughly, thoroughly; IV. iv. 11.
Took, gave; III. ii. 163.
Toward, at hand, I. i. 68; obedient, docile, V. ii. 182.
Toy! a trifle, nonsense! II. i. 404.
Trick, toy, trifle; IV. iii. 67.
Trot, woman, hag; I. ii. 79.
Trunk, broad, large; IV. iii. 142.
Turtle = turtle-dove; II. i. 209.
Twangling, twanging; II. i. 159.
Twink, twinkling; II. i. 312.
Two-and thirty, a pip out; "an old cant phrase applied to a person who was intoxicated; derived from the old game of Bone-ace or One-and-Thirty"; pip = a spot or mark on a card; I. ii. 33.

Unable, weak, helpless; V. ii. 169.
Unapt, unfit; V. ii. 166.
Uncase, undress; I. i. 211.
Unconstant = inconstant; IV. ii. 14.
Undertake, assume; IV. ii. 106.
Unmanner'd, unmannerly; IV. i. 161.
Unpink'd, not pinked or pierced with eyelet holes; IV. i. 128.
Unreverent, disrespectful; III. ii. 112.
Untoward, unmannerly; IV. v. 79.

"Vail your stomachs," lower your pride; V. ii. 176.
Velure, velvet; III. ii. 61.
Venice gold, i.e. Venetian gold, II. i. 356.
Vied, challenged; II. i. 311.

Wants, are wanting; III. ii. 246.
Watch, keep from sleep; a term in falconry; IV. i. 190.
Whatso'er, at any rate; I. ii. 216.
Who; "as who should say," as if to say; IV. iii. 13.
"Why, when I say?" an exclamation of impatience; IV. i. 138.
Widowhood, rights as a widow; II. i. 125.
Will; "she will," probably an error for "he will"; otherwise "will" should perhaps be "shall"; I. i. 188.
"Will you, nill you," whether you will or not; II. i. 273.
Wincot; probably a corruption of Wilnecote or Wilmecot, about three miles to the north of Stratford; Robert Arden, Shakespeare's grandfather, lived there (*cp.* Woncot, 2 *Henry IV.,* V. i. 42); Induct. ii. 23.

Wish, commend; I.i.113; I.ii.60.
With, by; IV. iii. 111.
Woodcock, popularly used for a fool; I. ii. 161.
Workmanly, workmanlike; Induct. ii. 62.
World; "'tis a world," *i.e.* a wonder; II. i. 313.
Yard, yard measure (which used to be made of wood); IV. iii. 113.
Yellows, jaundice in horses; III. ii. 53.
Yet, still; Induct. ii. 69.
Yourself = you yourself; I. ii 157.

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

Induct. i. 9. '*Go by, Jeronimy*'; a popular phrase from Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*—"the common butt of raillery to all the poets in Shakespeare's time."

Induct. i. 17. '*Brach Merriman*'; '*brach*' usually means a female hound, as in the next line; the sequence of thought requires '*brach*' to be a verb: perhaps it is used in the sense of 'couple,' 'mate.' Hanmer proposed '*leech*'; Keightley, '*bathe*'; Singer (ed. 2) '*trash*,' etc.

Induct. i. 64. '*And he says he is*,' etc., so the old eds. The read-

The accompanying illustration, from a stall in Ludlow Church, represents the punishment of an offender of Cicely Hacket's kind. A demon (whose head is missing) is carrying the ale-wife with her gay head-dress and false measure towards hell-mouth (on the right of the picture), while two other demons respectively play bagpipes and read the catalogue of the offender's sins.

ing is probably correct; the line means 'when he says he is mad, say that he dreams.' Rowe proposed '*And when he says he's poor*'; Keightley '*And when he says what he is*,' etc.

Induct. i. 88. The Folio and Quarto prefix '*Sincklo*,' the name of an actor in Shakespeare's company, who is mentioned also in stage-directions of Quarto edition (1600) of 2 *Henry IV.*, V. iv. and in the Folio, 3 *Henry VI.*, III. i.

Induct. i. 88. '*Soto*' is a character in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Women Pleased.*

Induct. ii. 89.

> 'And say you would present her at the leet,
> Because she bought stone jugs and no seal'd quarts.'

I. i. 32. *Cp. The Taming of A Shrew*:—

> 'Welcome to Athens, my beloved friend,
> To Plato's school and Aristotle's walks.'

I. i. 42. '*If, Biondello, thou wert*'; the Collier MS. reads 'now were'; Dyce adopts this emendation.

I. i. 64. '*To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool*'; an old expression occurring in Skelton's *Merrie Tales.* "Hys wife would divers times in the weeke kimbe his head with a iii. footed stoole."

I. i. 239. '*I, sir! ne'er a whit.*' Rowe proposed '*Ay, sir, ne'er,*' etc.; Dyce, '*Ay, sir.—Ne'er.*' It is difficult to determine whether '*I*' is the personal pronoun, or stands, as is often the case, for '*Ay.*'

I. i. 253. '*The presenters,*' *i.e.* Sly and his attendants in the balcony above.

I. ii. 28. '*what he 'leges in Latin*'; the Folios and Quarto '*leges,*' an authorised form for '*alleges*'; Grumio, strange to say, though an Italian, mistakes Italian for Latin.

I. ii. 151-2. '*paper . . . them*'; changed by Pope to 'papers': Mr. Daniel considers '*paper*' to be the note of the '*books,*' and '*them*' the books.

II. i. 75-84. Arranged as verse in the Folios and Quarto, first printed as prose by Pope.

II. i. 202. '*No such jade as you*'; probably an error for '*no jade for such as you,*' as conjectured by Hudson: many other less obvious emendations have been proposed, *e.g.* '*no such load as you, sir*' (Singer), etc.

II. i. 207-9. '*buzzard*' in this passage is a crux: its three senses are, I think, punned on by the speakers:—(i.) a simpleton (l. 207); (ii.) a mean hawk (ll. 208, 209); in the latter case Petruchio interprets it as (iii.) 'a buzzing insect,' hence 'you wasp' (l. 210). Katharine's reply seems to mean:—'that, in calling her a turtle, he has mistaken a hawk for a dove'; underlying this retort there may be a suggestion of the proverbial 'blind buzzard.'

II. i. 296. '*morn*'; *cp. Troilus*, I. iii. 229:—

> '*Modest as morning when she coldly eyes*
> *The youthful Phœbus.*'

The Collier MS. has '*moone.*'

II. i. 325. '*We will have rings and things,*' probably a fragment of an old ballad. Collier quotes some lines bearing a very strong resemblance to these "from the recitation of an old lady"—a vague authority.

II. i. 377. '*Marseilles' road*' Folio 1 and Quarto, '*Marcellus*'; the other Folios '*Marsellis*'; the word is obviously trisyllabic; the apostrophe is not needed, *cp.* '*Venice gold,*' '*Pisa walls*' in the previous speech.

III. i. 4. Theobald proposed '*she is a shrew, but, wrangling pedant, this is*'; evidently some words are lost, but it is useless to attempt the restoration of the line, as there is no evidence.

III. ii. 16. '*Make friends, invite, and proclaim the banns*'; so Folio 1 and Quarto; Folios 2 and 3 insert '*yes*' before '*and.*' The more noteworthy suggestions are:—"*Make friends invite, yes*" (Singer); "*make friends invite guests*" (Dyce); "*make feasts, invite friends*" (Dyce, ed. 2).

IV. i. 135. '*Where is the life that late I led*'; a line of an old song, quoted also by Pistol; *cp. 2 Henry IV.*, V. iii. 147. Similarly '*It was the friar of orders grey,*' etc., is a bit of an old ballad, now lost.

IV. i. 203. '*to kill a wife with kindness,*' a proverbial expression. Heywood's play, *A Woman Killed with Kindness,* was first produced in 1602.

IV. ii. 45. '*'longeth*'; the Folios and Quartos, correctly, '*longeth,*' without apostrophe; '*to long*' in the sense of '*to belong*' is common in older English writings. Similarly '*pointed*' in old eds., III. ii. 1.

IV. ii. 61. '*An ancient angel*'; so the Folios and Quartos;

Theobald suggested '*engle*' (a gull); other proposals have been *ayeul, gentle, morsel, antick,* etc., but no change is necessary. Cotgrave renders *Angelot à la grosse escaille* by "an old angell; and by metaphor, a fellow of the old, sound, honest and worthie stamp."

IV. iii. 60. '*ruffling treasure*'; Pope changed '*ruffling*' to '*rustling*'; perhaps we should read '*russling*' (for '*rustling*'), *Cp. Lear,* II. iv. 304, where the Quarto reading is '*russel,*' while the Folios have '*ruffle.*' Mrs. Quickly's '*rushling in silk and gold*' (*Merry Wives,* II. ii. 68) seems to be an important piece of evidence in favour of '*rustling.*'

From the incised slab to the memory of Agnes Woolley, 1572, preserved at Matlock Church.

IV. iii. 90. '*Here's snip and nip and cut.*' A reference to fashionable slashed sleeves. (See illustration.)

IV. iv. 62. '*Cambio,*' probably an error for '*Biondello,*' as suggested by the Cambridge editors, and more satisfactory from a metrical point of view. Again, "the supposed Cambio was not acting as Baptista's servant, and moreover, had he been sent on such an errand, he would have 'flown on the wings of love' to perform it. We must suppose that Biondello apparently makes his exit, but really waits till the stage is clear for an interview with his disguised master."

V. i. 29. '*his father has come from Padua,*' so the Folios and Quartos; various changes have been proposed, *e.g.* '*to Padua,*' '*from Pisa,*' etc., but the Pedant means that he has been staying at Padua.

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

INDUCTION.

Scene I.

[*Enter Hostess and Sly.*] The opening of the old *Taming of a Shrew* is as follows:—

Enter a Tapster, beating out of his doores *Slie Droonken.*

Tapster. You whorson droonken slaue, you had best be gone,
And empty your droonken panch some where else
For in this house thou shalt not rest to night. *Exit* Tapster.

Slie. Tilly, vally, by crisee Tapster Ile fese you anon.
Fils the tother pot and alls paid for, looke you
I doo drinke it of mine owne Instegation, *Omne bene*
Heere Ile lie awhile, why Tapster I say,
Fils a fresh cushen heere.
Heigh ho, heers good warme lying. He fals asleepe

Enter a Noble man and his men from hunting.

Lord. Now that the gloomie shaddow of the night,
Longing to view Orions drisling lookes,
Leapes from th' antarticke world vnto the skie,
And dims the Welkin with her pitchie breath,
And darkesome night oreshades the christall heauens,
Here breake we off our hunting for to night;
Cupple vppe the hounds and let vs hie vs home,
And bid the huntsman see them meated well,
For they haue all derseru'd it well to daie,
But soft, what sleepie fellow is this lies heere?
Or is he dead, see one what he dooth lacke?

Seruingman. My lord, tis nothing but a drunken sleepe,
His head is too heauie for his bodie,
And he hath drunke so much that he can go no furder.

Lord. Fie, how the slauish villaine stinkes of drinke.
Ho, sirha arise. What so sound asleepe?
Go take him vppe and beare him to my house,
And beare him easilie for feare he wake,
And in my fairest chamber make a fire,
And set a sumptuous banquet on the boord,
And put my richest garmentes on his backe,
Then set him at the Table in a chaire:
When that is doone against he shall awake,
Let heauenlie musicke play about him still,
Go two of you awaie and bear him hence,
And then Ile tell you what I haue deuisde,
But see in any case you wake him not. *Exeunt* two with *Slie.*

77, 78. *An't please your honour,* etc.:—It was in old times customary for players to travel in companies and offer their services at great houses. See *Hamlet,* II. ii.

102. *buttery*:—Pope remarks that "the top of the profession were then mere players, not gentlemen of the stage; they were led into the *buttery,* not placed at the lord's table, or the lady's toilette."

Scene II.

[*Enter aloft,* etc.] According to the original stage direction, Sly and the other persons of the Induction were to be exhibited here, and during the representation of the comedy, in a balcony, where, at the performance of a play within a play the mimic spectators sometimes sat, while the action was carried on at the front of the stage. In the middle of the deep stage, according to Tieck, rose two wooden pillars, eight or ten feet high, which supported the balcony. Three broad steps led from the front stage to the inner alcove under the balcony, which was sometimes open, sometimes curtained off. It represented, according to circumstances, a cave, a room, a summer-house, a family vault, and so forth. It was here that, in *Macbeth,* the ghost of Banquo appeared seated at the table. Here stood the bed on which Desdemona was smothered. Here, in *Hamlet,* the play within a play was acted. Here Gloucester's eyes were put out. On the balcony above, Juliet waited for her Romeo, and Sly took his place to see *The Taming of the Shrew.* When the siege of a town had to be represented, the defenders of the walls stood and parleyed on this

balcony, while the assailants were grouped in the foreground.

In the old play this is the beginning of the Scene:—

Enter two with a table and a banquet on it, and two other with *Slie* asleepe in a chaire, richlie apparelled, and the musicke plaieng.

One. So: sirha now go call my Lord,
And tell him that all things is ready as he wild it.
Another. Set thou some wine vpon the boord
And then Ile go fetch my Lord presentlie.

Enter the Lord and his men.

Lord. How now, what is all thinges readie?
One. I my Lord.
Lord. Then sound the musick, and Ile wake him straight,
And see you doo as earst I gaue in charge.
My lord, My lord, he sleepes soundlie: My Lord.
Slie. Tapster, gis a little small ale. Heigh ho.
Lord. Heers wine my lord, the purest of the grape.
Slie. For which Lord?
Lord. For your honour my Lord.
Slie. Who I, am I a Lord? Jesus what fine apparell haue I got.
Lord. More richer farre your honour hath to weare,
And if it please you I will fetch them straight.
Wil. And if your honour please to ride abroad,
Ile fetch you lustie steedes more swift of pace
Then winged *Pegasus* in all his pride,
That ran so swiftlie ouer the *Persian* plaines.
Tom. And if your honour please to hunt the deere,
Your hounds stands readie cuppeld at the doore.
Who in running will oretake the Row,
And make the long breathde Tygre broken winded.
Slie. By the masse I thinke I am a Lord indeed.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

2. *fair Padua, nursery of arts*:—"During the ages," says Knight, "when books were scarce and seminaries of learning few, men of accomplishment in literature, science, and art crowded

into cities which were graced by universities. Nothing could be more natural and probable than that a tutor, like Licio, should repair to Padua from Mantua:—

'His name is Licio, born in Mantua';

or a student, like Lucentio, from Pisa,

'as he that leaves
The shallow plash to plunge him in the deep';

or a 'Pedant' (IV. ii.) turning aside from the road to 'Rome and Tripoly,' to spend 'a week or two' in the great 'nursery of arts' of the Italian peninsula. The University of Padua was in all its glory in Shakespeare's day; and it is difficult to those who have explored the city to resist the persuasion that the Poet himself had been one of the travellers who had come from afar to look upon its seats of learning, if not to partake of its 'ingenious studies.' There is a pure Paduan atmosphere hanging about this play; and the visitor of to-day sees other Lucentios and Tranios in the knots of students who meet and accost in the 'public places,' and the servants who buy in the market; while there may be many an accomplished Bianca among the citizens' daughters who take their walks along the arcades of the venerable streets. Influences of learning, love, and mirth are still abroad in the place, breathing as they do in the play.

"The University of Padua was founded by Frederick Barbarossa, early in the thirteenth century, and was, for several hundred years, a favourite resort of learned men. Among other great personages, Petrarch, Galileo, and Christopher Columbus studied there. The number of students was once (we believe in Shakespeare's age) eighteen thousand. Now that universities have multiplied, none are so thronged; but that of Padua still numbers from fifteen hundred to twenty-three hundred. Most of the educated youth of Lombardy pursue their studies there, and numbers from a greater distance. 'The mathematics' are still a favourite branch of learning, with some 'Greek, Latin, and other languages'; also natural philosophy and medicine. History and morals, and consequently politics, seem to be discouraged, if not omitted. The aspect of the University of Padua is now somewhat forlorn, though its halls are respectably tenanted by students. Its mouldering courts and dim staircases are thickly hung with the heraldic blazonry of the pious benefactors of the institution. The number of these coats-of-arms is so vast as to convey a

strong impression of what the splendour of this seat of learning must once have been."

80. *Sister, content you,* etc.:—Clarke says of Bianca: "In these very first lines she utters, we find her, under appearance of a mild appeal to her sister, really uttering an uncharitable insinuation that Katharina will take delight in her being sent to her room—just the unkind construction that would peculiarly gall a nature like Kate's; and then she goes on to parade her excess of filial obedience and her ultra-devotion to solitary study. Artful and artificial is Bianca from first to last. She gains herself a name for gentleness of temper by making a foil out of her sister's violence of temper, and causes herself to appear charming by forming the extremest of contrasts with Katharina's conduct in all things."

Scene II.

26. *Petrucio*:—Gascoigne in his *Supposes* has spelt this name correctly *Petrucio,* but Shakespeare, Anglicizing it, wrote it *Petruchio,* in order, perhaps, to teach the actors how to pronounce it. So Dekker writes *Infeliche* for *Infelice.*

69. *Florentius' love*:—This allusion is to a story told by Gower in the first book of his *Confessio Amantis. Florent* is the name of a knight who bound himself to marry a deformed hag provided she taught him the solution of a riddle on which his life depended. This story is found in the *Gesta Romanorum,* and Chaucer's Wife of Bath's Tale has the same plot.

73, 74. *as rough,* etc.:—The Adriatic, though well land-locked, and in summer often as still as a mirror, is subject to severe and sudden storms. The great sea-wall which protects Venice, distant eighteen miles from the city, and built, of course, in a direction where it is best sheltered and supported by the islands, is, for three miles abreast of Palestrina, a vast work for width and loftiness; yet it is frequently surmounted in winter by "the swelling Adriatic seas," which pour over it into the Lagunes.

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

101. *Greek and Latin books*:—Knight says: "It is not to be supposed that the daughters of Baptista were more learned than

other ladies of their city and their time. Under the walls of universities, then the only centres of intellectual light, knowledge was shed abroad like sunshine at noon, and was naturally more or less enjoyed by all. At the time when Shakespeare and the University of Padua flourished, the higher classes of women were not deemed unfitted for a learned education."

183. *Good morrow, Kate,* etc.:—We find in the old play:—

Feran. Twentie good morrowes to my louely *Kate.*
Kate. You iest I am sure, is she yours alreadie?
Feran. I tell thee *Kate* I know thou lou'st me well.
Kate. The deuill you doo, who told you so?
Feran. My mind sweet *Kate* doth say I am the man,
Must wed, and bed, and marrie bonnie *Kate.*
Kate. Was euer seene so grose an asse as this?
Feran. I, to stand so long and neuer get a kisse.
Kate. Hands off I say, and get you from this place;
Or I wil set my ten commandments in your face.
Feran. I prethe doo *Kate*; they say thou art a shrew,
And I like thee the better for I would haue thee so.
Kate. Let go my hand for feare it reech your eare.
Feran. No *Kate,* this hand is mine and I thy loue.
Kate. In faith sir no, the woodcock wants his taile.
Feran. But yet his bil wil serue, if the other faile.
Alfon. How now, *Ferando,* what saies my daughter?
Feran. Shees willing sir and loues me as hir life.
Kate. Tis for your skin then, but not to be your wife.

268. *Yes; keep you warm*:—This appears to allude to some old proverb. So in *Much Ado About Nothing,* I. i. 66-68: "If he have *wit* enough to *keep himself warm,* let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse."

297. *Grissel*:—The story of Griselda, so beautifully related by Chaucer, was taken by him from Boccaccio, through Petrarch. It is thought to be older than the time of Boccaccio, as it is to be found among the old French *fabliaux.*

311. *She vied,* etc.:—Petruchio appears to mean that Katharina played as for a wager with her kisses, *vying* or *staking* kiss on kiss with him.

316. *unto Venice*:—"If Shakespeare," says Knight, "had not seen the interior of Italian houses when he wrote this play, he must have possessed some effectual means of knowing and realizing in his imagination the particulars of such an interior. Any

educated man might be aware that the extensive commerce of Venice must bring within the reach of the neighbouring cities a multitude of articles of foreign production and taste. But there is a particularity in his mention of these articles, which strongly indicates the experience of an eye-witness. The 'cypress chests,' and 'ivory coffers,' rich in antique carving, are still existing, with some remnants of 'Tyrian tapestry,' to carry back the imagination of the traveller to the days of the glory of the republic. The 'plate and gold' are, for the most part, gone, to supply the needs of the impoverished aristocracy, who (to their credit) will part with every thing sooner than their pictures. The 'tents and canopies,' and 'Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,' now no longer seen, were appropriate to the days when Cyprus, Candia, and the Morea were dependencies of Venice, scattering their productions through the eastern cities of Italy, and actually establishing many of their customs in the singular capital of the Venetian dominion. After Venice, Padua was naturally first served with importations of luxury. Venice was, and is still, remarkable for its jewelry, especially its fine works in gold. 'Venice gold' was wrought into 'valence'—tapestry—by the needle, and was used for every variety of ornament, from chains as fine as if made of woven hair, to the most massive form in which gold can be worn. At the present day, the traveller who walks round the Piazza of St. Mark's is surprised at the large proportion of jewellers' shops, and at the variety and elegance of the ornaments they contain."

326. *we will be married o' Sunday*:—Thus in *Ralph Roister Doister*, 1566:—

> "I mun be maried a Sunday;
> I mun be maried a Sunday;
> Whosoever shall come that way,
> I mun be maried a Sunday."

413. An adaptation of the following from the old play is inserted at the end of this Scene by Pope:—

Then *Slie* speakes.

Slie. Sim, when will the foole come againe?
Lord. Heele come againe my Lord anon.
Slie. Gis some more drinke here, souns wheres
The Tapster, here *Sim* eate some of these things.
Lord. So I doo my Lord.
Slie. Here *Sim,* I drinke to thee.

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

41. *Now let me see,* etc.:—"Here we see Bianca in her true colours," says Clarke. "No sooner is she out of sight of her father than she drops the coating of demure paint which she wears in public to obtain the reputation of 'beauteous modesty,' and in private behaves like the imperious coquette which she truly is. She begins by telling her masters that she will 'learn my lessons as I please myself'; orders one aside while she listens to the other; and no sooner discovers that he is not a teacher, but a lover in disguise, than she falls into his plan of addressing her clandestinely, follows his lead in making the lesson a pretence for discussing his suit; and shows herself to be a thoroughly sly, artful girl. Shakespeare has drawn her consistently throughout."

80. *nice*:—Apparently meaning *foolish, simple,* or *trifling.* So in Chaucer's Wife of Bath's Tale: "But say that we ben wise and nothing *nice.*" Likewise in Gower:—

> "A tale of them that be so *nice,*
> And feignen them selfe to be wise."

And in *Romeo and Juliet,* V. ii.: "The letter was not *nice,* but full of charge of dear import."

Scene II.

86. [*Enter Petruchio.*] We have in the old play:—

Enter *Ferando* baselie attired, and a red cap on his head.
Feran. Godmorrow father, *Polidor* well met,
You wonder I know that I haue staid so long.
Alfon. I marrie son, we were almost perswaded,
That we should scarse haue had our bridegroome heere,
But say, why art thou thus basely attired?
Feran. Thus richlie father you should haue said,
For when my wife and I am married once,
Shees such a shrew, if we should once fal out
Sheele pul my costlie sutes ouer mine eares,
And therefore am I thus attired awhile,
For manie thinges I tell you's in my head,

And none must know thereof but *Kate* and I,
For we shall liue like lammes and Lions sure,
Nor Lammes to Lions neuer was so tame,
If once they lie within the Lions pawes
As *Kate* to me if we were married once,
And therefore come let vs to church presently.
Pol. Fie *Ferando* not thus atired for shame
Come to my Chamber and there sute thy selfe,
Of twentie sutes that I did neuer were.
Feran. Tush *Polidor* I haue as many sutes
Fantasticke made to fit my humor so
As any in Athens and as richlie wrought
As was the Massie Robe that late adornd,
The stately legate of the Persian King,
And this from them haue I made choise to weare.
Alfon. I prethie *Ferando* let me intreat
Before thou goste vnto the church with vs
To put some other sute vpon thy backe.
Feran. Not for the world if I might gaine it so,
And therefore take me thus or not at all.

170 *et seq.*:—The custom of taking wine and sops (wafers or cakes dipped in the wine) immediately after the marriage ceremony in the Church is very ancient. It existed even among our Gothic ancestors, and is mentioned in the ordinances of the household of Henry VII. "For the Marriage of a Princess": "Then pottes of *Ipocrice* to be ready, and to bee put into cupps with *soppe*, and to be borne to the estates; and to take a *soppe* and drinke." The custom was practised at the marriage of Philip and Mary, in Winchester Cathedral, 1554; and at the marriage of the Elector Palatine to the daughter of James I. in 1613. In Jonson's *Magnetic Lady* the cup is called a *knitting cup*; in Middleton's *No Wit like a Woman's* the *contracting cup*. The *kiss* was also part of the ancient marriage ceremony, as appears from a rubric in one of the Salisbury Missals.

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

24, 25. *beast*, etc.:—Grumio calls himself *a beast*, and Curtis one also by inference in calling him *fellow*. Grumio is think-

ing of the proverbial saying, "Wedding, and ill-wintering, tame both man and beast."

115. *Where be these knaves?*—The following is from the old play:—

Enter Ferando and Kate.

Feran. Now welcome *Kate*: where's these villains
Here, what? not supper yet vppon the borde:
Nor table spred nor nothing don at all,
Wheres that villaine that I sent before.
San. Now, *ad sum,* sir.
Feran. Come hether you villaine Ile cut your nose,
You Rogue: helpe me of with my bootes: wilt please
You to lay the cloth? sounes the villaine
Hurts my foote? pull easely I say; yet againe.
He beates them all.
They couer the bord and fetch in the meate.
Sounes? burnt and skorcht who drest this meate?
Will. Forsouth Iohn cooke.
He throwes downe the table and meate and all, and beates them.
Feran. Go you villaines bringe you me such meate,
Out of my sight I say, and beare it hence.
Come *Kate* wele haue other meate prouided,
Is there a fire in my chamber sir?
San. I forsooth. *Exit Ferando and Kate.*
Manent seruing men and eate vp all the meate.
Tom. Sounes? I thinke of my conscience my Masters
Mad since he was maried.
Will. I laft what a boxe he gaue *Sander*
For pulling of his bootes.

129. *no link to colour Peter's hat*:—That is, to blacken it anew. So in *Mihil Mumchance,* formerly supposed to be the work of Greene: "This cozenage is used likewise in selling old hats found upon dunghills, instead of newe, *blackt over* with the *smoake of an old linke.*"

140, 141. Bishop Percy constructed his beautiful ballad, *The Friar of Orders Grey,* from the various fragments and hints dispersed through Shakespeare's plays, with a few supplemental stanzas.

149. *Come, Kate, and wash*:—"Table-knives," according to

Brandes, "had been in general use since about 1563; but forks were still unknown in Shakespeare's time—fingers supplied their place. In a description of five months' travels on the Continent, published by Coryat in 1611, he tells how surprised he was to find the use of forks quite common in Italy: 'I obserued a custome in all those Italian Cities and Townes through which I passed, that is not vsed in any other country that I saw in my trauels, neither doe I thinke that any other nation of Christendome doth vse it, but only Italy. The Italian and also most strangers that are commorant in Italy doe alwaies at their meales vse a little forke when they cut their meate. For while with their knife which they hold in one hand they cut the meate out of the dish, they fasten their forke which they hold in their other hand vpon the same dish, so that whatsoeuer he be that sitting in the company of any others at meale, should vnaduisedly touch the dish of meate with his fingers from which all at the table doe cut, he will giue occasion of offence vnto the company, as hauing transgressed the lawes of good manners, in so much that for his error he shall be at the least brow-beaten, if not reprehended in wordes. . . . The reason of this their curiosity is because the Italian cannot by any means indure to haue his dish touched with fingers, seing all men's fingers are not alike cleane.' We see, too, that Coryat was the first to introduce the new appliance into his native land. He tells us that he thought it best to imitate the Italian fashion not only in Italy and Germany, but 'often in England' after his return; and he relates how a learned and jocular gentleman of his acquaintance rallied him on that account and called him 'Furcifer.' In one of Ben Jonson's plays, *The Devil is an Ass*, dating from 1614, the use of forks is mentioned as lately imported from Italy, in order to save napkins. We must conceive, then, that Shakespeare was as unfamiliar with the use of the fork as a Bedouin Arab of to-day."

151. *Patience*, etc.:—"This little speech of Katharina's," says Clarke, "affords an evidence of what, to our minds, Shakespeare subtly conveys in the drawing of her character—that she is not intrinsically of so bad a nature as she is generally supposed to be. Her first word in deprecation of her husband's violence is not a complaint for herself, but is uttered on behalf of *another*—a servant. Moreover, she finds that he does not treat *her* roughly, but does all avowedly *for her sake*; also, while rating and raving at others, he addresses her as *good, sweet Kate* and *sweet Kate*; thus maintaining the impression of his personal regard and con-

sideration for her amid all his general turbulence. The fact is, that Petruchio practically shows Katharina how ugly violent temper is in its manifestations; and she has the sense to read the lesson, and take its teaching home."

168. *both of us*:—Clarke bids us observe "that Petruchio—or rather Shakespeare through him—well knew the magic power of the little words 'both of us,' 'ourselves,' 'we,' in a husband's mouth to a wife, or in a wife's to a husband. Likewise, by the kindly ingenuity of making Kate's special fault his own as well as hers, in this admission that they both would do well to try and avoid those things that tend to foster it, Petruchio adopts one of the best means of leading to its cure, and of inducing her to join him in effecting this. Surely Shakespeare's subtlety was one of his finest characteristics, so essentially does he manifest it in his moral delineations."

Scene II.

54. *the taming-school*:—The old play has this dialogue here:—

Val. . . .
But tell me my Lord, is *Ferando* married then?
Aurel. He is: and *Polidor* shortly shall be wed,
And he meanes to tame his wife erelong.
Vale. He saies so.
Aurel. Faith he's gon vnto the taming schoole.
Vale. The taming schoole; why is there such a place?
Aurel. I: and *Ferando* is the Maister of the schoole.

Scene III.

[*Enter Katharina.*] Here the old play:—

Enter *Sander and his Mistres.*

San. Come Mistris.
Kate. Sander, I prethe helpe me to some meate,
I am so faint that I can scarsely stande.
San. I marry mistris but you know my maister
Has giuen me a charge that you must eate nothing,
But that which he himselfe giueth you.
Kate. Why man thy Maister needs neuer know it.
San. You say true indede: why looke you Mistris,
What say you to a peese of beeffe and mustard now?

Kate. Why I say tis excellent meate, canst thou helpe me to some?
San. I, I could helpe you to some but that
I doubt the mustard is too cholerick for you,
But what say you to a sheepes head and garlick?
Kate. Why any thing, I care not what it be.
San. I but the garlicke I doubt will make your breath stincke,
and then my maister will course me for letting
You eate it: But what say you to a fat Capon?
Kate. Thats meate for a King sweet *Sander* helpe
Me to some of it.
San. Nay ber lady then tis too deere for vs, we must
Not meddle with the Kings meate.
Kate. Out villaine dost thou mocke me,
Take that for thy sawsinesse.

She beates him.

San. Sounes are you so light fingerd with a murrin,
Ile keep you fasting for it this two daies.
Kate. I tell thee villaine Ile tear the flesh of
Thy face and eate it and thou prates to me thus.
San. Here comes my Maister now hele course you.

Enter *Ferando* with a peece of meate vppon his daggers point, and *Polidor* with him.

Feran. Se here *Kate* I haue prouided meate for thee
Here take it what ist not worthie thankes,
Goe sirra? take it awaie againe you shal be
Thankeful for the next you haue.
Kate. Why I thanke you for it.
Feran. Nay now tis not worth a pin go sirray and take it hence I say.
San. Yes sir Ile Carrie it hence: Maister let her
Haue none for she can fight as hungrie as she is.
Pol. I pray you sir let it stand, for Ile eate
Some with her my selfe.
Feran. Well sirra set it downe againe.
Kate. Nay nay I pray you let him take it hence,
And keepe it for your owne diete for Ile none,
Ile nere be beholding to you for your Meate,
I tell thee flatlie here vnto the thy teethe
Thou shalt not keepe me nor feede me as thou list,
For I will home againe vnto my fathers house;

Feran. I, when you 'r meeke and gentell but not
Before, I know your stomack is not yet come downe,
Therefore no maruell thou canste not eate,
And I will goe vnto your fathers house;
Come *Polidor* let vs goe in againe,
And *Kate* come in with vs I know ere longe
That thou and I shall louingly agree. *Ex Omnes.*

25. *the mustard is too hot*:—This is agreeable to the doctrine of the times. Thus, in *The Glass of Humours*: "But note here, that the first diet is not only in avoiding superfluity of meats, and surfeits of drinks, but also in eschewing such as are obnoxious, and least agreeable with our happy temperate state; as for a choleric man to abstain from all salt, *scorched, dry meats,* from *mustard,* and such like things as will aggravate his malignant humours."

47. *I thank you, sir*:—"This, and her previous *I pray you, let it stand,* excellently depict," as Clarke observes, "the half-sullen, half-passive condition that comes as a reaction after Katharina's late relapse into an outburst of petulance and wrath. She is somewhat ashamed of having been betrayed into it; the more from finding that her husband himself brings her the food she hungers for. Then follows another outbreak, upon the trial to womanly patience at hearing well-fashioned attire disparaged by masculine ignorance in such matters; but even this subsides before the absurdity as well as violence of his pretending not to hear her, and flying out at the haberdasher and tailor; and it is her last exhibition of temper. She perceives her mistake, and, like a sensible woman, sets about her own cure by thenceforth maintaining a strict guard over herself. The gradual as well as quietly indicated way in which this is done bears witness to Shakespeare's skill in mental delineation; and, indeed, his mode of depicting the process of moral reform in certain of his characters is one of his most wondrous masteries."

61. *Come, tailor,* etc.:—Again, in the old play:—

Enter *Ferando and Kate and Sander.*

San. Master the haberdasher has brought my
Mistresse home hir cappe here.
Feran. Come hither sirra: what haue you there?
Habar. A veluet cappe sir and it please you.
Feran. Who spoake for it? didst thou *Kate*?

Kate. What if I did, come hither sirra, giue me
The cap, Ile see if it will fit me.
She sets it one hir head.
Feran. O monstrous, why it becomes thee not,
Let me see it *Kate*: here sirra take it hence
This cappe is out of fashion quite.
Kate. The fashion is good inough: belike you
Meane to make a foole of me.
Feran. Why true he meanes to make a foole of thee
To haue thee put on such a curtald cappe,
Sirra begon with it.

Enter the *Taylor* with a gowne.

. . . . . .

San. Doost thou heare *Taylor,* thou hast braued
Many men: braue not me.
Thou 'st faste many men.
Taylor. Well sir.
San. Face not me Ile neither be faste nor braued.
At thy handes I can tell thee.
Kate. Come come I like the fashion of it well enough,
Heres more a do then needs Ile haue it, I
And if you do not like it hide your eies,
I thinke I shall haue nothing by your will.
Feran. Go I say and take it vp for your maisters vse.
San. Souns villaine not for thy life touch it not,
Souns take vp my mistris gowne to his
Maisters vse?
Feran. Well sir whats your conceit of it.
San. I haue a deeper conceite in it then you thinke for, take vp my mistris gowne
To his maisters vse?
Feran. Tailor come hether; for this time take it
Hence againe, and Ile content thee for thy paines.
Taylor. I thanke you sir. *Exit Taylor.*

Scene IV.

5. *Pegasus*:—Shakespeare, according to Steevens, has here taken a sign out of London, and hung it up in Padua. Clarke, however, remarks that it was as likely to be used in Italy as in England.

Scene V.

2. *how bright and goodly shines the moon!*—Here the old play has:—

Feran. Come *Kate* the Moone shines cleare to night
Methinkes.
Kate. The moone? why husband you are deceiued
It is the sun
Feran. Yet againe come backe againe it shall be
The moone ere we come at your fathers.
Kate. Why Ile say as you say it is the moone.
Feran. Iesus saue the glorious moone.
Kate. Iesus saue the glorious moone.
Feran. I am glad *Kate* your stomack is come downe,
I know it well thou knowest it is the sun,
But I did trie to see if thou wouldst speake,
And crosse me now as thou hast donne before,
And trust me *Kate* hadst thou not named the moone,
We had gon back againe as sure as death,
But soft whose this thats comming here.

Enter the *Duke of Cestus alone.*

Duke. Thus all alone from Cestus am I come,
And left my princelie courte and noble traine,
To come to *Athens,* and in this disguise,
To see what course my son *Aurelius* takes
But stay, heres some it may be Trauells thether,
Good sir can you derect me the way to *Athens*?
Ferando speakes to the olde man.
Faire louely maide yoong and affable,
More cleere of hew and far more beautifull,
Than pretious *Sardonix* or purple rockes,
Of *Amithests* or glistering *Hiasinthe,*
More amiable farre then is the plain
Where glistring *Cepherus* in silver boures,
Gaseth vpon the Giant *Andromede,*
Sweete *Kate* entertaine this louely woman.
Duke. I thinke the man is mad he calls me a woman.
Kate. Faire louely lady brighte and Christalline,
Bewteous and stately as the eie traind bird,
As glorious as the morning washt with dew,

Within whose eies she takes her dawning beames,
And golden sommer sleepes vpon thy cheekes,
Wrap vp thy radiations in some cloud,
Least that thy bewty make this stately towne
Inhabitable like the burning *Zone*
With sweet reflections of thy louely face.
Duke. What is she mad to? or is my shape transformd,
That both of them perswade me I am a woman,
But they are mad sure, and therefore Ile begon,
And leaue their companies for feare of harme,
And vnto *Athens* hast to seeke my son. *Exit Duke.*
Feran. Why so *Kate* this was friendly done of thee,
And kindly too, why thus must we two liue,
One minde, one heart and one content for both,
This good old man dos thinke that we are mad,
And glad he is I am sure, that he is gonne,
But come sweet *Kate* for we will after him,
And now perswade him to his shape againe. *Ex Omnes.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

89. *Call forth an officer*:—Here in the old play we find Sly thus speaking:—

Slie. I say wele haue no sending to prison.
Lord. My Lord this is but the play, theyre but in iest.
Slie. I tell thee Sim wele haue no sending,
To prison thats flat: why *Sim* am not I *Don Christo Vary*?
Therefore I say they shall not go to prison.
Lord. No more they shall not my Lord,
They be run away.
Slie. Are they run away *Sim*? thats well,
Then gis some more drinke, and let them play againe.
Lord. Here my Lord.
Slie drinkes and then falls asleepe.

Scene II.

129. *The more fool you*, etc.:—"This speech of a bride, a wife of a few hours' old, puts the climax," as Clarke thinks, "to the

delineation of Bianca's character. Shakespeare has drawn her perfectly; as one of those girls superficially thought to be so 'amiable,' but, when thoroughly known, found to be so self-opinionated, sly, and worthless."

189. [*Exeunt.*] In the old play we find Sly disposed of in the following manner:—

> Then enter two bearing of *Slie* in his
> Owne apparell againe and leaues him
> Where they found, him, and then goes out.
> Then enter the *Tapster.*

Tapster. Now that the darkesome night is ouerpast,
And dawning day appeares in chrystall sky,
Now must I hast abroad: but soft whose this?
What *Slie* oh wondrous hath he laine here allnight,
Ile wake him, I think he's starued by this,
But that his belly was so stuft with ale,
What how *Slie,* Awake for shame.
Slie. Sim gis some more wine, whats all the
Plaiers gon: am not I a Lord?
Tapster. A lord with a murrin: come art thou dronken still?
Slie. Whose this? *Tapster,* oh Lord sirra, I haue had
The brauest dreame to night, that euer thou
Hardest in all thy life.
Tapster. I marry but you had best get you home,
For your wife will course you for dreaming here tonight,
Slie. Will she? I know now how to tame a shrew,
I dreamt vpon it all this night till now,
And thou hast wakt me out of the best dreame
That euer I had in my life, but Ile to my
Wife presently and tame her too.
And if she anger me.
Tapster. Nay tarry *Slie* for Ile go home with thee,
And heare the rest that thou hast dreamt to night.
Exeunt Omnes.

Questions on

The Taming of the Shrew.

1. Upon what old play is this present one of Shakespeare based?
2. How has Shakespeare improved on the original?
3. From whom did he take the suggestion for the Induction? Mention the source of the under plot; of the Latin lesson.

INDUCTION.

4. Explain the purpose of the Induction. Is it thoroughly welded with the play?
5. What habit of Elizabethan audiences is appropriated to the action of the play?
6. How does Sly answer the Hostess's plea that he pay for broken glasses? What humorous characteristic does he display?
7. What comparison is implied between beast and man in Sc. i.?
8. With what purpose does the Lord undertake the jest which he plays upon Sly?
9. How is his plan further elaborated by the arrival of players? What custom of Elizabethan times does this episode of the players reflect?
10. Does Sly realize the Lord's expectations? How is Sly shown a braggart?
11. Is the vulgarity of Sly any worse than that of the Lord?

ACT FIRST.

12. How does Shakespeare characterize Padua, Lombardy, Pisa?
13. Who was Lucentio's father? What had been Lucentio's education? What relaxation did he seek?
14. How is he answered by Tranio? Explain the allusion to Aristotle and Ovid.

15. Who enter in company with Baptista and his two daughters? What condition has he set to the marriage of Bianca? What is Lucentio's first impression of her?

16. How do Hortensio and Gremio plan to overcome the obstacle in the way of their addresses to Bianca? How does Lucentio likewise?

17. What is Sly's comment on the play? Describe the humour of Shakespeare's characterization of the Tinker.

18. What hint of Petruchio's character do you get from his encounter with his man Grumio, Sc. ii.?

19. Upon what mission do we find Petruchio bent?

20. Does his extravagance make him a character of comedy or of farce?

21. What plan for seeing Bianca does Hortensio make with Petruchio?

22. Explain the allusion (ii. 257, 258) to Hercules and Alcides.

ACT SECOND.

23. How does the opening of this Act exhibit Katharina?

24. Explain the expression (i. 34) *lead apes in hell.* In what sense does Beatrice use it in *Much Ado About Nothing,* II. i. 40? Does not Katharina show a genuine desire to marry?

25. How does Baptista stipulate that Katharina shall be won? How does Petruchio describe his manner of wooing?

26. Is the scene of Katharina beating her music master more humorous in the telling than it would be enacted before the spectators?

27. Describe the probable manner of Katharina's entrance in the first Scene after line 182.

28. In comparison with that, show the humour of Petruchio's opening of the dialogue with Katharina.

29. Was Katharina small or large? Where do you find confirmation of your view?

30. What was it that brought Katharina around to assent to the match?

31. What form of betrothal did Baptista use? Was it English?

32. What remarkable examples of local colour does this Act contain? From this and *The Merchant of Venice* what reasons do commentators find to believe that Shakespeare travelled in Italy?

ACT THIRD.

33. Mention some tributes in this and other plays made to music.
34. Describe the scene of the lessons.
35. What is the cumulative effect of Sc. ii.?
36. When does the taming first begin?
37. How does Shakespeare here and elsewhere refer to *school*?
38. Why is the marriage-scene not enacted in the sight of the spectators?
39. How does the report of it by Grumio assist the effect of the scene immediately following?

ACT FOURTH.

40. Indicate the dramatic purpose of the early part of Sc. i., carried on between Curtis and Grumio.
41. How does Katharina take the part of the servants against Petruchio?
42. Describe how the bride and bridegroom finished the day together.
43. What sporting figure does Shakespeare employ in Petruchio's soliloquy at the end of Sc. i.?
44. How is the ground abandoned by the other lovers of Bianca in favour of Lucentio?
45. Whom does Hortensio promise to wed? How does this match of Hortensio furnish a faint shadow of the main plot?
46. For what purpose is the Pedant made to personate Vincentio?
47. In what other play does Shakespeare make use of the restrictive laws passed by Italian cities against each other? How, in this one, is such a law made to subserve the plot?
48. Explain how the plight of Katharina as depicted in Sc. iii. is comic and not pathetic?
49. What sign of relenting does Petruchio give in lines 50-60?
50. How further is Katharina tried?
51. What stages in the under plot are accomplished in Sc. iv.?
52. What height of comic absurdity does the main plot reach in Sc. v.? Is this the climax of the play? Indicate the exact point.
53. Show how all the threads of the drama are drawn together at the close of the fourth Act.

ACT FIFTH.

54. What does the opening of this Act foreshadow?
55. How do the real and the counterfeit fathers of Lucentio meet? What is the dramatic purpose of this parley?
56. Is the intrigue of the under plot convincing? Show wherein it is weak.
57. Indicate the dramatic nature of the last Scene.
58. What wager does Petruchio lay, and how is it won?

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59. Does Petruchio ever show genuine ill humour?
60. Does this play convey a sense of reality?
61. Its moral is obvious. State what it is.
62. Why does Sly disappear after the first Act?
63. Which of the characters is conceived in the highest spirit of comic art?
64. Is there any evil in the nature of Katharina?
65. In comparison with Shakespeare's other comedies, is this noticeably lacking in distinctly poetic qualities? Assign the reason for your view.

The Winter's Tale

PERDITA : "Reverend sirs,
For you there's rosemary and rue"

THE WINTER'S TALE *Act* IV *Scene* 4

THE WINTER'S TALE.

Preface.

The First Edition. *The Winter's Tale* appeared for the first time in the First Folio, where it is the last of the 'Comedies.' It is perhaps the most carefully printed play in the Folio. At the end of the play the 'Names of the Actors' are given.

Date of Composition. (I.) Apart from consideration of style, the following facts make it almost certain that *The Winter's Tale* was one of Shakespeare's latest productions, and may safely be assigned to the years 1610-11: —(i.) It is mentioned in the *Office-Book* of Sir Henry Herbert as an old play ("formerly allowed of Sir George Buck, and likewise by me on Mr. Hemming's word that there is nothing profane added or reformed, though the allowed book was missing, and therefore I returned it without a fee, this 19 of August 1623"). Sir George Buck took possession of the office of the Master of the Revels in August, 1610. (ii.) Dr. Simon Forman in his '*Book of Plaies and Notes thereof*' has a lengthy reference to a performance of this play at the Globe Theatre on May 15th, 1611. Judging by Forman's careful analysis of the plot, it must have been a new play at that time. (iii.) Ben Jonson mentions it with *The Tempest* in the Induction to his *Bartholomew Fair* (1612-1614): "If there be never a *Servant monster* i' the *Fayre,* who can help it, he sayes; nor of nest of *Antiques*? He is loth to make nature afraid in his *Plays,* like those that beget *Tales, Tempests,* and such like *Drolleries.*"

(II.) Internal tests fully corroborate the external evi-

dence:—(i.) With the exception of the prologue-like chorus scene of Act IV., no five-measure lines are rhymed; (ii.) run-on lines and double-endings abound; (iii.) the logical structure is 'more elliptical, involved, and perplexing than that of any other work of Shakespeare's'; (iv.) furthermore, the remarkable two-fold structure of the play gives to it the appearance of being one of Shakespeare's boldest experiments in dramatic art. "It is rare, if not unprecedented, in any art," observes Mr. Watkiss Lloyd, "to find an effective whole resulting from the blank opposition of two precisely counterbalanced halves when not united by common reference to some declared third magnitude. Nor is such a uniting power wanting in the present instance, whatever may appear to external view"; (v.) finally, there are the unmistakeable links connecting *The Winter's Tale* with *Pericles, Cymbeline,* and *The Tempest,* 'its companion and complement'—the Romances which belong to the close of the Poet's life. On them all his gentle spirit seems to rest; 'Timon the misanthrope' no longer delights him; his visions are of human joy—scenes of forgiveness, reconciliation, and peace—a world where father is re-united with child, husband with wife, brother with brother, friend with friend. Like his own Miranda, Shakespeare in these Romances again finds the world beautiful:—

> *'O wonder!*
> *How many goodly creatures are there here!*
> *How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world*
> *That has such people in't!'*

The Sources of the Plot. The story of *The Winter's Tale* was derived from one of the most popular of Elizabethan novels—probably based on some real episode in the history of Poland and Bohemia in the XIVth century (*cp. Englische Studien,* 1878, 1888—*'Pandosto: the Triumph of Time'* (*or, 'Dorastus and Fawnia'*)) "wherein," according to its modest title-page, "is discovered by a pleasant History, that although by the means of sinister

fortune, Truth may be concealed, yet by Time in spite of fortune it is most manifestly revealed: pleasant for age to avoid drowsy thoughts, profitable for youth to eschew other wanton pastimes, and bringing to both a desired content. *Temporis filia veritas.*"* The book first appeared in 1588; its success may be gathered from the fact that no less than fourteen editions are known to have been issued. Its author was none other than the novelist Robert Greene, 'Maister of Artes in Cambridge,' whose death-bed utterances, reported in his '*Groatsworth of Wit bought with a Million of Repentance,*' anticipated a veritable 'Triumph of Time,' save that *the absolute Johannes Factotum,* 'Maister of Artes in Neither University,' was destined to become, not in his own conceit, but by universal acclamation, 'the only Shake-scene in a country.' The 'scald, lying, trivial pamphlet' (as its apologetic publisher subsequently described it) could not have had reference to *The Winter's Tale,* at least in the form we know it; in all probability the old quarrel was altogether forgotten, Shakespeare certainly bore no resentment to Greene's memory, when he 'beautified himself' with the fine feathers of *Dorastus and Fawnia.*†

The two lovers.
From the title page of '*Dorastus and Fawnia.*'

* Hazlitt's *Shakespeare's Library.* (*Cp.* Coleridge's adaptation.)

† A few critics are inclined to find a hit at Shakespeare in Marlowe's *Dido,* as finished by Nash, and adduce the following couplet as evidence that *The Winter's Tale* was an early play!! Æneas says:—

> *'Who would not undergo all kinds of toil,*
> *To be well-stored with such a Winter's Tale?'*

The Novel and the Play. Greene's then is the ground; Shakespeare's name is graven on the workmanship. Some notable refinements due to the dramatist are the following:—(i.) In the novel Hermione's prototype actually dies upon hearing of the death of her son; (ii.) her husband destroys himself, after becoming enamoured of his unknown daughter; (iii.) the characters of Paulina, Autolycus, and Antigonus are entirely Shakespeare's; (iv.) Hermione's character is ennobled throughout; Shakespeare admits no 'incautiousness' on her part, no unqueenly condescension in meeting the charge; (v.) Bohemia takes the place of Sicily, and *vice versa*, "apparently from a feeling that Bohemia carried better than Sicily the associations of deserts and remoteness"; finally, (vi.) the names are changed throughout:—Polixenes = Pandosto; Leontes = Egistus; Hermione = Bellaria; Mamillius = Garinter; Florizel = Dorastus; Perdita = Fawnia. The Greek element in Shakespeare's list of names is striking, and should perhaps be considered in connexion with the Alcestis *motif* of the closing scene of the play. *The Winter's Tale,* from this latter point of view, suggests comparisons with the 'tragi-comedy' of Euripides. One cannot but think that, by some means or other, directly or indirectly, Shakespeare owed his *dénouement* to the Greek dramatist,—certainly to the Greek story.*

* *Cp.* Alcestis, ll. 1121-1134, which have been translated as follows:—

"*Hercules.* Toward her turn thine eyes,
And say if she resembleth not thy wife.
Rest happy now, and all thy pains forget.
Admetus. O ye immortal gods! what can I say
At this unhoped, unlooked for miracle?
Do I in truth behold my wife, or doth
Some phantom of delight o'er power my sense?
Hercules. This is no phantom but your own true wife.
Admetus. Art sure she is no ghost from the nether world?
Hercules. You did not think a sorcerer was your guest."

Autolycus. Shakespeare's rogue has a distinguished pedigree; his ancestor dwelt on Parnassus, where he was visited by his grandson Ulysses. A slight character sketch is given of him in Book XIX. of the *Odyssey*, 392-8:—

"Autolycus, who th' art
Of theft and swearing (not out of the heart
But by equivocation) first adorn'd
Your witty man withal, and was suborn'd
*By Jove's descend'nt ingenious Mercury."**

Autolycus.
From a XVIth century woodcut.

Shakespeare, in all probability, first became acquainted with Autolycus in the pages of his favourite Ovid, perhaps in Golding's translation (*cp. Metamorphoses*, Bk. XI.).†

The Seaboard of Bohemia. Drummond of Hawthornden, in his famous '*Conversations*,' recorded that Ben Jonson said, "Shakespeare wanted art and sometimes sense, for in one of his plays he brought in a number of men saying they had suffered shipwreck in Bohemia,

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Admetus. O form and feature of my dearest wife,
Against all hope thou once again art mine.
(W. F. Nevins.)

Observe, too, that Alcestis dare not speak to Admetus for three days; Hermione similarly '*lives, though yet she speaks not*'; when she does find voice, it is to call a blessing on Perdita; no word is addressed to Leontes. There are other remarkable parallels in the two plays.

* Chapman's paraphrase (pub. 1616); *cp.* "*My father named me Autolycus, who being as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper up of unconsidered trifles.*"

† It is possible that Shakespeare's Autolycus owed something to Thomas Newbery's '*Book of Dives Pragmaticus*,' 1563 (reprinted in Huth's '*Fugitive Tracts*,' 1875).

where is no sea nearly 100 miles." This censure has been frequently repeated. As a matter of fact, Shakespeare follows Greene in this geographical detail. He may or may not have known better; incongruities and anachronisms are not out of place in '*A Winter's Tale*'; he certainly bettered Greene's example, "making Whitsun pastorals, Christian burial, Giulio Romano, the Emperor of Russia, and Puritans singing psalms to hornpipes, all contemporary with the oracle of Delphi,"—the *island* of Delphi!

Like the Chorus Time in the play, Romance might well claim:—

> '*It is in my power*
> *To o'erthrow law and in one self-born hour*
> *To plant and o'erwhelm custom.*' (Act IV. i. 7-9.)

The Duration of Action. *The Winter's Tale,* with its interval of sixteen years between two acts,* may be said, too, to mark the final overthrow of Time—the hallowed 'Unity of Time'—by its natural adversary, the Romantic Drama. The play recalls Sir Philip Sidney's criticism, in his *Apologie for Poetrie,* anent the crude romantic plays popular about 1580, when he outlined a plot somewhat analogous to that of *The Winter's Tale* as a typical instance of the abuse of dramatic decorum by lawless playwrights, who, contrary to academic rule, neglected both 'time and place.' *The Winter's Tale,* perhaps the very last of Shakespeare's comedies, appropriately emphasises, as it were, the essential elements of the triumph of the New over the Old. Sidney could not foresee, in 1580, the glorious future in store for the despised Cinderella of the playhouses,

> "NOW GROWN IN GRACE
> EQUAL WITH WONDERING."

* Eight days only are represented on the stage, with an interval of twenty-three days after Day 2 (Act II. Sc. i.); and another short interval after Day 4 (Act III. Sc. ii.); the main interval of sixteen years comes between Acts III. and IV.; again, there is a short interval between Act IV. Sc. iv. and Act. V., *i.e.* the seventh and eighth days.

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. Polixenes, king of Bohemia, who is visiting his boyhood friend, Leontes, king of Sicilia, becomes desirous of returning to his own kingdom, and cannot be persuaded by his host to prolong his sojourn. Leontes then asks his queen, Hermione, to join her persuasions to his own. Her hospitable entreaties are so successful that Polixenes defers his departure. This slight incident is sufficient to arouse in Leontes a tempest of jealousy touching his queen's and his friend's mutual honour. He endeavours to prevail on a courtier named Camillo to poison Polixenes; whereupon Camillo informs the guiltless and unsuspecting monarch of his danger, and flees with him to Bohemia.

II. The flight confirms Leontes in his wild suspicions. He visits his wrath upon the innocent Hermione, causing her to be isolated in a dungeon, where she is shortly afterward delivered of a daughter. Paulina, a lady of the court, presents the babe to the king, but he disavows it and orders it to be exposed in some remote desert place.

III. The babe, who is named Perdita because she "is counted lost forever," is borne to a coast of Bohemia, by a courtier who is afterwards destroyed by a bear; while the child is found by a poor shepherd, who rears it as his own.

Meanwhile Hermione, who has been brought to public trial, is completely vindicated by a Delphic oracle

declaring: "Hermione is chaste; Polixenes blameless; Camillo a true subject; Leontes a jealous tyrant; his innocent babe truly begotten; and the king shall live without an heir, if that which is lost be not found." Leontes discredits the oracle and is punished by the tidings of the sudden death of Hermione and her only son. The monarch is brought by this stroke to realize the enormity of his offence. He repents and resolves to do daily penance.

IV. Sixteen years pass by. In the court of Bohemia Polixenes and his friend Camillo discuss the reported actions of the king's son Florizel, who of late has been paying assiduous attention to a shepherd's lass. In order to investigate the report they disguise themselves and visit the shepherd's cottage, where they find Florizel on the point of betrothing Perdita. The king wrathfully puts a stop to the betrothal, when the lovers resolve to flee the country. Camillo privately offers to conduct them to Sicilia, assuring them of a warm welcome on the part of Leontes. The offer is gladly accepted.

V. Florizel and Perdita are cordially received in Sicilia, but are closely pursued thither by Polixenes. At this juncture the clothing and jewels found with the infant sixteen years before are produced by the shepherd, thus establishing the identity of Perdita as daughter of Leontes. The joy of the two sovereigns at meeting again after their long separation is redoubled by the prospect of uniting their children in marriage. One thing only is lacking to the perfect happiness of Leontes —the presence of his lost wife, whom he has never ceased to mourn. Thereupon Paulina invites the company to inspect a statue of Hermione. They pause spellbound at the triumph of art, for the supposed statue is so perfect as to seem animate. At last it actually stirs, and the enraptured Leontes finds that he is embracing not marble

but his living wife Hermione, who, dwelling in retirement, has awaited the fulfilment of the oracle.

McSPADDEN: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

Hermione.

The character of Hermione exhibits what is never found in the other sex, but rarely in our own, yet sometimes—dignity without pride, love without passion, and tenderness without weakness. To conceive a character in which there enters so much of the negative, required perhaps no rare and astonishing effort of genius, such as created a Juliet, a Miranda, or a Lady Macbeth; but to delineate such a character in the poetical form, to develop it through the medium of action and dialogue, without the aid of description; to preserve its tranquil, mild, and serious beauty, its unimpassioned dignity, and at the same time keep the strongest hold upon our sympathy and our imagination; and out of this exterior calm produce the most profound pathos, the most vivid impression of life and internal power—it is this which renders the character of Hermione one of Shakspeare's masterpieces.

Hermione is a queen, a matron, and a mother; she is good and beautiful, and royally descended. A majestic sweetness, a grand and gracious simplicity, an easy, unforced, yet dignified self-possession, are in all her deportment, and in every word she utters. She is one of those characters of whom it has been said proverbially that "still waters run deep." Her passions are not vehement, but in her settled mind the sources of pain or pleasure, love or resentment, are like the springs that feed the mountain lakes, impenetrable, unfathomable, and inexhaustible. . . .

She receives the first intimation of her husband's

jealous suspicions with incredulous astonishment. It is not that, like Desdemona, she does not or cannot understand; but she *will* not. When he accuses her more plainly, she replies with a calm dignity:—

> "Should a villain say so,
> The most replenish'd villain in the world,
> He were as much more villain; you, my lord,
> Do but mistake."

This characteristic composure of temper never forsakes her; and yet it is so delineated that the impression is that of grandeur, and never borders upon pride or coldness: it is the fortitude of a gentle but a strong mind, conscious of its own innocence. Nothing can be more affecting than her calm reply to Leontes, who, in his jealous rage, heaps insult upon insult, and accuses her before her own attendants as no better "than one of those to whom the vulgar give bold titles":—

> "How will this grieve you,
> When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
> You have thus publish'd me! Gentle my lord,
> You scarce can right me throughly then to say
> You *did* mistake."

Her mild dignity and saint-like patience, combined as they are with the strongest sense of the cruel injustice of her husband, thrill us with admiration as well as pity; and we cannot but see and feel that for Hermione to give way to tears and feminine complaints under such a blow, would be quite incompatible with the character. . . .

The character of Hermione is considered open to criticism on one point. I have heard it remarked that when she secludes herself from the world for sixteen years, during which time she is mourned as dead by her repentant husband, and is not won to relent from her resolve by his sorrow, his remorse, his constancy to her memory—such conduct, argues the critic, is unfeeling as it is inconceivable in a tender and virtuous woman. Would Imogen have done so, who is so generously ready

to grant a pardon before it be asked? or Desdemona, who does not forgive because she cannot even resent? No, assuredly; but this is only another proof of the wonderful delicacy and consistency with which Shakspeare has discriminated the characters of all three. The incident of Hermione's supposed death and concealment for sixteen years is not indeed very probable in itself, nor very likely to occur in every-day life. But, besides all the probability necessary for the purposes of poetry, it has all the likelihood it can derive from the peculiar character of Hermione, who is precisely the woman who could and would have acted in this manner. In such a mind as hers, the sense of a cruel injury, inflicted by one she had loved and trusted, without awakening any violent anger or any desire of vengeance, would sink deep—almost incurably and lastingly deep. So far she is most unlike either Imogen or Desdemona, who are portrayed as much more flexible in temper; but then the circumstances under which she is wronged are very different, and far more unpardonable. The self-created, frantic jealousy of Leontes is very distinct from that of Othello, writhing under the arts of Iago: or that of Posthumus, whose understanding has been cheated by the most damning evidence of his wife's infidelity. The jealousy which in Othello and Posthumus is an error of judgement, in Leontes is a vice of the blood; he suspects without cause, condemns without proof; he is without excuse—unless the mixture of pride, passion, and imagination, and the predisposition to jealousy, with which Shakspeare has portrayed him, be considered as an excuse. Hermione has been openly insulted: he to whom she gave herself, her heart, her soul, has stooped to the weakness and baseness of suspicion; has doubted her truth, has wronged her love, has sunk in her esteem, and forfeited her confidence. She has been branded with vile names; her son, her eldest hope, is dead—dead through the false accusation which has stuck infamy on his mother's name; and her innocent babe, stained with

illegitimacy, disowned and rejected, has been exposed to a cruel death. Can we believe that the mere tardy acknowledgement of her innocence could make amends for wrongs and agonies such as these? or heal a heart which must have bled inwardly, consumed by that untold grief "which burns worse than tears drown"? Keeping in view the peculiar character of Hermione, such as she is delineated, is she one either to forgive hastily or forget quickly? and though she might, in her solitude, mourn over her repentant husband, would his repentance suffice to restore him at once to his place in her heart; to efface from her strong and reflecting mind the recollection of his miserable weakness? or can we fancy this high-souled woman—left childless through the injury which has been inflicted on her, widowed in heart by the unworthiness of him she loved, a spectacle of grief to all, to her husband a continual reproach and humiliation—walking through the parade of royalty in the court which had witnessed her anguish, her shame, her degradation, and her despair? Methinks that the want of feeling, nature, delicacy, and consistency would lie in such an exhibition as this. In a mind like Hermione's, where the strength of feeling is founded in the power of thought, and where there is little of impulse or imagination—"the depth, but not the tumult, of the soul"—there are but two influences which predominate over the will—time and religion. And what then remained but that, wounded in heart and spirit, she should retire from the world?—not to brood over her wrongs, but to study forgiveness, and wait the fulfilment of the oracle which had promised the termination of her sorrows. Thus a premature reconciliation would not only have been painfully inconsistent with the character; it would also have deprived us of that most beautiful scene in which Hermione is discovered to her husband as the statue or image of herself. And here we have another instance of that admirable art with which the dramatic character is fitted to the circumstances in which it is placed: that per-

fect command over her own feelings, that complete self-possession necessary to this extraordinary situation, is consistent with all that we imagine of Hermione; in any other woman it would be so incredible as to shock all our ideas of probability.

This scene, then, is not only one of the most picturesque and striking instances of stage effect to be found in the ancient or modern drama, but by the skilful manner in which it is prepared, it has, wonderful as it appears, all the merit of consistency and truth. The grief, the love, the remorse and impatience of Leontes, are finely contrasted with the astonishment and admiration of Perdita, who, gazing on the figure of her mother like one entranced, looks as if she were also turned to marble. There is here one little instance of tender remembrance in Leontes, which adds to the charming impression of Hermione's character:—

> "Chide me, dear stone! that I may say indeed
> Thou art Hermione; or rather thou art she
> In thy not chiding, for she was as tender
> As infancy and grace."
>
> . . . . . .
>
> "Thus she stood,
> Even with such life of majesty—warm life—
> As now it coldly stands—when first I woo'd her!"

The effect produced on the different persons of the drama by this living statue—an effect which at the same moment is and is *not* illusion—the manner in which the feelings of the spectators become entangled between the conviction of death and the impression of life, the idea of a deception and the feeling of a reality; and the exquisite colouring of poetry and touches of natural feeling with which the whole is wrought up, till wonder, expectation, and intense pleasure hold our pulse and breath suspended on the event—are quite inimitable.

MRS. JAMESON: *Characteristics of Women.*

III.

Perdita.

In Viola and Perdita the distinguishing traits are the same—sentiment and elegance; thus we associate them together, though nothing can be more distinct to the fancy than the Doric grace of Perdita, compared to the romantic sweetness of Viola. They are created out of the same materials, and are equal to each other in tenderness, delicacy, and poetical beauty of the conception. They are both more imaginative than passionate; but Perdita is the more imaginative of the two. She is the union of the pastoral and romantic with the classical and poetical, as if a dryad of the woods had turned shepherdess. The perfections with which the Poet has so lavishly endowed her, sit upon her with a certain careless and picturesque grace, "as though they had fallen upon her unawares." Thus Belphœbe, in the *Fairy Queen*, issues from the flowering forest with hair and garments all besprinkled with leaves and blossoms they had entangled in their flight; and so arrayed by chance and "heedless hap," takes all hearts with "stately presence and with princely port"—most like to Perdita!

The story of Florizel and Perdita is but an episode in *The Winter's Tale*, and the character of Perdita is properly kept subordinate to that of her mother, Hermione; yet the picture is perfectly finished in every part; Juliet herself is not more firmly and distinctly drawn. But the colouring in Perdita is more silvery light and delicate; the pervading sentiment more touched with the ideal. . . .

The qualities which impart to Perdita her distinct individuality are the beautiful combination of the pastoral with the elegant—of simplicity with elevation—of spirit with sweetness. The exquisite delicacy of the picture is apparent. To understand and appreciate its effective truth and nature, we should place Perdita beside some

of the nymphs of Arcadia, or the Chlorises and Sylvias of the Italian pastorals, who, however graceful in themselves, when opposed to Perdita seem to melt away into mere poetical abstractions; as, in Spenser, the fair but fictitious Florimel, which the subtle enchantress had moulded out of snow, "vermeil-tinctured," and informed with an airy spirit that knew "all wiles of woman's wits," fades and dissolves away, when placed next to the real Florimel, in her warm, breathing, human loveliness.

Perdita does not appear till the fourth act, and the whole of the character is developed in the course of a single scene (the fourth) with a completeness of effect which leaves nothing to be required—nothing to be supplied. She is first introduced in the dialogue between herself and Florizel, where she compares her own lowly state to his princely rank, and expresses her fears of the issue of their unequal attachment. With all her timidity and her sense of the distance which separates her from her lover, she breathes not a single word which could lead us to impugn either her delicacy or her dignity.

MRS. JAMESON: *Characteristics of Women.*

IV.

Leontes.

Leontes is chiefly affected by the insult of the fate that he stupidly and groundlessly hugs to himself. He thinks not—not he, of the pity of the supposed fall of so complete a paragon, but pursues her as an enemy with rancorous and publicly proclaimed animosity. Such temper shows most grossly when the object of it is a lady whose nature is not only alien to such falsehood but unsuggestive of it—a lady who with clear and steady intellectual light illuminates every perversity in her husband's course. Had the victim of Leontes been a wife in whom conjugal affectionateness and not matronly dignity

and the grace and pride of motherhood prevailed, his conduct would have seemed too intolerably brutal for any reconciliation, and the reuniting link of common parental affection would have been wanting, to render it acceptable to our sympathies and convictions. Neither would it have been natural for such a heart to have remained in seclusion so long, feeding on the hope of a daughter's recovery, nor brooding over the lost love of her husband. Desdemona, affectionate and devoted, is the object of love of a husband whose bitterest trial in jealousy, sensitive as he is in honour, is still the loss of her trusted and tender heart. The submissive love of Desdemona faints into a tint of the weakness that invites misfortune, and is the worst of all fatalities; the graceful majesty of Hermione is inclined to the side of sober self-command, and for this, when attempered with tenderness and truth, fortune has ever in reserve a happiness at last.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

The most remarkable stroke of genius in this play of Shakespeare is that he turned only into a comedy a subject which could furnish the most sombre of tragedies. He understood admirably that however violent and tragic were the acts, such a character would be necessarily comic. Indeed, so comic, that it is exactly the one which our Molière has drawn in *Sganarelle, ou le Cocu imaginaire.* Leontes is formidable otherwise than the poor *bourgeois* of Molière, for his folly is supplied with far different means of action; but they are brothers, if not in rank yet in nature, and their souls plunge into the same grotesque element.

MONTEGUT: *Œuvres complètes de Shakespeare.*

V.

Leontes and Othello Contrasted.

The idea of this delightful drama is a genuine jealousy of disposition, and it should be immediately followed by the perusal of Othello, which is the direct contrast of it in every particular. For jealousy is a vice of the mind, a culpable tendency of the temper, having certain well-known and well-defined effects and concomitants, all of which are visible in Leontes, and, I boldly say, not one of which marks its presence in Othello;—such as, first, an excitability by the most inadequate causes, and an eagerness to snatch at proofs; secondly, a grossness of conception, and a disposition to degrade the object of the passion by sensual fancies and images; thirdly, a sense of shame of his own feelings exhibited in a solitary moodiness of humour, and yet from the violence of the passion forced to utter itself, and therefore catching occasions to ease the mind by ambiguities, equivoques, by talking to those who cannot, and who are known not to be able to, understand what is said to them—in short, by soliloquy in the form of dialogue, and hence a confused, broken, and fragmentary manner; fourthly, a dread of vulgar ridicule, as distinct from a high sense of honour, or a mistaken sense of duty; and lastly, and immediately, consequent on this, a spirit of selfish vindictiveness.

COLERIDGE: *Notes and Lectures upon Shakespeare.*

In *The Winter's Tale,* the jealousy of Leontes is not less, but more fierce and unjust, than that of Othello. No Iago whispers poisonous suspicion in Leontes' ear. His wife is not untried, nor did she yield to him her heart with the sweet proneness of Desdemona:—

> "Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to death
> Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
> And clap thyself my love; then didst thou utter
> 'I am yours forever.'"

Hermione is suspected of sudden and shameless dishonour—she who is a matron, the mother of Leontes' children, a woman of serious and sweet dignity of character, inured to a noble self-command, and frank only through the consciousness of invulnerable loyalty. The passion of Leontes is not, like that of Othello, a terrible chaos of soul—confusion and despair at the loss of what had been to him the fairest thing on earth; there is a gross personal resentment in the heart of Leontes, not sorrowful, judicial indignation; his passion is hideously grotesque, while that of Othello is pathetic.

The consequences of this jealous madness of Leontes are less calamitous than the ruin wrought by Othello's jealousy, because Hermione is courageous and collected, and possessed of a fortitude of heart which years of suffering are unable to subdue:—

> "There 's some ill planet reigns;
> I must be patient till the heavens look
> With an aspect more favourable. Good my lords,
> I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
> Commonly are; the want of which vain dew
> Perchance shall dry your pities; but I have
> That honourable grief lodged here, which burns
> Worse than tears drown. Beseech you all, my lords,
> With thoughts so qualified as your charities
> Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so
> The king's will be performed!"

But although the wave of calamity is broken by the firm resistance offered by the fortitude of Hermione, it commits ravage enough to make it remembered. Upon the Queen comes a lifetime of solitude and pain. The hopeful son of Leontes and Hermione is done to death, and the infant Perdita is estranged from her kindred and her friends. But at length the heart of Leontes is instructed and purified by anguish and remorse. He has "performed a saint-like sorrow," redeemed his faults, paid down more penitence than done trespass:—

"Whilst I remember
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them, and so still think of
The wrong I did myself; which was so much
That heirless it hath made my kingdom, and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of."

And Leontes is received back without reproach into the arms of his wife; she embraces him in silence, allowing the good pain of his repentance to effect its utmost work.

DOWDEN: *Shakspere.*

VI.

Mamillius.

The wild wind of *The Winter's Tale* at its opening would seem to blow us back into a wintrier world indeed. And to the very end I must confess that I have in me so much of the spirit of Rachel weeping in Ramah as will not be comforted because Mamillius is not. It is well for those whose hearts are light enough, to take perfect comfort even in the substitution of his sister Perdita for the boy who died of "thoughts high for one so tender." Even the beautiful suggestion that Shakespeare as he wrote had in mind his own dead little son still fresh and living at his heart can hardly add more than a touch of additional tenderness to our perfect and piteous delight in him. And even in her daughter's embrace it seems hard if his mother should have utterly forgotten the little voice that had only time to tell her just eight words of that ghost story which neither she nor we were ever to hear ended.

SWINBURNE: *A Study of Shakespeare.*

VII.

Autolycus.

The clowns' heads are full of the prices of wool; they have no thought for roses and nightingales, and their

simplicity is rather comical than touching. They are more than overmatched by the light-fingered Autolycus, who educates them by means of ballads, and eases them of their purses at the same time. He is a Jack-of-all-trades, has travelled the country with a monkey, been a process-server, bailiff, and servant to Prince Florizel; he has gone about with a puppet-show playing the Prodigal Son; finally, he marries a tinker's wife and settles down as a confirmed rogue. He is the clown of the piece—roguish, genial, witty, and always master of the situation. In spite of the fact that Shakespeare seized every opportunity to flout the lower classes, that he always gave a satirical and repellent picture of them as a mass, yet their natural wit, good sense, and kind-heartedness are always portrayed in his clowns with a sympathetic touch. Before his time, the buffoon was never an inherent part of the play; he came on and danced his jig without any connection with the plot, and was, in fact, merely intended to amuse the uneducated portion of the audience and make them laugh. Shakespeare was the first to incorporate him into the plot, and to endow him, not merely with the jester's wit, but with the higher faculties and feelings of the Fool in *Lear,* or the gay humour of the vagabond pedlar, Autolycus.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

VIII.

Paulina.

Among Shakespeare's additions in the first part of the play we find the characters of the noble and resolute Paulina and her weakly good-natured husband. Paulina . . . is one of the most admirable and original figures he has put upon the stage. She has more courage than ten men, and possesses that natural eloquence and power of pathos which determined honesty and sound common

sense can bestow upon a woman. She would go through fire and water for the queen whom she loves and trusts. She is untouched by sentimentality; there is as little of the erotic as there is of repugnance in her attitude towards her husband. Her treatment of the king's jealous frenzy reminds us of Emilia in *Othello,* but the resemblance ends there. In Paulina there is a vein of that rare metal which we only find in excellent women of this not essentially feminine type. We meet it again in the nineteenth century in the character of Christiana Oehlenschläger as we see it in Hauch's beautiful commemorative poem.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

IX.

Camillo.

In the case of Camillo we trace a line of prudence darkening almost into duplicity, that permeates the very purest and most single-hearted of natures. His virtue, which is his character, is the very growth of the trying circumstances by which he is surrounded. He is frank and bold to the fullest extent that is consistent with prudence and usefulness; he carries prudence and management to the fullest extent that consists with self-respect and honour. In truth he is as virtuous and direct as a man can be who is fain to live among the hard conditions of a court, and this perhaps is as much as to say that Autolycus retains as much rectitude as a pedlar may who is tempted by dupes thrice over, and not often has the chance of evincing a leaning to virtue by taking her bid when roguery only makes an equal offer. But this is unfair to Camillo, though it might be so to few others, and we must approve and admire the sagacity with which he proves the strength of unreasoning prejudice, and hoodwinks and eludes the power he can neither disabuse

nor contend against. This is the wisdom that ere now has saved a nation as it saves the fortunes of the play, but may the world soon lack those tyrannous necessities that reduce the best virtue practicable so nearly to the equivocal.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

X.

Antigonus Compared with Camillo.

In the very first words Antigonus utters, Shakespeare shows him to us in thorough contrast with Camillo. By the mere word *justice* Antigonus admits the possibility that Hermione may be guilty; while Camillo, from first to last, feels the impossibility of her guilt. Antigonus at once proclaims himself a courtier, the man who points out to his royal master the expediency and policy of what he is about to do as touches his own person, his consort, and his heir-apparent; Camillo is the faithful counsellor, the honest friend, the loyal servant, who strives to preserve the intrinsic honour of his king, rather than to maintain himself in his favour. Not only are these two characters finely distinguished in their delineation, the one from the other, but they are most dramatically framed for and adapted to the exigencies of the parts they are destined to fill in the progress of the plot. Camillo, with his honourable nature and integrity of purpose, becomes the ultimate bond of reconciliation and union between the two kings and their respective children; while Antigonus, with his courtier pliancy and lack of earnest faith—having a glimpse of the better, yet following the worse, path—becomes the agent for the king's cruelty to his infant daughter, and loses his own life in the unworthy act.

CLARKE: *Cassell's Illustrated Shakespeare.*

XI.

Conspectus.

Shakespeare has treated Greene's narrative in the way he has usually dealt with his bad originals—he has done away with some indelicacy in the matter, and some unnatural things in the form; he has given a better foundation to the characters and course of events; but to impart an intrinsic value to the subject as a whole, to bring a double action into unity, and to give to the play the character of a regular drama by mere arrangements of matter and alteration of motive was not possible. The wildness of the fiction, the improbability and contingency of the events, the gap in the time which divides the two actions between two generations, could not be repaired by any art. Shakespeare, therefore, began upon his theme in quite an opposite direction. He increased still more the marvellous and miraculous in the given subject, he disregarded more and more the requirements of the real and probable, and treated time, place, and circumstances with the utmost arbitrariness. He added the character of Antigonus and his death by the bear, Paulina and her second marriage in old age, the pretended death and the long forbearance and preservation of Hermione, Autolycus and his cunning tricks, and he increased thereby the improbable circumstances and strange incidents. He overleaped all limits, mixing up together Russian emperors and the Delphic oracle and Julio Romano, chivalry and heathendom, ancient forms of religion and Whitsuntide pastorals.

GERVINUS: *Shakespeare Commentaries.*

It is easily seen that here, in contrast to *As You Like It,* the general foundation and plan of the whole—the jealousy of Leontes, the exposure of the infant, the seclusion of the Queen and the repentance of her husband, the young Prince's love for the exceedingly beautiful shepherdess,

etc.—although unusual, are nevertheless in accordance with reality; the characters, also, are consistently developed, without sudden changes and psychological improbabilities. Individual features, however, are all the more fantastic. We have here the full sway of accident and caprice in the concatenation of events, circumstances and relations; everything is removed from common experience. Not only is Delphos spoken of as an "island" and Bohemia as a maritime country (local reality, therefore, disregarded), but the reality of time also is completely set aside, inasmuch as the Delphic oracle is made to exist contemporaneously with Russian emperors and the great painter Julio Romano; in fact, the heroic age and the times of chivalry, the ancient customs of mythical religion and Christianity with its institutions are brought together *sans cérémonie*. It is a matter of accident that the death of the Crown Prince is announced simultaneously with the utterance of the oracle, and that the condition of the Queen appears like actual death. It is purely an accident that the babe is saved at the very moment that the nobleman who exposed it is torn to pieces by a bear, and that his ship, with all on board, is lost, so that no tidings could be carried back to Sicilia. It is mere accident that the young Prince of Bohemia strays into woods and meets the shepherds with whom the Princess is living. In the end similar freaks of chance repair the results of the first accidents, bring all the dramatic personages together in Sicilia, put everything into its proper order, and bring about a happy conclusion. As, therefore, the unreal, the fantastic is here expressed in individual features rather than in the general fundamental relations of the play, so it is also more the interaction of external matters of chance that govern the whole and solve the contradiction of opinions and intentions, of deeds and events; thus, in spite of all the apparent impossibilities, that which is rational and right is ultimately brought about.

ULRICI: *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

Besides the ripe comedy, characteristic of Shakespeare at his latest, which indeed harmonizes admirably with the idyl of love to which it serves as background, there is also a harsh exhibition, in Leontes, of the meanest of the passions, an insane jealousy, petty and violent as the man who nurses it. For sheer realism, for absolute insight into the most cobwebbed corners of our nature, Shakespeare has rarely surpassed this brief study, which, in its total effect, does but throw out in brightier relief the noble qualities of the other actors beside him, the pleasant qualities of the play they make by their acting.

SYMONS: *Henry Irving Shakespeare.*

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

LEONTES, *king of Sicilia.*
MAMILLIUS, *young prince of Sicilia.*
CAMILLO,
ANTIGONUS,
CLEOMENES,
DION, } *four Lords of Sicilia.*
POLIXENES, *king of Bohemia.*
FLORIZEL, *Prince of Bohemia.*
ARCHIDAMUS, *a Lord of Bohemia.*
Old Shepherd, *reputed father of Perdita.*
Clown, *his son.*
AUTOLYCUS, *a rogue.*
A Mariner.
A Gaoler.

HERMIONE, *queen to Leontes.*
PERDITA, *daughter to Leontes and Hermione.*
PAULINA, *wife to Antigonus.*
EMILIA, *a lady attending on Hermione.*
MOPSA,
DORCAS, } *Shepherdesses.*

Other Lords and Gentlemen, Ladies, Officers, and Servants, Shepherds, and Shepherdesses.

Time, as Chorus.

SCENE: *Partly in Sicilia, and partly in Bohemia.*

THE WINTER'S TALE.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

Antechamber in Leontes' palace.

Enter Camillo and Archidamus.

Arch. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us we will be justified in our loves; for indeed—

Cam. Beseech you,— 10

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say. We will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficience, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance. 20

Cam. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia.

They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorneyed with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have 30 seemed to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast; and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves!

Arch. I think there is not in the world either malice or matter to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius: it is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of 40 him: it is a gallant child; one that indeed physics the subject, makes old hearts fresh: they that went on crutches ere he was born desire yet their life to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A room of state in the same.

Enter Leontes, Hermione, Mamillius, Polixenes, Camillo, and Attendants.

Pol. Nine changes of the watery star hath been
The shepherd's note since we have left our throne
Without a burthen: time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks:
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt: and therefore, like a cipher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply
With one 'We thank you,' many thousands moe
That go before it.

Leon. Stay your thanks a while;
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that 's to-morrow. 10
I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance
Or breed upon our absence; that may blow
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say
'This is put forth too truly': besides, I have stay'd
To tire your royalty.

Leon. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to 't.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leon. One seven-night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.

Leon. We 'll part the time between 's, then: and in that I 'll no gainsaying.

Pol. Press me not, beseech you, so.
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the world, 20

So soon as yours could win me: so it should now,
Were there necessity in your request, although
'Twere needful I denied it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward: which to hinder
Were in your love a whip to me; my stay
To you a charge and trouble: to save both,
Farewell, our brother.

Leon. Tongue-tied our queen? speak you.

Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace until
You had drawn oaths from him not to stay. You, sir,
Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure 30
All in Bohemia 's well; this satisfaction
The by-gone day proclaim'd: say this to him,
He 's beat from his best ward.

Leon. Well said, Hermione.

Her. To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong:
But let him say so then, and let him go;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,
We 'll thwack him hence with distaffs.
Yet of your royal presence I 'll adventure
The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I 'll give him my commission 40
To let him there a month behind the gest
Prefix'd for 's parting: yet, good deed, Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind
What lady she her lord. You 'll stay?

Pol. No, madam.

Her. Nay, but you will?

Pol. I may not, verily.

Her. Verily!
You put me off with limber vows; but I,

Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with oaths,
Should yet say, 'Sir, no going.' Verily,
You shall not go: a lady's 'Verily' 's 50
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you?
My prisoner? or my guest? by your dread 'Verily,'
One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your guest, then, madam:
To be your prisoner should import offending;
Which is for me less easy to commit
Than you to punish.

Her. Not your gaoler, then,
But your kind hostess. Come, I 'll question you 60
Of my lord's tricks and yours when you were boys:
You were pretty lordings then?

Pol. We were, fair queen,
Two lads that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my lord
The verier wag o' the two?

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs that did frisk i' the sun,
And bleat the one at the other: what we changed
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, no, nor dream'd 70
That any did. Had we pursued that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven

Boldly 'not guilty'; the imposition clear'd
Hereditary ours.

Her. By this we gather
You have tripp'd since.

Pol. O my most sacred lady
Temptations have since then been born to 's: for
In those unfledged days was my wife a girl;
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.

Her. Grace to boot! 80
Of this make no conclusion, lest you say
Your queen and I are devils: yet go on;
The offences we have made you do we 'll answer,
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not
With any but with us.

Leon. Is he won yet?

Her. He 'll stay, my lord.

Leon. At my request he would not.
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spokest
To better purpose.

Her. Never?

Leon. Never, but once.

Her. What! have I twice said well? when was 't before?
I prithee tell me; cram 's with praise, and make 's 91
As fat as tame things: one good deed dying tongue-
less
Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages: you may ride 's
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs ere
With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal:
My last good deed was to entreat his stay:
What was my first? it has an elder sister,

Or I mistake you: O, would her name were Grace!
But once before I spoke to the purpose: when? 100
Nay, let me have 't; I long.

Leon. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clap thyself my love: then didst thou utter
'I am yours for ever.'

Her. 'Tis Grace indeed.
Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose twice:
The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;
The other for some while a friend.

Leon. [*Aside*] Too hot, too hot!
To mingle friendship far is mingling bloods.
I have tremor cordis on me: my heart dances;
But not for joy; not joy. This entertainment 111
May a free face put on, derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,
And well become the agent; 't may, I grant;
But to be paddling palms and pinching fingers,
As now they are, and making practised smiles,
As in a looking-glass, and then to sigh, as 'twere
The mort o' the deer; O, that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows! Mamillius,
Art thou my boy?

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. I' fecks! 120
Why, that 's my bawcock. What, hast smutch'd thy nose?
They say it is a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain:
And yet the steer, the heifer and the calf

Are all call'd neat.—Still virginalling
Upon his palm!—How now, you wanton calf!
Art thou my calf!

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.

Leon. Thou want'st a rough pash and the shoots that I have,
To be full like me: yet they say we are
Almost as like as eggs; women say so, 130
That will say any thing: but were they false
As o'er-dyed blacks, as wind, as waters, false
As dice are to be wish'd by one that fixes
No bourne 'twixt his and mine, yet were it true
To say this boy were like me. Come, sir page,
Look on me with your welkin eye: sweet villain!
Most dear'st! my collop! Can thy dam?—may 't be?—
Affection! thy intention stabs the centre:
Thou dost make possible things not so held,
Communicatest with dreams;—how can this be?—
With what 's unreal thou coactive art, 141
And fellow'st nothing: then 'tis very credent
Thou mayst co-join with something; and thou dost,
And that beyond commission, and I find it,
And that to the infection of my brains
And hardening of my brows.

Pol. What means Sicilia?

Her. He something seems unsettled.

Pol. How, my lord!
What cheer? how is 't with you, best brother!

Her. You look
As if you held a brow of much distraction;
Are you moved, my lord?

Leon. No, in good earnest. 150

How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methoughts I did recoil
Twenty-three years, and saw myself unbreech'd,
In my green velvet coat, my dagger muzzled
Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous:
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This squash, this gentleman. Mine honest friend,
Will you take eggs for money? 161

Mam. No, my lord, I 'll fight.

Leon. You will! why, happy man be 's dole! My brother,
Are you so fond of your young prince, as we
Do seem to be of ours?

Pol. If at home, sir,
He 's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter:
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all:
He makes a July's day short as December;
And with his varying childness cures in me 170
Thoughts that would thick my blood.

Leon. So stands this squire
Officed with me: we two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps. Hermione,
How thou lovest us, show in our brother's welcome;
Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap:
Next to thyself and my young rover, he 's
Apparent to my heart.

Her. If you would seek us,
We are yours i' the garden: shall 's attend you there?

Leon. To your own bents dispose you: you 'll be found,

Be you beneath the sky. [*Aside*] I am angling now,
Though you perceive me not how I give line. 181
Go to, go to!
How she holds up the neb, the bill to him!
And arms her with the boldness of a wife
To her allowing husband!
[*Exeunt Polixenes, Hermione and Attendants.*
Gone already!
Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a fork'd one!
Go, play, boy, play: thy mother plays, and I
Play too; but so disgraced a part, whose issue
Will hiss me to my grave: contempt and clamour
Will be my knell. Go, play, boy, play. There have been, 190
Or I am much deceived, cuckolds ere now;
And many a man there is, even at this present,
Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,
That little thinks she has been sluiced in 's absence
And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by
Sir Smile, his neighbour: nay, there 's comfort in 't,
Whiles other men have gates and those gates open'd,
As mine, against their will. Should all despair
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves. Physic for 't there is none;
It is a bawdy planet, that will strike 201
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful, think it,
From east, west, north and south: be it concluded,
No barricado for a belly; know 't;
It will let in and out the enemy
With bag and baggage: many thousand on 's
Have the disease, and feel 't not. How now, boy!

Mam. I am like you, they say.
Leon. Why, that 's some comfort.
What, Camillo there?
Cam. Ay, my good lord. 210
Leon. Go play, Mamillius; thou 'rt an honest man.
[*Exit Mamillius.*
Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.
Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold:
When you cast out, it still came home.
Leon. Didst note it?
Cam. He would not stay at your petitions; made
His business more material.
Leon. Didst perceive it?
[*Aside*] They 're here with me already; whispering, rounding
'Sicilia is a so-forth': 'tis far gone,
When I shall gust it last.—How came 't, Camillo,
That he did stay?
Cam. At the good queen's entreaty. 220
Leon. At the queen's be 't: 'good' should be pertinent;
But, so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks: not noted, is 't,
But of the finer natures? by some severals
Of head-piece extraordinary? lower messes
Perchance are to this business purblind? say.
Cam. Business, my lord! I think most understand
Bohemia stays here longer.
Leon. Ha!
Cam. Stays here longer. 230
Leon. Ay, but why?

Cam. To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.

Leon. Satisfy!
The entreaties of your mistress! satisfy!
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councils; wherein, priest-like, thou
Hast cleansed my bosom, I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd: but we have been
Deceived in thy integrity, deceived 240
In that which seems so.

Cam. Be it forbid, my lord!

Leon. To bide upon 't, thou art not honest; or,
If thou inclinest that way, thou art a coward,
Which hoxes honesty behind, restraining
From course required; or else thou must be counted
A servant grafted in my serious trust
And therein negligent; or else a fool
That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,
And takest it all for jest.

Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, foolish and fearful; 250
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Among the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly; if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out 260

Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear
Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities that honesty
Is never free of. But, beseech your grace,
Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass
By its own visage: if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

Leon. Ha' not you seen, Camillo,—
But that 's past doubt, you have, or your eye-glass
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn,—or heard,—
For to a vision so apparent rumour 270
Cannot be mute,—or thought,—for cogitation
Resides not in that man that does not think,—
My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,
Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes nor ears nor thought, then say
My wife 's a hobby-horse; deserves a name
As rank as any flax-wench that puts to
Before her troth-plight: say 't and justify 't.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without 280
My present vengeance taken: 'shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this; which to reiterate were sin
As deep as that, though true.

Leon. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh?—a note infallible
Of breaking honesty;—horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes 290

Blind with the pin and web but theirs, theirs only,
That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?
Why, then the world and all that 's in 't is nothing;
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my lord, be cured
Of this diseased opinion, and betimes;
For 'tis most dangerous.

Leon. Say it be, 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my lord.

Leon. It is; you lie, you lie:
I say thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee, 300
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave,
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both: were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.

Cam. Who does infect her?

Leon. Why, he that wears her like her medal, hanging
About his neck, Bohemia: who, if I
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes
To see alike mine honour as their profits, 310
Their own particular thrifts, they would do that
Which should undo more doing: ay, and thou,
His cupbearer,—whom I from meaner form
Have bench'd and rear'd to worship, who mayst see
Plainly as heaven sees earth and earth sees heaven.
How I am gall'd,—mightst bespice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my lord,
I could do this, and that with no rash potion,
But with a lingering dram, that should not work 320
Maliciously like poison: but I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.
I have loved thee,—

Leon. Make that thy question, and go rot!
Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation; sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
Which to preserve is sleep, which being spotted
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps;
Give scandal to the blood o' the prince my son, 330
Who I do think is mine and love as mine,
Without ripe moving to 't? Would I do this?
Could man so blench?

Cam. I must believe you, sir:
I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for 't;
Provided that, when he 's removed, your highness
Will take again your queen as yours at first,
Even for your son's sake; and thereby for sealing
The injury of tongues in courts and kingdom
Known and allied to yours.

Leon. Thou dost advise me
Even so as I mine own course have set down: 340
I 'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

Cam. My lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia
And with your queen. I am his cupbearer:
If from me he have wholesome beverage,

Account me not your servant.

Leon. This is all:
Do 't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Do 't not, thou splitt'st thine own.

Cam. I 'll do 't, my lord.

Leon. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advised me. 350
[*Exit.*

Cam. O miserable lady! But, for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes: and my ground to do 't
Is the obedience to a master, one
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his so too. To do this deed,
Promotion follows. If I could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings
And flourish'd after, I 'ld not do 't; but since
Nor brass nor stone nor parchment bears not one, 360
Let villany itself forswear 't. I must
Forsake the court: to do 't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star reign now!
Here comes Bohemia.

Re-enter Polixenes.

Pol. This is strange: methinks
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?
Good day, Camillo.

Cam. Hail, most royal sir!

Pol. What is the news i' the court?

Cam. None rare, my lord.

Pol. The king hath on him such a countenance
As he had lost some province, and a region
Loved as he loves himself: even now I met him 370

With customary compliment; when he,
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me and
So leaves me, to consider what is breeding
That changes thus his manners.

Cam. I dare not know, my lord.

Pol. How! dare not! do not. Do you know, and dare not?
Be intelligent to me: 'tis thereabouts;
For, to yourself, what you do know, you must,
And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo, 380
Your changed complexions are to me a mirror
Which shows me mine changed too; for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with 't.

Cam. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper; but
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.

Pol. How! caught of me!
Make me not sighted like the basilisk:
I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,— 390
As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto
Clerk-like experienced, which no less adorns
Our gentry than our parents' noble names,
In whose success we are gentle,—I beseech you,
If you know aught which does behove my knowledge
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison 't not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well!

I must be answer'd. Dost thou hear, Camillo?
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man 400
Which honour does acknowledge, whereof the least
Is not this suit of mine, that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if to be;
If not, how best to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I will tell you;
Since I am charged in honour and by him
That I think honourable: therefore mark my counsel,
Which must be ev'n as swiftly follow'd as
I mean to utter it, or both yourself and me 410
Cry lost, and so good night!

Pol. On, good Camillo.

Cam. I am appointed him to murder you.

Pol. By whom, Camillo?

Cam. By the king.

Pol. For what?

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears,
As he had seen 't, or been an instrument
To vice you to 't, that you have touch'd his queen
Forbiddenly.

Pol. O then, my best blood turn
To an infected jelly, and my name
Be yoked with his that did betray the Best!
Turn then my freshest reputation to 420
A savour that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive, and my approach be shunn'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection
That e'er was heard or read!

Cam. Swear his thought over

By each particular star in heaven and
By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
As or by oath remove or counsel shake
The fabric of his folly, whose foundation
Is piled upon his faith, and will continue 430
The standing of his body.

Pol. How should this grow?

Cam. I know not: but I am sure 'tis safer to
Avoid what 's grown than question how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,
That lies enclosed in this trunk which you
Shall bear along impawn'd, away to-night!
Your followers I will whisper to the business;
And will by twos and threes at several posterns,
Clear them o' the city. For myself, I 'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here 440
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain;
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth: which if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer
Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth, thereon
His execution sworn.

Pol. I do believe thee:
I saw his heart in 's face. Give me thy hand:
Be pilot to me and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine. My ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure 450
Two days ago. This jealousy
Is for a precious creature: as she 's rare,
Must it be great; and, as his person 's mighty,
Must it be violent; and as he does conceive

He is dishonour'd by a man which ever
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades me:
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion! Come, Camillo; 460
I will respect thee as a father if
Thou bear'st my life off hence: let us avoid.

Cam. It is in mine authority to command
The keys of all the posterns: please your highness
To take the urgent hour. Come, sir, away.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

A room in Leontes' palace.

Enter Hermione, Mamillius, and Ladies.

Her. Take the boy to you: he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring.

First Lady. Come, my gracious lord,
Shall I be your playfellow?

Mam. No, I 'll none of you.

First Lady. Why, my sweet lord?

Mam. You 'll kiss me hard, and speak to me as if
I were a baby still. I love you better.

Sec. Lady. And why so, my lord?

Mam. Not for because
Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say,
Become some women best, so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle, 10

Or a half-moon made with a pen.

Sec. Lady. Who taught you this?

Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces. Pray now
What colour are your eyebrows?

First Lady. Blue, my lord.

Mam. Nay, that 's a mock: I have seen a lady's nose
That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.

First Lady. Hark ye;
The queen your mother rounds apace: we shall
Present our service to a fine new prince
One of these days; and then you 'ld wanton with us,
If we would have you.

Sec. Lady. She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk: good time encounter her! 20

Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come, sir, now
I am for you again: pray you, sit by us,
And tell 's a tale.

Mam. Merry or sad shall 't be?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad tale 's best for winter: I have one
Of sprites and goblins.

Her. Let 's have that, good sir.
Come on, sit down: come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprites; you 're powerful at it.

Mam. There was a man—

Her. Nay, come, sit down; then on.

Mam. Dwelt by a churchyard: I will tell it softly; 30
Yond crickets shall not hear it.

Her. Come on, then,
And give 't me in mine ear.

Enter Leontes, with Antigonus, Lords, and others.

Leon. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with him?
First Lord. Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never
Saw I men scour so on their way: I eyed them
Even to their ships.
Leon. How blest am I
In my just censure, in my true opinion!
Alack, for lesser knowledge! how accursed
In being so blest! There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd, and one may drink, depart, 40
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected; but if one present
The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
With violent hefts. I have drunk, and seen the spider.
Camillo was his help in this, his pandar:
There is a plot against my life, my crown;
All 's true that is mistrusted: that false villain
Whom I employ'd was pre-employ'd by him:
He has discover'd my design, and I 50
Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will. How came the posterns
So easily open?
First Lord. By his great authority;
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so
On your command.
Leon. I know 't too well.
Give me the boy: I am glad you did not nurse him;
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.
Her. What is this? sport?

Leon. Bear the boy hence; he shall not come about her;
Away with him! and let her sport herself 60
With that she 's big with; for 'tis Polixenes
Hath made thee swell thus.

Her. But I 'ld say he had not,
And I 'll be sworn you would believe my saying,
Howe'er you lean to the nayward.

Leon. You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To say 'she is a goodly lady,' and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add
'Tis pity she 's not honest, honourable':
Praise her but for this her without-door form,
Which on my faith deserves high speech, and straight
The shrug, the hum or ha, these pretty brands 71
That calumny doth use; O, I am out,
That mercy does, for calumny will sear
Virtue itself: these shrugs, these hums and has,
When you have said 'she 's goodly,' come between
Ere you can say 'she 's honest': but be 't known,
From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,
She 's an adulteress.

Her. Should a villain say so,
The most replenish'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain: you, my lord, 80
Do but mistake.

Leon. You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes: O thou thing!
Which I 'll not call a creature of thy place,
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees,
And mannerly distinguishment leave out

Betwixt the prince and beggar: I have said
She 's an adulteress; I have said with whom:
More, she 's a traitor and Camillo is
A federary with her; and one that knows, 90
What she should shame to know herself
But with her most vile principal, that she 's
A bed-swerver, even as bad as those
That vulgars give bold'st titles; ay, and privy
To this their late escape.

Her. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this. How will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publish'd me! Gentle my lord,
You scarce can right me thoroughly then to say
You did mistake.

Leon. No; if I mistake 100
In those foundations which I build upon,
The centre is not big enough to bear
A school-boy's top. Away with her, to prison!
He who shall speak for her is afar off guilty
But that he speaks.

Her. There 's some ill planet reigns:
I must be patient till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable. Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew
Perchance shall dry your pities: but I have 110
That honourable grief lodged here which burns
Worse than tears drown: beseech you all, my lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so
The king's will be perform'd!

Leon. Shall I be heard?

Her. Who is 't that goes with me? Beseech your highness,
My women may be with me; for you see
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;
There is no cause; when you shall know your mistress
Has deserved prison, then abound in tears 120
As I come out: this action I now go on
Is for my better grace. Adieu, my lord:
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now
I trust I shall. My women, come; you have leave.

Leon. Go, do our bidding; hence!

[*Exit Queen, guarded; with Ladies.*

First Lord. Beseech your highness, call the queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, lest your justice
Prove violence; in the which three great ones suffer,
Yourself, your queen, your son.

First Lord. For her, my lord,
I dare my life lay down and will do 't, sir, 130
Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless
I' the eyes of heaven and to you; I mean,
In this which you accuse her.

Ant. If it prove
She 's otherwise, I 'll keep my stables where
I lodge my wife; I 'll go in couples with her;
Than when I feel and see her no farther trust her;
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh is false,
If she be.

Leon. Hold your peaces.

First Lord. Good my lord,—

It is for you we speak, not for ourselves: 140
You are abused, and by some putter-on
That will be damn'd for 't; would I knew the villain,
I would land-damn him. Be she honour-flaw'd,
I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;
The second and the third, nine, and some five;
If this prove true, they 'll pay for 't: by mine honour,
I 'll geld 'em all; fourteen they shall not see,
To bring false generations: they are co-heirs;
And I had rather glib myself than they
Should not produce fair issue.

Leon. Cease; no more. 150
You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose: but I do see 't and feel 't,
As you feel doing thus; and see withal
The instruments that feel.

Ant. If it be so,
We need no grave to bury honesty:
There 's not a grain of it the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.

Leon. What! lack I credit?

First Lord. I had rather you did lack than I, my lord,
Upon this ground; and more it would content me
To have her honour true than your suspicion, 160
Be blamed for 't how you might.

Leon. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this, but rather follow
Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative
Calls not your counsels, but our natural goodness
Imparts this; which if you, or stupified
Or seeming so in skill, cannot or will not
Relish a truth like us, inform yourselves

We need no more of your advice: the matter,
The loss, the gain, the ordering on 't, is all
Properly ours.

Ant. And I wish, my liege, 170
You had only in your silent judgement tried it,
Without more overture.

Leon. How could that be?
Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,
Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation
But only seeing, all other circumstances
Made up to the deed,—doth push on this proceeding:
Yet, for a greater confirmation, 180
For in an act of this importance 'twere
Most piteous to be wild, I have dispatch'd in post
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency: now from the oracle
They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had,
Shall stop or spur me. Have I done well?

First Lord. Well done, my lord.

Leon. Though I am satisfied and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle 190
Give rest to the minds of others, such as he
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth. So have we thought it good
From our free person she should be confined,
Lest that the treachery of the two fled hence
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us;
We are to speak in public; for this business

Will raise us all.

Act. [*Aside*] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A prison.

Enter Paulina, a Gentleman, and Attendants.

Paul. The keeper of the prison, call to him;
Let him have knowledge who I am. [*Exit Gent.*
Good lady,
No court in Europe is too good for thee;
What dost thou then in prison?

Re-enter Gentleman, with the Gaoler.

Now, good sir,
You know me, do you not?

Gaol. For a worthy lady
And one who much I honour.

Paul. Pray you, then,
Conduct me to the queen.

Gaol. I may not, madam:
To the contrary I have express commandment.

Paul. Here 's ado,
To lock up honesty and honour from 10
The access of gentle visitors! Is 't lawful, pray you,
To see her women? any of them? Emilia?

Gaol. So please you, madam,
To put apart these your attendants, I
Shall bring Emilia forth.

Paul. I pray now, call her.

Withdraw yourselves.

[*Exeunt Gentleman and Attendants.*

Gaol. And, madam,
I must be present at your conference.

Paul. Well, be 't so, prithee. [*Exit Gaoler.*
Here 's such ado to make no stain a stain
As passes colouring.

Re-enter Gaoler, with Emilia.

Dear gentlewoman, 20
How fares our gracious lady?

Emil. As well as one so great and so forlorn
May hold together: on her frights and griefs,
Which never tender lady hath borne greater,
She is something before her time deliver'd.

Paul. A boy?

Emil. A daughter; and a goodly babe,
Lusty and like to live: the queen receives
Much comfort in 't; says, 'My poor prisoner,
I am innocent as you.'

Paul. I dare be sworn:
These dangerous unsafe lunes i' the king, beshrew them! 30
He must be told on 't, and he shall: the office
Becomes a woman best; I 'll take 't upon me:
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister,
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more. Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the queen:
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I 'll show 't the king and undertake to be
Her advocate to the loud'st. We do not know

How he may soften at the sight o' the child: 40
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades when speaking fails.

Emil. Most worthy madam,
Your honour and your goodness is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue: there is no lady living
So meet for this great errand. Please your ladyship
To visit the next room, I 'll presently
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer;
Who but to-day hammer'd of this design,
But durst not tempt a minister of honour, 50
Lest she should be denied.

Paul. Tell her, Emilia,
I 'll use that tongue I have: if wit flow from 't
As boldness from my bosom, let 't not be doubted
I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you blest for it!
I 'll to the queen: please you, come something nearer.

Gaol. Madam, if 't please the queen to send the babe,
I know not what I shall incur to pass it,
Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, sir:
This child was prisoner to the womb, and is
By law and process of great nature thence 60
Freed and enfranchised; not a party to
The anger of the king, nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the queen.

Gaol. I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear: upon mine honour, I
Will stand betwixt you and danger. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A room in Leontes' palace.

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, Lords, and Servants.

Leon. Nor night nor day no rest: it is but weakness
To bear the matter thus; mere weakness. If
The cause were not in being,—part o' the cause,
She the adulteress; for the harlot king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
And level of my brain, plot-proof; but she
I can hook to me: say that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again. Who 's there?
First Serv. My lord?
Leon. How does the boy?
First Serv. He took good rest to-night; 10
'Tis hoped his sickness is discharged.
Leon. To see his nobleness!
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declined, droop'd, took it deeply,
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on 't in himself,
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languish'd. Leave me solely: go,
See how he fares. [*Exit Serv.*] Fie, fie! no thought of him:
The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty, 20
And in his parties, his alliance; let him be
Until a time may serve: for present vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me, make their pastime at my sorrow:

They should not laugh if I could reach them, nor
Shall she within my power.

Enter Paulina, with a child.

First Lord. You must not enter.
Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me:
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent soul,
More free than he is jealous.
Ant. That 's enough. 30
Sec. Serv. Madam, he hath not slept to-night; commanded
None should come at him.
Paul. Not so hot, good sir:
I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needless heavings, such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking: I
Do come with words as medicinal as true,
Honest as either, to purge him of that humour
That presses him from sleep.
Leon. What noise there, ho?
Paul. No noise, my lord; but needful conference 40
About some gossips for your highness.
Leon. How:
Away with that audacious lady! Antigonus,
I charged thee that she should not come about me:
I knew she would.
Ant. I told her so, my lord,
On your displeasure's peril and on mine,
She should not visit you.
Leon. What, canst not rule her?
Paul. From all dishonesty he can: in this,

Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me from committing honour, trust it,
He shall not rule me.

Ant. La you now, you hear: 50
When she will take the rein I let her run;
But she 'll not stumble.

Paul. Good my liege, I come;
And, I beseech you, hear me, who professes
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor, yet that dares
Less appear so in comforting your evils,
Than such as most seem yours: I say, I come
From your good queen.

Leon. Good queen!

Paul. Good queen, my lord,
Good queen; I say good queen;
And would by combat make her good, so were I 60
A man, the worst about you.

Leon. Force her hence.

Paul. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
First hand me: on mine own accord I 'll off;
But first I 'll do my errand. The good queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter;
Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing.
[*Laying down the child.*

Leon. Out!
A mankind witch! Hence with her, out o' door:
A most intelligencing bawd!

Paul. Not so:
I am as ignorant in that as you
In so entitling me, and no less honest 70
Than you are mad; which is enough, I 'll warrant,

As this world goes, to pass for honest.

Leon. Traitors!
Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard.
Thou dotard! thou art woman-tired, unroosted
By thy dame Partlet here. Take up the bastard;
Take 't up, I say; give 't to thy crone.

Paul. For ever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Takest up the princess by that forced baseness
Which he has put upon 't!

Leon. He dreads his wife.

Paul. So I would you did; then 'twere past all doubt 80
You 'ld call your children yours.

Leon. A nest of traitors!

Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Paul. Nor I; nor any
But one that 's here, and that 's himself; for he
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will not,—
For, as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to 't,—once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten
As ever oak or stone was sound.

Leon. A callat 90
Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her husband
And now baits me! This brat is none of mine;
It is the issue of Polixenes:
Hence with it, and together with the dam
Commit them to the fire!

Paul. It is yours;
And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,

So like you, 'tis the worse. Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father, eye, nose, lip; 99
The trick of 's frown; his forehead; nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek; his smiles;
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger:
And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
No yellow in 't, lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's!

Leon. A gross hag!
And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her tongue.

Ant. Hang all the husbands 110
That cannot do that feat, you 'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.

Leon. Once more, take her hence.

Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.

Leon. I 'll ha' thee burnt.

Paul. I care not:
It is an heretic that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in 't. I 'll not call you tyrant;
But this most cruel usage of your queen—
Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hinged fancy—something savours
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you, 120
Yea, scandalous to the world.

Leon. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her! Were I a tyrant,

Where were her life? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her!

Paul. I pray you, do not push me; I 'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours: Jove send her
A better guiding spirit! What needs these hands?
You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, so: farewell; we are gone. [*Exit.*

Leon. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this. 131
My child? away with 't! Even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence
And see it instantly consumed with fire;
Even thou and none but thou. Take it up straight:
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,
And by good testimony, or I 'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine. If thou refuse
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;
The bastard brains with these my proper hands 140
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire;
For thou set'st on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, sir:
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in 't.

Lords. We can: my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leon. You 're liars all.

First Lord. Beseech your highness, give us better credit:
We have always truly served you; and beseech you
So to esteem of us: and on our knees we beg,
As recompense of our dear services 150
Past and to come, that you do change this purpose,

Which being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue: we all kneel.

Leon. I am a feather for each wind that blows:
Shall I live on to see this bastard kneel
And call me father? better burn it now
Than curse it then. But be it; let it live.
It shall not neither. You, sir, come you hither;
You that have been so tenderly officious
With Lady Margery, your midwife there, 160
To save this bastard's life,—for 'tis a bastard,
So sure as this beard 's grey,—what will you adventure
To save this brat's life?

Ant. Any thing, my lord,
That my ability may undergo,
And nobleness impose: at least thus much:
I 'll pawn the little blood which I have left
To save the innocent: any thing possible.

Leon. It shall be possible. Swear by this sword
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord.

Leon. Mark and perform it: seest thou? for the fail 170
Of any point in 't shall not only be
Death to thyself but to thy lewd-tongued wife,
Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liege-man to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence, and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place, quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to it own protection
And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee, 180
On thy soul's peril and thy body's torture,

That thou commend it strangely to some place
Where chance may nurse or end it. Take it up.

Ant. I swear to do this, though a present death
Had been more merciful. Come on, poor babe:
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside have done
Like offices of pity. Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed does require! And blessing
Against this cruelty fight on thy side, 191
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss! [*Exit with the child.*

Leon. No, I 'll not rear
Another's issue.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Please your highness, posts
From those you sent to the oracle are come
An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arrived from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to the court.

First Lord. So please you, sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.

Leon. Twenty three days
They have been absent: 'tis good speed; foretells
The great Apollo suddenly will have 200
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords;
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady; for, as she hath
Been publicly accused, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives
My heart will be a burthen to me. Leave me,
And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

A seaport in Sicilia.

Enter Cleomenes and Dion.

Cleo. The climate 's delicate, the air most sweet,
Fertile the isle, the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.
Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial habits,
Methinks I so should term them, and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!
How ceremonious, solemn and unearthly
It was i' the offering.
Cleo. But of all, the burst
And the ear-deafening voice o' the oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surprised my sense, 10
That I was nothing.
Dion. If the event o' the journey
Prove as successful to the queen,—O be 't so!—
As it hath been to us rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on 't.
Cleo. Great Apollo
Turn all to the best! These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.
Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear or end the business: when the oracle,
Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up,
Shall the contents discover, something rare 20
Even then will rush to knowledge. Go: fresh horses!
And gracious be the issue. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A court of Justice.

Enter Leontes, Lords, and Officers.

Leon. This sessions, to our great grief we pronounce,
Even pushes 'gainst our heart: the party tried
The daughter of a king, our wife, and one
Of us too much beloved. Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice, which shall have due course,
Even to the guilt or the purgation.
Produce the prisoner.

Off. It is his highness' pleasure that the queen
Appear in person here in court. Silence! 10

Enter Hermione, guarded; Paulina and Ladies attending.

Leon. Read the indictment.

Off. [*Reads*] Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes, king of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, king of Bohemia, and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband: the pretence whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel 20 and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.

Her. Since what I am to say must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation, and
The testimony on my part no other
But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot me
To say 'not guilty': mine integrity,

Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so received. But thus, if powers divine
Behold our human actions, as they do, 30
I doubt not then but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience. You, my lord, best know,
Who least will seem to do so, my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devised
And play'd to take spectators. For behold me
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter, 40
The mother to a hopeful prince, here standing
To prate and talk for life and honour 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I 50
Have strain'd, to appear thus: if one jot beyond
The bound of honour, or in act or will
That way inclining, harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry fie upon my grave!

Leon. I ne'er heard yet
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did
Than to perform it first.

Her. That 's true enough;
Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

Leon. You will not own it.

Her. More than mistress of 60
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
With whom I am accused, I do confess
I loved him as in honour he required,
With such a kind of love as might become
A lady like me, with a love even such,
So and no other, as yourself commanded:
Which not to have done I think had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude
To you and toward your friend; whose love had spoke, 70
Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes; though it be dish'd
For me to try how: all I know of it
Is that Camillo was an honest man;
And why he left your court, the gods themselves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

Leon. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in 's absence.

Her. Sir, 80
You speak a language that I understand not:
My life stands in the level of your dreams,
Which I 'll lay down.

Leon. Your actions are my dreams;
You had a bastard by Polixenes,
And I but dream'd it. As you were past all shame,—
Those of your fact are so,—so past all truth:

Which to deny concerns more than avails; for as
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
No father owning it,—which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee than it,—so thou 90
Shalt feel our justice, in whose easiest passage
Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats:
The bug which you would fright me with I seek.
To me can life be no commodity:
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went. My second joy
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
I am barr'd, like one infectious. My third comfort,
Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast, 100
The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
Haled out to murder: myself on every post
Proclaim'd a strumpet: with immodest hatred
The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs
To women of all fashion; lastly, hurried
Here to this place, i' the open air, before
I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die? Therefore proceed.
But yet hear this; mistake me not; no life, 110
I prize it not a straw, but for mine honour,
Which I would free, if I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else
But what your jealousies awake, I tell you
'Tis rigour and not law. Your honours all,
I do refer me to the oracle:
Apollo be my judge!

First Lord. This your request
Is altogether just: therefore bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.
[*Exeunt certain Officers.*

Her. The Emperor of Russia was my father: 120
O that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial! that he did but see
The flatness of my misery, yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!

Re-enter Officers, with Cleomenes and Dion.

Off. You here shall swear upon this sword of justice,
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos, and from thence have brought
This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's priest, and that since then
You have not dared to break the holy seal 130
Nor read the secrets in 't.

Cleo. Dion. All this we swear.

Leon. Break up the seals and read.

Off. [*reads*] Hermione is chaste; Polixenes blameless; Camillo a true subject; Leontes a jealous tyrant; his innocent babe truly begotten; and the king shall live without an heir, if that which is lost be not found.

Lords. Now blessed be the great Apollo!

Her. Praised!

Leon. Hast thou read truth?

Off. Ay, my lord; even so
As it is here set down. 140

Leon. There is no truth at all i' the oracle:
The sessions shall proceed: this is mere falsehood.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My lord the king, the king!
Leon. What is the business?
Serv. O sir, I shall be hated to report it!
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's speed, is gone.
Leon. How! gone!
Serv. Is dead.
Leon. Apollo 's angry; and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice. [*Hermione faints.*]
How now there!
Paul. This news is mortal to the queen: look down
And see what death is doing.
Leon. Take her hence: 150
Her heart is but o'ercharged; she will recover:
I have too much believed mine own suspicion:
Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life.
[*Exeunt Paulina and Ladies with Hermione.*
Apollo, pardon
My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!
I 'll reconcile me to Polixenes;
New woo my queen; recall the good Camillo,
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy;
For, being transported by my jealousies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose 160
Camillo for the minister to poison
My friend Polixenes: which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My swift command, though I with death and with
Reward did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it and being done: he, most humane

And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest
Unclasp'd my practice, quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great, and to the hazard
Of all incertainties himself commended, 170
No richer than his honour: how he glisters
Thorough my rust! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!

Re-enter Paulina.

Paul. Woe the while!
O, cut my lace, lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too!

First Lord. What fit is this, good lady?

Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?
What wheels? racks? fires? what flaying? boiling?
In leads or oils? what old or newer torture
Must I receive, whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny 180
Together working with thy jealousies,
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine, O, think what they have done
And then run mad indeed, stark mad! for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing;
That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant
And damnable ingrateful: nor was 't much,
Thou wouldst have poison'd good Camillo's honour
To have him kill a king; poor trespasses, 190
More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon
The casting forth to crows thy baby-daughter
To be or none or little; though a devil
Would have shed water out of fire ere done 't:

Nor is 't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young prince, whose honourable thoughts,
Thoughts high for one so tender, cleft the heart
That could conceive a gross and foolish sire
Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
Laid to thy answer: but the last,—O lords, 200
When I have said, cry 'woe!'—the queen, the queen,
The sweet'st, dear'st creature 's dead, and vengeance for 't
Not dropp'd down yet.

First Lord. The higher powers forbid!

Paul. I say she 's dead, I 'll swear 't. If word nor oath
Prevail not, go and see; if you can bring
Tincture or lustre in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly or breath within, I 'll serve you
As I would do the gods. But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent these things, for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees 211
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.

Leon. Go on, go on:
Thou canst not speak too much; I have deserved
All tongues to talk their bitterest.

First Lord. Say no more:
Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
I' the boldness of your speech.

Paul. I am sorry for 't:
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent. Alas! I show'd too much 221

The rashness of a woman: he is touch'd
To the noble heart. What 's gone and what 's past help
Should be past grief: do not receive affliction
At my petition; I beseech you, rather
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman:
The love I bore your queen, lo, fool again!
I 'll speak of her no more, nor of your children; 230
I 'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too: take your patience to you,
And I 'll say nothing.

Leon. Thou didst speak but well
When most the truth; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Prithee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen and son:
One grave shall be for both; upon them shall
The causes of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual. Once a day I 'll visit
The chapel where they lie, and tears shed there 240
Shall be my recreation: so long as nature
Will bear up with this exercise, so long
I daily vow to use it. Come and lead me
To these sorrows. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Bohemia. A desert country near the sea.

Enter Antigonus with a Child, and a Mariner.

Ant. Thou art perfect, then, our ship hath touch'd upon
The deserts of Bohemia?

Mar. Ay, my lord; and fear

We have landed in ill time: the skies look grimly
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry
And frown upon 's.

Ant. Their sacred wills be done! Go, get aboard;
Look to thy bark: I 'll not be long before
I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your best haste, and go not 10
Too far i' the land: 'tis like to be loud weather;
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey that keep upon 't.

Ant. Go thou away:
I 'll follow instantly.

Mar. I am glad at heart
To be so rid o' the business. [*Exit.*

Ant. Come, poor babe:
I have heard, but not believed, the spirits o' the dead
May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night, for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another; 20
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So fill'd and so becoming: in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd before me,
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her: 'Good Antigonus,
Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath, 30
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,

There weep and leave it crying; and, for the babe
Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,
I prithee, call 't. For this ungentle business,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife Paulina more.' And so, with shrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myself, and thought
This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys:
Yet for this once, yea, superstitiously, 40
I will be squared by this. I do believe
Hermione hath suffer'd death; and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
Of King Polixenes, it should here be laid,
Either for life or death, upon the earth
Of its right father. Blossom, speed thee well!
There lie, and there thy character: there these;
Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty,
And still rest thine. The storm begins: poor wretch,
That for thy mother's fault are thus exposed 50
To loss and what may follow! Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds; and most accursed am I
To be by oath enjoin'd to this. Farewell!
The day frowns more and more: thou 'rt like to have
A lullaby too rough: I never saw
The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour!
Well may I get aboard! This is the chase:
I am gone for ever. [*Exit, pursued by a bear.*

Enter a Shepherd.

Shep. I would there were no age between ten and
three-and-twenty, or that youth would sleep out 60

the rest; for there is nothing in the between but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, stealing, fighting—Hark you now! Would any but these boiled brains of nineteen and two-and-twenty hunt this weather? They have scared away two of my best sheep, which I fear the wolf will sooner find than the master: if any where I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, browsing of ivy. Good luck, an 't be thy will! what have we here? Mercy on 's a barne; very pretty barne! A boy or a child, I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one: sure, some scape: though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this than the poor thing is here. I 'll take it up for pity: yet I 'll tarry till my son come; he hallooed but even now. Whoa, ho, hoa!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Hilloa, loa! 80

Shep. What, art so near? If thou 'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ailest thou, man?

Clo. I have seen two such sights, by sea and by land! but I am not to say it is a sea, for it is now the sky: betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clo. I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that 's not 90

to the point. O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em; now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast, and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you 'ld thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then for the land-service, to see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cried to me for help and said his name was Antigonus, a nobleman. But to make an end of the ship, to see how the sea flap-dragoned it: but, first, how the poor souls roared, and the sea mocked them; and how the poor gentleman roared and the bear mocked him, both roaring louder than the sea or weather.

Shep. Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clo. Now, now: I have not winked since I saw these sights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman: he 's at it now.

Shep. Would I had been by, to have helped the old man!

Clo. I would you had been by the ship side, to have helped her: there your charity would have lacked footing.

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself; thou mettest with things dying, I with things new-born. Here 's a sight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth for a squire's child! look thee here; take up, take up, boy; open 't. So, let 's see: it was told me I should be rich by the fairies. This is some changeling: open 't. What 's within, boy?

Clo. You 're a made old man: if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you 're well to live. Gold! all gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so: up with 't, keep it close: home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy; and to be so still requires nothing but secrecy. Let my sheep go; come, good boy, the next way home. 130

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings. I 'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I 'll bury it.

Shep. That 's a good deed. If thou mayest discern by that which is left of him what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i' the ground. 140

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we 'll do good deeds on 't. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

Enter Time, the Chorus.

Time. I, that please some, try all, both joy and terror
Of good and bad, that makes and unfolds error,
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime
To me or my swift passage, that I slide

O'er sixteen years and leave the growth untried
Of that wide gap, since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was 10
Or what is now received: I witness to
The times that brought them in; so shall I do
To the freshest things now reigning, and make stale
The glistering of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass and give my scene such growing
As you had slept between: Leontes leaving,
The effects of his fond jealousies so grieving
That he shuts up himself, imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be 20
In fair Bohemia; and remember well,
I mentioned a son o' the king's, which Florizel
I now name to you; and with speed so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wondering: what of her ensues
I list not prophesy; but let Time's news
Be known when 'tis brought forth. A shepherd's daughter,
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is the argument of Time. Of this allow,
If ever you have spent time worse ere now; 30
If never, yet that Time himself doth say
He wishes earnestly you never may. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

Bohemia. The palace of Polixenes.

Enter Polixenes and Camillo.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 'tis a sickness denying thee any thing; a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years since I saw my country: though I have for the most part been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me; to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so, which is another spur to my departure. 10

Pol. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services by leaving me now; the need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made; better not to have had thee than thus to want thee: thou, having made me businesses, which none without thee can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done; which if I have not enough considered, as too much I cannot, to be more thankful to thee shall 20 be my study; and my profit therein, the heaping friendships. Of that fatal country, Sicilia, prithee speak no more; whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou callest him, and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when sawest thou the Prince Florizel,

my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them when they have approved their virtues. 30

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince. What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have missingly noted, he is of late much retired from court and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have considered so much, Camillo, and with some care; so far, that I have eyes under my service which look upon his removedness; from whom I have this intelligence, that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate. 40

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That 's likewise part of my intelligence; but, I fear, the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place; where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Prithee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia. 50

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillo! We must disguise ourselves.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A road near the Shepherd's cottage.

Enter Autolycus, singing.

When daffodils begin to peer,
  With heigh! the doxy over the dale,
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
  For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
  With heigh! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;
  For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lyra chants,
  With heigh! with heigh! the thrush and the jay,
Are summer songs for me and my aunts, 11
  While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have served Prince Florizel and in my time wore three-pile; but now I am out of service:

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?
  The pale moon shines by night:
And when I wander here and there,
  I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,
  And bear the sow-skin budget, 20
Then my account I well may give,
  And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father named me Autolycus;

who being, as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. With die and drab I purchased this caparison, and my revenue is the silly cheat. Gallows and knock are too powerful on the highway: beating and hanging are terrors to me: for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it. A prize! a prize!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me see: every 'leven wether tods; every tod yields pound and odd shilling; fifteen hundred shorn, what comes the wool to?

Aut. [*Aside*] If the springe hold, the cock 's mine.

Clo. I cannot do 't without counters. Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? Three pound of sugar; five pound of currants; rice—what will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four and twenty nosegays for the shearers, three-man song-men all, and very good ones; but they are most of them means and bases; but one puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes. I must have saffron to colour the warden pies; mace; dates, none, that 's out of my note; nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger, but that I may beg; four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o' the sun.

Aut. O that ever I was born. [*Grovelling on the ground.*

Clo. I' the name of me—

Aut. O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death!

Clo. Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. O sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have received, which are mighty ones and millions. 60

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horseman, or a footman?

Aut. A footman, sweet sir, a footman.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a footman by the garments he has left with thee: if this be a horseman's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me 70 thy hand, I'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand. [*Helping him up.*

Aut. O, good sir, tenderly, O!

Clo. Alas, poor soul!

Aut. O, good sir, softly, good sir! I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now! canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear sir [*picks his pocket*]; good sir, softly. You ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for 80 thee.

Aut. No, good sweet sir: no, I beseech you, sir: I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or any thing I want: offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robbed you?

Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with troll-my-dames: I knew him once a servant of the prince: I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court. 90

Clo. His vices, you would say; there 's no virtue whipped out of the court: they cherish it to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut. Vices I would say, sir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compassed a motion of the Prodigal Son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue: some call him Autolycus. 100

Clo. Out upon him! prig, for my life, prig: he haunts wakes, fairs and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, sir; he, sir, he; that 's the rogue that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia: if you had but looked big and spit at him, he 'ld have run. 110

Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter: I am false of heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better than I was; I can stand and walk: I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good-faced sir; no, sweet sir. 120

Clo. Then fare thee well: I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir! [*Exit Clown.*] Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I 'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too: if I make not this cheat bring out another and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unrolled and my name put in the book of virtue!

Song. Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the stile-a: 130
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a. [*Exit.*

Scene IV.

The Shepherd's cottage.

Enter Florizel and Perdita.

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life: no shepherdess, but Flora
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on 't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes it not becomes me:
O, pardon, that I name them! Your high self,
The gracious mark o' the land, you have obscured
With a swain's wearing, and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like prank'd up: but that our feasts
In every mess have folly and the feeders 11
Digest it with a custom, I should blush

To see you so attired, swoon, I think,
To show myself a glass.

Flo. I bless the time
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.

Per. Now Jove afford you cause!
To me the difference forges dread; your greatness
Hath not been used to fear. Even now I tremble
To think your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way as you did: O, the Fates! 20
How would he look, to see his work, so noble,
Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how
Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold
The sternness of his presence?

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-robed god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain, 30
As I seem now. Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
Nor in a way so chaste, since my desires
Run not before mine honour, nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O, but, sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Opposed, as it must be, by the power of the king:
One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speak, that you must change this purpose,

Or I my life.

Flo. Thou dearest Perdita, 40
With these forced thoughts, I prithee, darken not
The mirth o' the feast. Or I 'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's. For I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine. To this I am most constant,
Though destiny say no. Be merry, gentle;
Strangle such thoughts as these with any thing
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming:
Lift up your countenance, as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial which 50
We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O lady Fortune,
Stand you auspicious!

Flo. See, your guests approach:
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let 's be red with mirth.

Enter Shepherd, Clown, Mopsa, Dorcas, and others, with Polixenes and Camillo disguised.

Shep. Fie, daughter! when my old wife lived, upon
This day she was both pantler, butler, cook,
Both dame and servant; welcomed all, served all;
Would sing her song and dance her turn; now here,
At upper end o' the table, now i' the middle;
On his shoulder, and his; her face o' fire 60
With labour and the thing she took to quench it,
She would to each one sip. You are retired,
As if you were a feasted one and not
The hostess of the meeting: pray you, bid
These unknown friends to 's welcome; for it is

A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o' the feast: come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. [*To Pol.*] Sir, welcome: 70
It is my father's will I should take on me
The hostess-ship o' the day. [*To Cam.*] You're welcome, sir.
Give me those flowers there, Dorcas. Reverend sirs,
For you there's rosemary and rue; these keep
Seeming and savour all the winter long:
Grace and remembrance be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing!

Pol. Shepherdess,
A fair one are you, well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth 80
Of trembling winter, the fairest flowers o' the season
Are our carnations and streak'd gillyvors,
Which some call nature's bastards: of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren; and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per. For I have heard it said
There is an art which in their piedness shares
With great creating nature.

Pol. Say there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: so, over that art 90

Which you say adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock,
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race: this is an art
Which does mend nature, change it rather, but
The art itself is nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gillyvors,
And do not call them bastards.

Per. I 'll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them; 100
No more than were I painted I would wish
This youth should say 'twere well, and only therefore
Desire to breed by me. Here 's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the sun
And with him rises weeping; these are flowers
Of middle summer, and I think they are given
To men of middle age. You 're very welcome.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas! 110
You 'ld be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through. Now, my fair'st friend,
I would I had some flowers o' the spring that might
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours,
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing: O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that frighted thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon! daffodils,

That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim, 120
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips and
The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one! O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of; and my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er!

Flo. What, like a corse?

Per. No, like a bank for love to lie and play on; 130
Not like a corse; or if, not to be buried,
But quick and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers:
Methinks I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun pastorals: sure this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I 'ld have you do it ever: when you sing,
I 'ld have you buy and sell so, so give alms,
Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too: when you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' sea, that you might ever do 141
Nothing but that; move still, still so,
And own no other function: each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

Per. O Doricles,

Your praises are too large: but that your youth,
And the true blood which peeps fairly through 't,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd,
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles, 150
You woo'd me the false way.

Flo. I think you have
As little skill to fear as I have purpose
To put you to 't. But come; our dance, I pray:
Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Per. I 'll swear for 'em.

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
Ran on the green-sward: nothing she does or seems
But smacks of something greater than herself,
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something
That makes her blood look out: good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.

Clo. Come on, strike up! 161

Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress: marry, garlic,
To mend her kissing with!

Mop. Now, in good time!

Clo. Not a word, a word, we stand upon our manners.
Come, strike up!

[*Music. Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.*

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this
Which dances with your daughter?

Shep. They call him Doricles; and boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding: but I have it
Upon his own report and I believe it; 170
He looks like sooth. He says he loves my daughter:
I think so too; for never gazed the moon

Upon the water, as he 'll stand and read
As 'twere my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiss to choose
Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances featly.

Shep. So she does any thing; though I report it,
That should be silent: if young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of. 180

Enter Servant.

Serv. O master, if you did but hear the pedlar at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you: he sings several tunes faster than you 'll tell money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better; he shall come in. I love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful matter merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed and sung lamentably. 190

Serv. He hath songs for man or woman, of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves: he has the prettiest love-songs for maids; so without bawdry, which is strange; with such delicate burthens of dildos and fadings, 'jump her and thump her;' and where some stretch-mouthed rascal would, as it were, mean mischief and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer 'Whoop, do me no harm, good man'; puts him off, slights him, with 200 'Whoop, do me no harm, good man.'

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?

Serv. He hath ribbons of all the colours i' the rainbow; points more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross: inkles, caddisses, cambrics, lawns: why, he sings 'em over as they were gods or goddesses; you would think a smock were a she-angel, he so chants to the sleeve-hand and the work about the square on 't.

Clo. Pritheebring him in; and let him approach singing.

Per. Forewarn him that he use no scurrilous words in 's tunes. [*Exit Servant.*

Clo. You have of these pedlars, that have more in them than you 'ld think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter Autolycus, singing.

Lawn as white as driven snow;
Cypress black as e'er was crow;
Gloves as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces and for noses;
Bugle bracelet, necklace amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Golden quoifs and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins and poking-sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry:
Come buy.

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou shouldst take no money of me; but being enthralled as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribbons and gloves.

Mop. I was promised them against the feast; but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promised you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promised you: may 240
be, he has paid you more, which will shame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets where they should bear their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole, to whistle off these secrets, but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'tis well they are whispering: clamour your tongues, and not a word more.

Mop. I have done. Come, you promised me a tawdry- 250
lace and a pair of sweet gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozened by the way and lost all my money?

Aut. And indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, sir; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What hast here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in print 260
o' life, for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here 's one to a very doleful tune, how a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty

money-bags at a burthen, and how she longed to eat adders' heads and toads carbonadoed.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true, and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer!

Aut. Here 's the midwife's name to 't, one Mistress Tale-porter, and five or six honest wives that were present. Why should I carry lies abroad? 270

Mop. Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by; and let 's first see moe ballads; we 'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here 's another ballad of a fish, that appeared upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought she was a woman, and was turned into a cold fish for she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her: the ballad is very pitiful and as true. 280

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five justices' hands at it, and witnesses more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too: another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let 's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one and goes to the tune of 'Two maids wooing a man:' there 's scarce a maid westward but she sings it; 'tis in request, I can tell you. 290

Mop. We can both sing it: if thou 'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on 't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you must know 'tis my occupation: have at it with you.

SONG.

A. Get you hence, for I must go
Where it fits not you to know.
D. Whither? *M.* O, whither? *D.* Whither?
M. It becomes thy oath full well, 301
Thou to me thy secrets tell:
D. Me too, let me go thither.

M. Or thou goest to the grange or mill:
D. If to either, thou dost ill.
A. Neither. *D.* What, neither? *A.* Neither.
D. Thou hast sworn my love to be;
M. Thou hast sworn it more to me:
Then whither goest? say, whither?

Clo. We 'll have this song out anon by ourselves: 310 my father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we 'll not trouble them. Come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I 'll buy for you both. Pedlar, let 's have the first choice. Follow me, girls. [*Exit with Dorcas and Mopsa.*

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em. [*Follows singing.*

Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread, 320
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'st, and finest, finest wear-a?

Come to the pedlar;
Money 's a medler,
That doth utter all men's ware-a. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair, they call themselves Saltiers, and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in 't; but they themselves are o' the mind, if it be not too rough for some that know little but bowling, it will please plentifully. 330

Shep. Away! we 'll none on 't: here has been too much homely foolery already. I know, sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us: pray, let 's see these four threes of herdsmen.

Serv. One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the king; and not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squier. 340

Shep. Leave your prating: since these good men are pleased, let them come in; but quickly now.

Serv. Why, they stay at door, sir. [*Exit.*

Here a dance of twelve Satyrs.

Pol. O, father, you 'll know more of that hereafter,
[*To Cam.*] Is it not too far gone? 'Tis time to part them.

He 's simple and tells much. How now, fair shepherd! 350
Your heart is full of something that does take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young
And handed love as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks: I would have ransack'd
The pedlar's silken treasury and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go
And nothing marted with him. If your lass
Interpretation should abuse and call this
Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited
For a reply, at least if you make a care 360
Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old sir, I know
She prizes not such trifles as these are:
The gifts she looks from me are pack'd and lock'd
Up in my heart; which I have given already,
But not deliver'd. O, hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,
Hath sometime loved! I take thy hand, this hand,
As soft as dove's down and as white as it,
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow that 's bolted
By the northern blasts twice o'er.

Pol. What follows this? 370
How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand was fair before! I have put you out:
But to your protestation; let me hear
What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to 't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and more

Than he, and men, the earth, the heavens, and all:
That, were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy, were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve, had force and knowledge
More than was ever man's, I would not prize them
Without her love; for her employ them all; 381
Commend them and condemn them to her service
Or to their own perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd.

Cam. This shows a sound affection.

Shep. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him?

Per. I cannot speak
So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better:
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.

Shep. Take hands, a bargain!
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to 't:
I give my daughter to him, and will make 390
Her portion equal his.

Flo. O, that must be
I' the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;
Enough then for your wonder. But, come on,
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

Shep. Come, your hand;
And, daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft, swain, awhile, beseech you;
Have you a father?

Flo. I have: but what of him?

Pol. Knows he of this?

Flo. He neither does nor shall.

Pol. Methinks a father
Is at the nuptial of his son a guest 400
That best becomes the table. Pray you once more,
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid
With age and altering rheums? can he speak? hear?
Know man from man? dispute his own estate?
Lies he not bed-rid? and again does nothing
But what he did being childish?

Flo. No, good sir;
He has his health and ampler strength indeed
Than most have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong 410
Something unfilial: reason my son
Should choose himself a wife, but as good reason
The father, all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity, should hold some counsel
In such a business.

Flo. I yield all this;
But for some other reasons, my grave sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.

Pol. Let him know 't.

Flo. He shall not.

Pol. Prithee, let him.

Flo. No, he must not.

Shep. Let him, my son: he shall not need to grieve 420
At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he must not.
Mark our contract.

Pol. Mark your divorce, young sir,
[*Discovering himself.*
Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base
To be acknowledged: thou a sceptre's heir,
That thus affects a sheep-hook! Thou old traitor,
I am sorry that by hanging thee I can
But shorten thy life one week. And thou, fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft, who of force must know
The royal fool thou copest with,—

Shep. O, my heart!

Pol. I 'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briers, and made
More homely than thy state. For thee, fond boy, 431
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh
That thou no more shalt see this knack, as never
I mean thou shalt, we 'll bar thee from succession;
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,
Farre than Deucalion off: mark thou my words:
Follow us to the court. Thou churl, for this time,
Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it. And you, enchantment,—
Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too, 440
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee,—if ever henceforth thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee
As thou art tender to 't. [*Exit.*

Per. Even here undone!
I was not much afeard; for once or twice
I was about to speak and tell him plainly,
The selfsame sun that shines upon his court
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but 450

Looks on alike. Will 't please you, sir, begone?
I told you what would come of this: beseech you,
Of your own state take care: this dream of mine,—
Being now awake, I 'll queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes and weep.

Cam. Why, how now, father!
Speak ere thou diest.

Shep. I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know. O sir!
You have undone a man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed my father died, 460
To lie close by his honest bones: but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud and lay me
Where no priest shovels in dust. O cursed wretch,
That knew'st this was the prince, and wouldst adventure
To mingle faith with him! Undone! undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have lived
To die when I desire. [*Exit.*

Flo. Why look you so upon me?
I am but sorry, not afeard; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd: what I was, I am;
More straining on for plucking back, not following
My leash unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my lord, 471
You know your father's temper: at this time
He will allow no speech, which I do guess
You do not purpose to him; and as hardly
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear:
Then, till the fury of his highness settle,
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it.
I think, Camillo?

Cam. Even he, my lord.

Per. How often have I told you 'twould be thus!
How often said, my dignity would last 480
But till 'twere known!

Flo. It cannot fail but by
The violation of my faith; and then
Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together
And mar the seeds within! Lift up thy looks:
From my succession wipe me, father, I
Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advised.

Flo. I am, and by my fancy: if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;
If not, my senses, better pleased with madness,
Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate, sir. 490

Flo. So call it: but it does fulfil my vow;
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd; for all the sun sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair beloved: therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's honour'd friend,
When he shall miss me,—as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more,—cast your good counsels 500
Upon his passion: let myself and fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know
And so deliver, I am put to sea
With her whom here I cannot hold on shore;

And most opportune to our need I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepared
For this design. What course I mean to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O my lord!
I would your spirit were easier for advice, 510
Or stronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, Perdita. [*Drawing her aside.*
I 'll hear you by and by.

Cam. He 's irremoveable,
Resolved for flight. Now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn,
Save him from danger, do him love and honour,
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia
And that unhappy king, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now, good Camillo;
I am so fraught with curious business that
I leave out ceremony.

Cam. Sir, I think 520
You have heard of my poor services, i' the love
That I have borne your father?

Flo. Very nobly
Have you deserved: it is my father's music
To speak your deeds, not little of his care
To have them recompensed as thought on.

Cam. Well, my lord,
If you may please to think I love the king,
And through him what is nearest to him, which is
Your gracious self, embrace but my direction,
If your more ponderous and settled project

May suffer alteration, on mine honour 530
I 'll point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your highness; where you may
Enjoy your mistress, from the whom, I see,
There 's no disjunction to be made, but by
As heavens forfend! your ruin; marry her,
And, with my best endeavours in your absence,
Your discontenting father strive to qualify
And bring him up to liking.

Flo. How, Camillo,
May this, almost a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee something more than man 540
And after that trust to thee.

Cam. Have you thought on
A place whereto you 'll go?

Flo. Not any yet:
But as the unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do, so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then list to me:
This follows, if you will not change your purpose
But undergo this flight, make for Sicilia,
And there present yourself and your fair princess,
For so I see she must be, 'fore Leontes: 550
She shall be habited as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks I see
Leontes opening his free arms and weeping
His welcomes forth; asks thee the son forgiveness,
As 'twere i' the father's person; kisses the hands
Of your fresh princess; o'er and o'er divides him
'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness; the one

He chides to hell and bids the other grow
Faster than thought or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my visitation shall I 560
Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the king your father
To greet him and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you as from your father shall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I 'll write you down:
The which shall point you forth at every sitting
What you must say; that he shall not perceive
But that you have your father's bosom there
And speak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you:
There is some sap in this.

Cam. A course more promising 570
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores, most certain
To miseries enough: no hope to help you,
But as you shake off one to take another:
Nothing so certain as your anchors, who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you
Where you 'll be loath to be: besides you know
Prosperity 's the very bond of love,
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true: 580
I think affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.

Cam. Yea, say you so?
There shall not at your father's house these seven years

Be born another such.

Flo. My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding as
She is i' the rear o' her birth.

Cam. I cannot say 'tis pity
She lacks instructions, for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.

Per. Your pardon, sir; for this
I 'll blush you thanks.

Flo. My prettiest Perdita!
But O, the thorns we stand upon! Camillo, 590
Preserver of my father, now of me,
The medicine of our house, how shall we do?
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son,
Nor shall appear in Sicilia.

Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this: I think you know my fortunes
Do all lie there: it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed as if
The scene you play were mine. For instance, sir,
That you may know you shall not want, one word.
[*They talk aside.*

Re-enter Autolycus.

Aut. Ha, ha! what a fool Honesty is! and Trust, 600
his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have sold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not a ribbon, glass, pomander, brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting: they throng who should buy first, as if my trinkets had been hallowed and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which means I saw

whose purse was best in picture; and what I saw, to my good use I remembered. My clown, 610 who wants but something to be a reasonable man, grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his pettitoes till he had both tune and words; which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears: you might have pinched a placket, it was senseless; 'twas nothing to geld a codpiece of a purse; I would have filed keys off that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that in this 620 time of lethargy I picked and cut most of their festival purses; and had not the old man come in with a whoo-bub against his daughter and the king's son and scared my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

[*Camillo, Florizel, and Perdita come forward.*

Cam. Nay, but my letters, by this means being there
So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you 'll procure from King Leontes—

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you!
All that you speak shows fair.

Cam. Who have we here? 630
[*Seeing Autolycus.*
We 'll make an instrument of this; omit
Nothing may give us aid.

Aut. If they have overheard me now, why, hanging.

Cam. How now, good fellow! why shakest thou so?
Fear not, man: here 's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why, be so still; here 's nobody will steal that from thee: yet for the outside of thy poverty we must make an exchange; therefore discase thee instantly,—thou must think there 's a necessity in 't,—and change garments with this gentleman: though the pennyworth on his side be the worst, yet hold thee, there 's some boot. 640

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir. [*Aside*] I know ye well enough.

Cam. Nay, prithee, dispatch: the gentleman is half flayed already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, sir? [*Aside*] I smell the trick on 't. 650

Flo. Dispatch, I prithee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.

[*Florizel and Autolycus exchange garments.*

Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy
Come home to ye! you must retire yourself
Into some covert: take your sweetheart's hat
And pluck it o'er your brows, muffle your face,
Dismantle you, and, as you can, disliken
The truth of your own seeming; that you may—
For I do fear eyes over—to shipboard 661
Get undescried.

Per. I see the play so lies
That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy.
Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,

He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have no hat.
[*Giving it to Perdita.*

Come, lady, come. Farewell, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, sir.

Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot!
Pray you, a word.

Cam. [*Aside*] What I do next, shall be to tell the king
Of this escape and whither they are bound; 670
Wherein my hope is I shall so prevail
To force him after: in whose company
I shall review Sicilia, for whose sight
I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us!
Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

Cam. The swifter speed the better.
[*Exeunt Florizel, Perdita, and Camillo.*

Aut. I understand the business, I hear it: to have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for the other 680 senses. I see this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been without boot! What a boot is here with this exchange! Sure the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing extempore. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity, stealing away from his father with his clog at his heels: if I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would not do 't: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and 690 therein am I constant to my profession.

Re-enter Clown and Shepherd.

Aside, aside; here is more matter for a hot brain: every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clo. See, see; what a man you are now! There is no other way but to tell the king she 's a changeling and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to, then. 700

Clo. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king; and so your flesh and blood is not to be punished by him. Show those things you found about her, those secret things, all but what she has with her: this being done, let the law go whistle: I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man, neither to his father nor to me, to go 710 about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Clo. Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him and then your blood had been the dearer by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. [*Aside*] Very wisely, puppies!

Shep. Well, let us to the king: there is that in this fardel will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. [*Aside*] I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master. 720

Clo. Pray heartily he be at the palace.

Aut. [*Aside*] Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance: let me pocket up my pedlar's excrement. [*Takes off his false beard.*] How now, rustics! whither are you bound?

Shep. To the palace, an it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there, what, with whom, the condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, 730 discover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, sir.

Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy. Let me have no lying: it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie: but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel; therefore they do not give us the lie.

Clo. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

Shep. Are you a courtier, an 't like you, sir? 740

Aut. Whether it like me or not, I am a courtier. Seest thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it the measure of the court? receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness court-contempt? Thinkest thou, for that I insinuate, or toaze from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier cap-a-pe; and one that will either push on or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I command thee to open 750 thy affair.

Shep. My business, sir, is to the king.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an 't like you.

Clo. Advocate 's the court-word for a pheasant: say you have none.

Shep. None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock nor hen.

Aut. How blessed are we that are not simple men!
Yet nature might have made me as these are,
Therefore I will not disdain. 760

Clo. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

Clo. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical: a great man, I 'll warrant; I know by the picking on 's teeth.

Aut. The fardel there? what 's i' the fardel? Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel and box, which none must know but the king; and 770 which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why, sir?

Aut. The king is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy and air himself: for, if thou beest capable of things serious, thou must know the king is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis said, sir; about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter. 780

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly: the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clo. Think you so, sir?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which though it be a great pity, yet it is necessary. An old 790 sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him say I: draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an 't like you, sir?

Aut. He has a son who shall be flayed alive; then, 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand till he be three quarters 800 and a dram dead; then recovered again with aqua-vitæ or some other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick-wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him, where he is to behold him with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offences being so capital? Tell me for you seem to be honest plain men, what you have to the 810 king: being something gently considered, I 'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and if it be in man besides the king to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

Clo. He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a

stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold: show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado. Remember 820 'stoned,' and 'flayed alive.'

Shep. An 't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I 'll make it as much more and leave this young man in pawn till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Shep. Ay, sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety. Are you a party in this business?

Clo. In some sort, sir: but though my case be a 830 pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

Aut. O, that 's the case of the shepherd's son: hang him, he 'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort! We must to the king and show our strange sights: he must know 'tis none of your daughter nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does when the business is performed, and remain, as he says, your pawn till it be brought you. 840

Aut. I will trust you. Walk before toward the seaside; go on the right hand: I will but look upon the hedge and follow you.

Clo. We are blest in this man, as I may say, even blest.

Shep. Let 's before as he bids us: he was provided to do us good. [*Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.*

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see Fortune would not suffer me: she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double oc-

casion, gold and a means to do the prince my 850
master good; which who knows how that may
turn back to my advancement? I will bring
these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him:
if he think it fit to shore them again and that
the complaint they have to the king concerns
him nothing, let him call me rogue for being so
far officious; for I am proof against that title
and what shame else belongs to 't. To him will
I present them: there may be matter in it. [*Exit.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

A room in Leontes' palace.

Enter Leontes, Cleomenes, Dion, Paulina, and Servants.

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down
More penitence than done trespass: at the last,
Do as the heavens have done, forget your evil;
With them forgive yourself.

Leon. Whilst I remember
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them, and so still think of
The wrong I did myself: which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom; and 10
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my lord:
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,

Or from the all that are took something good,
To make a perfect woman, she you kill'd
Would be unparallel'd.

Leon. I think so. Kill'd!
She I kill'd! I did so: but thou strikest me
Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue as in my thought: now, good now,
Say so but seldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good lady: 20
You might have spoken a thousand things that would
Have done the time more benefit and graced
Your kindness better.

Paul. You are one of those
Would have him wed again.

Dion. If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign name; consider little
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom and devour
Incertain lookers on. What were more holy
Than to rejoice the former queen is well? 30
What holier than, for royalty's repair,
For present comfort and for future good,
To bless the bed of majesty again
With a sweet fellow to 't?

Paul. There is none worthy,
Respecting her that 's gone. Besides, the gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes;
For has not the divine Apollo said,
Is 't not the tenor of his oracle,
That King Leontes shall not have an heir
Till his lost child be found? which that it shall, 40

Is all as monstrous to our human reason
As my Antigonus to break his grave
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel
My lord should to the heavens be contrary,
Oppose against their wills. [*To Leontes*] Care not
for issue;
The crown will find an heir: great Alexander
Left his to the worthiest; so his successor
Was like to be the best.

Leon. Good Paulina,
Who has the memory of Hermione, 50
I know, in honour, O, that ever I
Had squared me to thy counsel!—then, even now,
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes;
Have taken treasure from her lips,—

Paul. And left them
More rich for what they yielded.

Leon. Thou speak'st truth.
No more such wives; therefore, no wife: one worse,
And better used, would make her sainted spirit
Again possess her corpse, and on this stage,
Where we offenders now, appear soul-vex'd,
And begin, 'Why to me?'

Paul. Had she such power, 60
She had just cause.

Leon. She had; and would incense me
To murder her I married.

Paul. I should so.
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I 'ld bid you mark
Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in 't
You chose her; then I 'ld shriek, that even your ears

Should rift to hear me; and the words that follow'd
Should be 'Remember mine.'

Leon. Stars, stars,
And all eyes else dead coals! Fear thou no wife:
I 'll have no wife, Paulina.

Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry but by my free leave? 70

Leon. Never, Paulina; so be blest my spirit!

Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath.

Cleo. You tempt him over-much.

Paul. Unless another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront his eye.

Cleo. Good madam,—

Paul. I have done.
Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, sir,
No remedy, but you will,—give me the office
To choose you a queen: she shall not be so young
As was your former: but she shall be such
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take joy
To see her in your arms.

Leon. My true Paulina, 81
We shall not marry till thou bid'st us.

Paul. That
Shall be when your first queen's again in breath;
Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives out himself Prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princess, she
The fairest I have yet beheld, desires access
To your high presence.

Leon. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness: his approach,
So out of circumstance and sudden, tells us 90
'Tis not a visitation framed, but forced
By need and accident. What train?

Gent. But few,
And those but mean.

Leon. His princess, say you, with him?

Gent. Ay, the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.

Paul. O Hermione,
As every present time doth boast itself
Above a better gone, so must thy grave
Give way to what 's seen now! Sir, you yourself
Have said and writ so, but your writing now
Is colder than that theme, 'She had not been, 100
Nor was not to be equall'd';—thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once: 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,
To say you have seen a better.

Gent. Pardon, madam:
The one I had almost forgot,—your pardon,—
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else; make proselytes
Of who she but bid follow.

Paul. How! not women?

Gent. Women will love her, that she is a woman 110
More worth than any man; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.

Leon. Go, Cleomenes;
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,

Bring them to our embracement.
[*Exeunt Cleomenes and others.*
Still, 'tis strange
He thus should steal upon us.

Paul. Had our prince,
Jewel of children, seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord: there was not full a month
Between their births.

Leon. Prithee, no more; cease; thou know'st
He dies to me again when talk'd of: sure, 120
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that which may
Unfurnish me of reason. They are come.

Re-enter Cleomenes and others, with Florizel and Perdita.

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince;
For she did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you: were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him, and speak of something wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome! 130
And your fair princess,—goddess!—O, alas!
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have stood begetting wonder, as
You, gracious couple, do: and then I lost,
All mine own folly, the society,
Amity too, of your brave father, whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once more to look on him.

Flo. By his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia, and from him

Give you all greetings, that a king, at friend, 140
Can send his brother: and, but infirmity,
Which waits upon worn times, hath something seized
His wish'd ability, he had himself
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Measured to look upon you; whom he loves,
He bade me say so, more than all the sceptres
And those that bear them living.

Leon. O my brother,
Good gentleman! the wrongs I have done thee stir
Afresh within me; and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters 150
Of my behind-hand slackness! Welcome hither,
As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too
Exposed this paragon to the fearful usage,
At least ungentle, of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man not worth her pains, much less
The adventure of her person?

Flo. Good my lord,
She came from Libya.

Leon. Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd and loved?

Flo. Most royal sir, from thence; from him, whose daughter 159
His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her: thence,
A prosperous south-wind friendly, we have cross'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me,
For visiting your highness: my best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd;
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's in safety

Here where we are.

Leon. The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our air whilst you
Do climate here! You have a holy father, 170
A graceful gentleman; against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin:
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issueless; and your father 's blest,
As he from heaven merits it, with you
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you!

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble sir,
That which I shall report will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir,
Bohemia greets you from himself by me; 181
Desires you to attach his son, who has—
His dignity and duty both cast off—
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.

Leon. Where 's Bohemia? speak.

Lord. Here in your city; I now came from him:
I speak amazedly; and it becomes
My marvel and my message. To your court
Whiles he was hastening, in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple, meets he on the way 190
The father of this seeming lady and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me;

Whose honour and whose honesty till now
Endured all weathers.

Lord. Lay 't so to his charge:
He 's with the king your father.

Leon. Who? Camillo?

Lord. Camillo, sir; I spake with him; who now
Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the earth;
Forswear themselves as often as they speak: 200
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.

Per. O my poor father!
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

Leon. You are married?

Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first:
The odds for high and low 's alike.

Leon. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?

Flo. She is,
When once she is my wife.

Leon. That 'once,' I see by your good father's speed, 210
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking
Where you were tied in duty, and as sorry
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, look up:
Though Fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us with my father, power no jot
Hath she to change our loves. Beseech you, sir,

Remember since you owed no more to time
Than I do now: with thought of such affections, 220
Step forth mine advocate; at your request
My father will grant precious things as trifles.

Leon. Would he do so, I 'ld beg your precious mistress,
Which he counts but a trifle.

Paul. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in 't: not a month
'Fore your queen died, she was more worth such gazes
Than what you look on now.

Leon. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made. [*To Florizel*] But your petition
Is yet unanswer'd. I will to your father:
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires, 230
I am friend to them and you: upon which errand
I now go toward him; therefore follow me
And mark what way I make: come, good my lord.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Before Leontes' palace.

Enter Autolycus and a Gentleman.

Aut. Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation?

First Gent. I was by at the opening of the fardel, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it: whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this methought I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

First Gent. I make a broken delivery of the business; but the changes I perceived in the king and Camillo were very notes of admiration: they seemed almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they looked as they had heard of a world ransomed, or one destroyed: a notable passion of wonder appeared in them; but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say if the importance were joy or sorrow; but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman that haply knows more. The news, Rogero?

Sec. Gent. Nothing but bonfires: the oracle is fulfilled; the king's daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Here comes the Lady Paulina's steward: he can deliver you more. How goes it now, sir? this news which is called true is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion: has the king found his heir?

Third Gent. Most true, if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance: that which you hear you 'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of Queen Hermione's, her jewel

about the neck of it, the letters of Antigonus found with it, which they know to be his character, the majesty of the creature in resemblance of the mother, the affection of nobleness which 40 nature shows above her breeding, and many other evidences proclaim her with all certainty to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

Sec. Gent. No.

Third Gent. Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another, so and in such manner, that it seemed sorrow wept to take leave of them, for their joy waded in tears. 50 There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, 'O, thy mother, thy mother!' then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter with clipping her; now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by like a weather-bitten conduit of many kings' reigns. I never 60 heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it and undoes description to do it.

Sec. Gent. What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

Third Gent. Like an old tale still, which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep and not an ear open. He was torn to pieces with a

bear: this avouches the shepherd's son; who has not only his innocence, which seems much, to justify him, but a handkerchief and rings of his that Paulina knows. 70

First Gent. What became of his bark and his followers?

Third Gent. Wrecked the same instant of their master's death and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments which aided to expose the child were even then lost when it was found. But O, the noble combat that 'twixt joy and sorrow was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband, another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled: she lifted the princess from the earth, and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart that she might no more be in danger of losing. 80

First Gent. The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes; for by such was it acted.

Third Gent. One of the prettiest touches of all and that which angled for mine eyes, caught the water though not the fish, was when, at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to 't bravely confessed and lamented by the king, how attentiveness wounded his daughter; till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an 'Alas,' I would fain say, bleed tears, for I am sure my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there changed colour; some swooned, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen 't, the woe had been universal. 90 100

First Gent. Are they returned to the court?

Third Gent. No: the princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano, who, had he himself eternity and could put breath into his work, would beguile Nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape: he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that they say one would speak to her and stand in hope of answer:—thither with all greediness of affection are they gone, and there they intend to sup.

Sec. Gent. I thought she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither and with our company piece the rejoicing?

First Gent. Who would be thence that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along. [*Exeunt Gentlemen.*

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him I heard them talk of a fardel and I know not what: but he at that time, overfond of the shepherd's daughter, so he then took her to be, who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me; for had I been the finder

out of this secret, it would not have relished among my other discredits.

Enter Shepherd and Clown.

Here comes those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Shep. Come, boy; I am past moe children, but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clo. You are well met, sir. You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman 140 born. See you these clothes? say you see them not and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say these robes are not gentlemen born: give me the lie, do, and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clo. So you have: but I was a gentleman born before my father; for the king's son took me by the 150 hand, and called me brother; and then the two kings called my father brother; and then the prince my brother and the princess my sister called my father father; and so we wept, and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clo. Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all 160 the faults I have committed to your worship,

and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

Shep. Prithee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clo. Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia. 170

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clo. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it, I 'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, son?

Clo. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it in the behalf of his friend: and I 'll swear to the prince thou art a tall fellow of thy hands and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands and that thou wilt be drunk: but I 'll swear it, and I 180 would thou wouldst be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove so, sir, to my power.

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: if I do not wonder how thou darest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not. Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we 'll be thy good masters. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A chapel in Paulina's house.

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizel, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina, Lords, and attendants.

Leon. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort
That I have had of thee!

Paul. What, sovereign sir,
I did not well, I meant well. All my services
You have paid home: but that you have vouchsafed
With your crown'd brother and these your contracted
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,
It is a surplus of your grace, which never
My life may last to answer.

Leon. O Paulina,
We honour you with trouble: but we came
To see the statue of our queen: your gallery 10
Have we pass'd through, not without much content
In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.

Paul. As she lived peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lonely, apart. But here it is: prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd as ever
Still sleep mock'd death: behold, and say 'tis well. 20

[*Paulina draws a curtain, and discovers Hermione standing like a statue.*

I like your silence, it the more shows off
Your wonder: but yet speak; first, you, my liege.
Comes it not something near?

Leon. Her natural posture!
Chide me, dear stone, that I may say indeed
Thou art Hermione; or rather, thou art she
In thy not chiding, for she was as tender
As infancy and grace. But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing
So aged as this seems.

Pol. O, not by much.

Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence; 30
Which lets go by some sixteen years and makes her
As she lived now.

Leon. As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty, warm life,
As now it coldly stands, when first I woo'd her!
I am ashamed: does not the stone rebuke me
For being more stone than it? O royal piece,
There 's magic in thy majesty, which has
My evils conjured to remembrance, and 40
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee.

Per. And give me leave,
And do not say 'tis superstition, that
I kneel and then implore her blessing. Lady,
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours to kiss.

Paul. O, patience!
The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour 's

Not dry.

Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on,
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away, 50
So many summers dry: scarce any joy
Did ever so long live; no sorrow
But kill'd itself much sooner.

Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him that was the cause of this have power
To take off so much grief from you as he
Will piece up in himself.

Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you, for the stone is mine,
I 'ld not have show'd it.

Leon. Do not draw the curtain.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on 't, lest your fancy 60
May think anon it moves.

Leon. Let be, let be.
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—
What was he that did make it? See, my lord,
Would you not deem it breathed? and that those veins
Did verily bear blood?

Pol. Masterly done:
The very life seems warm upon her lip.

Leon. The fixture of her eye has motion in 't,
As we are mock'd with art.

Paul. I 'll draw the curtain:
My lord 's almost so far transported that
He 'll think anon it lives.

Leon. O sweet Paulina, 70
Make me to think so twenty years together!

No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let 't alone.

Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you: but
I could afflict you farther.

Leon. Do, Paulina;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort. Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her: what fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.

Paul. Good my lord, forbear: 80
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;
You 'll mar it if you kiss it, stain your own
With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain?

Leon. No, not these twenty years.

Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker on.

Paul. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you
For more amazement. If you can behold it,
I 'll make the statue move indeed, descend
And take you by the hand: but then you 'll think,
Which I protest against, I am assisted 90
By wicked powers.

Leon. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on: what to speak,
I am content to hear; for 'tis as easy
To make her speak as move.

Paul. It is required
You do awake your faith. Then all stand still;
On: those that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

Leon. Proceed:
No foot shall stir.

Paul. Music, awake her; strike! [*Music.*
'Tis time; descend; be stone no more; approach;
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come, 100
I 'll fill your grave up: stir, nay, come away,
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you. You perceive she stirs:
[*Hermione comes down.*
Start not; her actions shall be holy as
You hear my spell is lawful: do not shun her
Until you see her die again; for then
You kill her double. Nay, present your hand:
When she was young you woo'd her; now in age
Is she become the suitor?

Leon. O, she 's warm!
If this be magic, let it be an art 110
Lawful as eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his neck:
If she pertain to life let her speak too.

Pol. Ay, and make 't manifest where she has lived,
Or how stolen from the dead.

Paul. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale: but it appears she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.
Please you to interpose, fair madam: kneel
And pray your mother's blessing. Turn, good lady;
Our Perdita is found.

Her. You gods, look down, 121
And from your sacred vials pour your graces

Upon my daughter's head! Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserved? where lived? how found
Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear that I,
Knowing by Paulina that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserved
Myself to see the issue.

Paul. There 's time enough for that;
Lest they desire upon this push to trouble
Your joys with like relation. Go together, 130
You precious winners all; your exultation
Partake to every one. I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough and there
My mate, that 's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

Leon. O, peace, Paulina!
Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine a wife: this is a match,
And made between 's by vows. Thou hast found mine;
But how, is to be question'd; for I saw her,
As I thought, dead; and have in vain said many 140
A prayer upon her grave. I 'll not seek far,—
For him, I partly know his mind,—to find thee
An honourable husband. Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand, whose worth and honesty
Is richly noted and here justified
By us, a pair of kings. Let 's from this place.
What! look upon my brother: both your pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion. This your son-in-law,
And son unto the king, whom heavens directing, 150

Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence, where we may leisurely
Each one demand, and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first
We were dissever'd: hastily lead away. [*Exeunt.*

Glossary.

Abide, sojourn for a short time; "no more but a."=only make a short stay; IV. iii. 95.
Aboard him, i.e. aboard his ship; IV. iv. 853.
Abused, deceived; II. i. 141.
Action, suit (perhaps "this a. I now go on"=this which I am now to undergo); II. i. 121.
Address yourself, prepare; IV. iv. 53.
Adventure, venture; I. ii. 38; II. iii. 162; dare; IV. iv. 464.
Adventure of, risk of; V. i. 156.
Afar off, indirectly; II. i. 104.
Affection, instinct; I. ii. 138; disposition, V. ii. 40.
Affront, confront, come before; V. i. 75.
Air, breath; V. iii. 78.
'Alack for lesser knowledge'; *i.e.* "Oh, would that I had less knowledge"; II. i. 38.
Allow'd, allowable; I. ii. 263.
Allowing, approving; I. ii. 185.
Amazedly, confusedly; V. i. 187.
Amazedness, amazement, surprise; V. ii. 5.
Ancient, old; IV. iv. 79.
Ancientry, old people; III. iii. 63.
Another, the other; IV. iv. 176; V. ii. 82.
Ape, imitator; V. ii. 108.
Ape-bearer, one who leads about apes; IV. iii. 98.
Apparent, heir apparent; I. ii. 177.
Appoint, dress; I. ii. 326.
Appointed, equipped; IV. iv. 597.
Approbation, attestation, confirmation; II. i. 177.
Approved, proved, tried; IV. ii. 31.
Aspect, "the peculiar position and influence of a planet"; II. i. 107.
At, (?) to (perhaps "when at Bohemia you take my lord"="when you have my lord in Bohemia"); I. ii. 39.
At friend (so Folio 1; Folio 2, "as friend"), "on terms of friendship"; V. i. 140.
Attach, arrest; V. i. 182.
Attorneyed, performed by proxy; I. i. 29.
Aunts, mistresses (*cp.* doxy); IV. iii. 11
Avails, is of advantage; III. ii. 87.
Avoid, depart; I. ii. 462.

Bar, exclude; IV. iv. 434.
Barne, a little child; III. iii. 71.
Baseness, bastardy; II. iii. 78.

Basilisk, a fabulous serpent supposed to kill by its look; I. ii. 388.

From an illuminated MS. of XIVth century.

Bawcock, a term of endearment (always masculine); I. ii. 121.

Bearing-cloth, "the mantle or cloth in which a child was carried to the font"; III. iii. 119. (*Cp.* illustration.)

Bench'd, raised to authority; I. ii. 314.

Bents, dispositions; I. ii. 179.

Bide, dwell upon, repeat; I. ii. 242.

Blank, "the white mark in the centre of a butt, the aim"; II. iii. 5.

Blench, start or fly off; I. ii. 333.

Bless me, preserve me; IV. iv. 268.

Blocks, blockheads; I. ii. 225.

Blusters, boisterous tempests; III. iii. 4.

Bohemia=the king of B.; I. i. 7.

Boot, avail; III. ii. 26.

From a French (print *c.* 1600 A.D.) by Bonnart.

Boot, profit; IV. iv. 644; "grace to be," "God help us"; I. ii. 80.

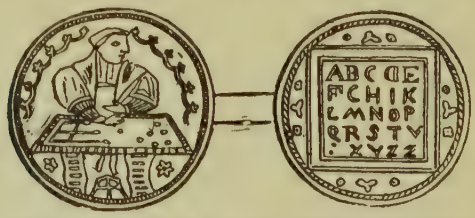
From an illumination in the Loutterell Psalter (XIVth Cent.)

Boring, perforating; III. iii. 93.
Borrow, borrowing; I. ii. 39.
Bosom, inmost thoughts; IV. iv. 568.
Bourn, limit, line of demarcation; I. ii. 134.
Brands, marks of infamy, stigmas; II. i. 71.
Brave, fine; IV. iv. 202.
Break-neck, "dangerous business"; I. ii. 363.
Breed, educate; III. iii. 48.
Bring, take, accompany; IV. iii. 119.
Bug, bugbear; III. ii. 93.
Bugle, a long bead of black glass; IV. iv. 223.
But, but that; V. i. 141.
But that, only because; II. i. 105.
By-gone day, day gone by this = yesterday; I. ii. 32.

Caddisses, worsted ribbons; IV. iv. 208.
Callat, a woman of bad character; II. iii. 90.
Game home, "did not get hold" (a nautical term); I. ii. 214.
Cap-a-pe, from head to foot; IV. iv. 749.
Caparison, literally horse-cloth; here used for "rags"; IV. iii. 27.
Carbonadoed, cut across for broiling; IV. iv. 265.
Carriage, carrying on, management; III. i. 17.
Carver, sculptor; V. iii. 30.
Censure, judgement; II. i. 37.
Centre, "the earth as the supposed centre of the world"; II. i. 102.
Chamber-councils, "private thoughts or intentions"; I. ii. 237.
Changed, exchanged; I. ii. 68.
Changeling, a child left by the fairies in the place of another; III. iii. 122.
Character, handwriting; V. ii. 38.
Charge, weight, value; IV. iv. 258.
Cheat (*v.* silly); IV. iii. 28.
Child, a girl; "a boy or a child"; III. iii. 71.
Childness, childishness; I. ii. 170.
Churl, peasant; IV. iv. 437.
Circumstance, ceremony, pomp; V. i. 90; facts which are evidence of the truth; V. ii. 33.
Clamour (*vide* Note); IV. iv. 249.
Clap, clap hands, *i.e.* pledge faith (a token of troth-plighting); I. ii. 104.
Clear'd, excepted; I. ii. 74.
Clerk-like, scholar-like; I. ii. 392.
Climate, reside, sojourn; V. i. 170.
Clipping, embracing; V. ii. 59.
Cock, woodcock, a metaphor for a fool; IV. iii. 36.
Collop, part of a man's flesh; I. ii. 137.
Colour, reason, pretext; IV. iv. 560.

Comforting, assisting; II. iii. 56.
Comforts, consolation; IV. iv. 562.
Commend, commit; II. iii. 182.
Commission, warrant; I. ii. 144.
Commodity, advantage; III. ii. 94.
Compassed, gained possession of; IV. iii. 99.
Conceit, intelligence; I. ii. 224; idea; III. ii. 145.
Concerns, is of importance; III. ii. 87.
Considered, requited, paid; IV. iv. 811.
Content, pleasure, delight; V. iii. 11.
Continent, chaste; III. ii. 35.
Contract, marriage-contract, espousals; V. i. 204.
Contrary, opposite side; I. ii. 372.
Copest with, has to do with; IV. iv. 429.
Corse, corpse; IV. iv. 129.
Counters, "a round piece of metal used in calculations"; IV. iii. 37.
Crack, flaw; I. ii. 322.
Credent, credible; I. ii. 142.
Crone, old woman; II. iii. 76.
Crown imperial, the *Tritellaria imperialis,* early introduced from Constantinople into England; IV. iv. 126.
Curious, requiring care, embarrassing; IV. iv. 519.
Curst, wicked; III. iii. 134.
Custom; "with a c.," from habit, IV. iv. 12; trade, custom, V. ii. 108.
Cypress, crape; IV. iv. 220.

Dances, throbs; I. ii. 110.
Dead, deadly; IV. iv. 439.
Dear, devoted; II. iii. 150.
Deliver, communicate; IV. iv. 503; narrate; V. ii. 4.
Delphos, Delphi; II. i. 183.
Denied, refused; V. ii. 139.
Derivative, transmission by descent; III. ii. 45.
Dibble, "a pointed instrument to make holes for planting seeds"; IV. iv. 100.
Die, gaming with the dice; IV. iii. 27.



From an Engraving in Knight's *Pictorial Shakespeare.*

Cozened, cheated; IV. iv. 252.
Cozeners, sharpers; IV. iv. 254.
Difference, i.e. d. in our stations in life; IV. iv. 17.

Dildos, a burden in popular songs; IV. iv. 195.
Dim; "violets dim," prob. "of quiet colour, not showy"; IV. iv. 120.
Discase, undress; IV. iv. 641.
Discontenting, discontented; IV. iv. 537.
Discover, disclose, shew; III. i. 20; communicate; IV. iv. 731.
Discover'd, betrayed; II. i. 50.
Discovery, disclosure; I. ii. 441.
Disliken, disguise; IV. iv. 659.
Dispute, "discuss, reason upon"; IV. iv. 405.
Dis's waggon, Pluto's chariot; IV. iv. 118.
Distinguishment, distinction; II. i. 86.
Divorce, separation; IV. iv. 422.
Do, describe; V. ii. 63.
Double, doubly; V. iii. 107.
Doxy, mistress (a cant term); IV. iii. 2.
Drab, a lewd woman; IV. iii. 27.
Dread, apprehension; IV. iv. 17.
Dread, awful, revered; I. ii. 322.
Dreams, idle fancy; III. ii. 82.
Dungy, filthy; II. i. 157.

Earnest, earnest-money, handsel; IV. iv. 652.
'Eggs for money,' a proverbial expression; meaning to put up with an affront, or to act cowardly; I. ii. 161.
Embracement, embrace; V. i. 114.
Encounter, behaviour; III. ii. 50.
Encounter, befall; II. i. 20.
Enfoldings, garments; IV. iv. 743.
Estate, affairs; IV. iv. 405.
Estate; "unspeakable e.," *i.e.* great possessions; IV. ii. 46.
Eternity, immortality; V. ii. 106.
Excrement, beard; IV. iv. 724.
Extremes, extravagance (of praise; and perhaps also in allusion to the extravagance of her attire); IV. iv. 6.
Eyed, held in view; II. i. 35.

Fadings, a common burden of songs; IV. iv. 195.
Fail, failure; II. iii. 170; want; V. i. 27.
Falling, letting fall; I. ii. 372.
Fancy, love; IV. iv. 487.
Fardel (Folio "farthell"), pack, bundle; IV. iv. 718.

From Holme's *Academy of Armory* (1688).

Fashion, kinds, sorts; III. ii. 105.
Favour, countenance, look; V. ii. 53.

Fearful, full of fear; I. ii. 250.
Featly, neatly, adroitly; IV. iv. 176.
Federary, accomplice; II. i. 90.
Feeding, pasturage; IV. iv. 169.
Fellows, comrades; II. iii. 142.
Fetch off, "make away with"; I. ii. 334.
Fixure, direction; V. iii. 67.
Flap-dragoned, swallowed it like a flap-dragon (*i.e.* snap-dragon); III. iii. 100.
Flatness, completeness; III. ii. 123.
Flaunts, finery, showy apparel; IV. iv. 23.
Flax-wench, a woman whose occupation is to dress flax; I. ii. 277.
Flayed, stripped, skinned; IV. iv. 648.
Flower-de-luce, fleur-de-lys (it is uncertain whether Shakespeare was thinking of a lily or an iris); IV. iv. 127.
Fond, foolish; IV. iv. 431.
Fools, "a term of endearment and pity"; II. i. 118.
For, because; III. i. 4; IV. iv. 86.
For because, because; II. i. 7.
Force, necessity; IV. iv. 428.
Forced, strained, far-fetched (or "mistaken"); IV. iv. 41.
Forceful, strong; II. i. 163.
'Fore, before; III. ii. 42.
Forefend, forbid; IV. iv. 535.
Forges, causes, produces; IV. iv. 17.
Fork'd, horned; I. ii. 186.
Framed, planned, pre-arranged; V. i. 91.
Franklins, yeomen; V. ii. 173.
Fraught, freighted, burdened; IV. iv. 519.
Free, noble (perhaps voluntary); II. ii. 44; guiltless, II. iii. 30; accessible to all, II. i. 194; eager, ready; IV. iv. 553.
Fresh, youthful; IV. iv. 427; IV. iv. 556.
Friends; "these unknown f. to's"; these friends unknown to us; IV. iv. 65.
Friendships, kind services; IV. ii. 22.
From, away from; IV. ii. 43.
Furnish'd, equipped, fitted out; IV. iv. 593.

Gall'd, harassed, injured; I. ii. 316.
Gallimaufry, medley, hotch-potch; IV. iv. 330.
Gallows, i.e. the fear or risk of the g.; IV. iii. 28.
Gentle, adjective used substantively = gentle one; IV. iv. 46; gentlemen; I. ii. 394.
Gently, moderately; IV. iv. 811.
Gentry, birth; I. ii. 393.
Germane, akin, related; IV. iv. 788.
Gest, appointed stages of a royal progress, hence the fixed limit of a visit; I. ii. 41.
Gillyvors, gillyflowers; a variety of the carnation; IV. iv. 82.
Give out, proclaim; IV. iv. 149.
Glass, hour-glass; I. ii. 306.
Glisters, shines, sparkles; III. ii. 171.

Gloves; "g. as sweet as damask roses"; alluding to the custom of perfuming gloves; IV. iv. 221.
Go about, intend; IV. iv. 218; attempt; IV. iv. 711.
Goal, point at issue; I. ii. 96.
Good deed, in very deed; I. ii. 42.
Gorge, stomach; II. i. 44.
Gossips, sponsors; II. iii. 41.
Grace, favour; III. ii. 48.
Gracious, prosperous; III. i. 22; endowed with grace; IV. ii. 30.
Grafted in my serious trust, trusted without reserve, absolutely; I. ii. 246.
Gust, taste, perceive; I. ii. 219.
Guilty to, chargeable for; IV. iv. 543.

Haled, dragged; III. ii. 102.
Hammer'd of, pondered upon; II. ii. 49.
Hand, lay hands on; II. iii. 63.
Hand-fast, custody, confinement; IV. iv. 781.
Hangman, executioner; IV. iv. 462.
'Happy man be's dole,' a proverbial expression = "May his dole or share in life be to be a happy man"; I. ii. 163.
Harlot, lewd; II. iii. 4.
Have, possess; IV. iv. 568.
Have at, I'll try; IV. iv. 297.
Having, possessions, property; IV. iv. 729.
Heat, traverse (as at a race); I. ii. 96.
Heavings, sighs; II. iii. 35.
Heavy, sad, sorrowful; III. iii. 115.
Hefts, retchings; II. i. 45.
Hent, pass beyond; IV. iii. 130.
Hereditary, i.e. derived from our first parents (alluding to "original sin"); I. ii. 75.
Him, by him (? the man); I. ii. 412.
Hobby-horse; I. ii. 276. (See illustration.)

From an early painting in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge. (Note the familiar tabor and pipe.)

Holy, pious, good, V. i. 170; blameless, V. iii. 148.
Home, out, to the end; I. ii. 248; fully, V. iii. 4.
Honest, chaste, virtuous; II. i. 68.
Hot, active; IV. iv. 692.
Hovering, "irresolute, wavering"; I. ii. 302.
Hoxes, hamstrings; I. ii. 244.

I' fecks, in fact; I. ii. 120.
Immodest, immoderate; III. ii. 103.
Impawn'd, in pledge; I. ii. 436.
Importance, import; V. ii. 20.
Incense, incite; V. i. 61.
Incertain, uncertain; V. i. 29.
Incertainties, "accidents of fortune"; III. ii. 170.
Incidency, "a falling on"; I. ii. 403.
Inconstant, fickle; III. ii. 187.
Industriously, "deliberately"; I. ii. 256.
Injury of tongues, mischief caused by scandal; I. ii. 338.
Inkle, a kind of tape; IV. iv. 208.
Insinuate, intermeddle; IV. iv. 746.
Instigation, incitement; II. i. 163.
Intelligencing, carrying intelligence; II. iii. 68.
Intelligent, communicative; I. ii. 378.
Intention, aim; I. ii. 138.
Irremovable, immovable; IV. iv. 512.
It, its; II. iii. 178.
It is, he is; I. i. 38.

Jar, tick; I. ii. 43.
Jewel, personal ornament of gold or precious stones; V. ii. 36.
Julio Romano (*v.* Note); V. ii. 105.
Justified, confirmed, ratified; V. iii. 145.
Justify him, confirm his assertion; V. ii. 71.

Kiln-hole the opening of an oven; probably the fire-place used in making malt; a noted gossiping place; IV. iv. 246.
Knacks, knick-knacks; IV. iv. 354.
Knock, cuffs, blows; IV. iii. 29.

Land, nation; IV. iv. 8.
Land-damn (*vide* Note); II. i. 143.
Lasting, everlasting; eternal; I. ii. 317.
Lay me, bury me; IV. iv. 462.
Lays on, does it in good style; IV. iii. 43.
Lean to, incline, tend towards; II. i. 64.
Let, let remain; I. ii. 41.
Level, direction of, aim; III. ii. 82.
'Leven, eleven; IV. iii. 33.
List, care, choose; IV. i. 26.
——, listen, hearken; IV. iv. 546.
Like, likely; II. ii. 27.
Like, "an' it like," if it please; IV. iv. 726.
Limber, flexible, easy bent; I. ii. 47.

Limit, "strength of l.," limited strength; III. ii. 107.
Lively, naturally; V. iii. 19.
Look out; "makes her blood l. o.," *i.e.* makes her blush; IV. iv. 160.
Look upon, take notice of; IV. ii. 41.
Lordings, lordlings; I. ii. 62.
Loss, be discarded; II. iii. 192.
Loud, tempestuous; III. iii. 11.
Lower messes, "persons of inferior rank" (properly those who sat at the lower end of the table); I. ii. 227.
Lozel, cowardly fellow; II. iii. 109.
Lunes, mad freaks; II. ii. 30.
Lusty, lively, active; II. ii. 27.
Maidenheads, maidenhoods; IV. iv. 116.
Mankind, masculine; II. iii. 67.
Mannerly, decent; II. i. 86.
Marble; "most m.," the most hard-hearted; V. ii. 98.
Margery, a term of contempt; II. iii. 160.
Mark, pattern; IV. iv. 8.
Marted, traded; IV. iv. 357.
Marvel, astonishment; V. i. 188.
Masters, well-wisners, patrons; V. ii. 188.
Meaner form, lower position; I. ii. 313.
Masters, well-wishers, patrons; ors; IV. iii. 46.
Measure, stately tread; IV. iv. 743.
Measure, judge of; II. i. 114.
Medicine, physician; IV. iv. 592.
Medler, busybody; IV. iv. 323.
Meet, proper, fit; II. ii. 46.
Men of hair, dressed in goatskins to resemble satyrs; IV. iv. 327.

From Küchler's *Pageants and Tourney at Stuttgard* (1609).

Mere, absolute; III. ii. 142; only, III. ii. 145.
Mess, course (of a feast); IV. iv. 11.
Midwife, old woman, used contemptuously; II. iii. 160.
Moe, more; I. ii. 8.
Moiety, part, portion; II. iii. 8; half, III. ii. 40.
Mortal, fatal; III. ii. 149.
Mort o' the deer, a note blown at the death of the deer; I. ii. 118.
Motion, puppet-show; IV. iii. 103. (See illustration.)

A motion of the prodigal son.
From an English woodcut of XVIIth century.

Nayward, contradiction; II. i. 64.

Near, like, resembling; V. ii. 109.

Neat, used with a quibble upon "neat" = horned cattle; I. ii. 123.

Neat-herds, cow-keepers; IV. iv. 326.

Neb, beak = mouth; I. ii. 183.

Necklace amber, "an amber of which necklaces were made, commonly called 'bead-amber,' fit to perfume a lady's chamber"; IV. iv. 223.

Next, nearest; III. iii. 127.

Note, mark, sign; I. ii. 287; knowledge, I. i. 40; distinction, eminence, IV. ii. 48; mark for measuring time; "shepherd's note" = the shepherd hath observed, noted; I. ii. 2.

Noted, respected; V. iii. 145.

O'erween, am overbold, presume; IV. ii. 9.

Of, off (= on); "browzing of ivy"; III. iii. 69.

Of, some of; "you have of," *i.e.* there are some; IV. iv. 216.

Officed, "having a place or function"; I. ii. 172.

O' life (Folio "a life"), on my life; IV. iv. 260.

On, of; II. ii. 23.

On 't, of it; II. i. 169.

Out, on the wrong scent; II. i. 72.

Out of, without; V. i. 90.

Over, over us; IV. iv. 661.

Overture, disclosure; II. i. 172.

Paddling palms, toying with hands; used contemptuously; I. ii. 115.

Pale, paleness (with probably a play on the other sense, limit, boundary); IV. iii. 4.
Pandar, go-between; II. i. 46.
Pantler, the servant who had charge of the pantry; IV. iv. 56.
Paragon, pattern of supreme excellence; V. i. 153.
Part, depart; I. ii. 10; divide, I. ii. 18.
Partake, communicate; V. iii. 132.
Partlet; "Dame P." alluding to Chaucer's *Nonne Prestes Tale,* where P. is the name of the favourite hen of Chauntecleer; II. iii. 75.
Parts, actions, tasks; I. ii. 400.
Pash, head; I. ii. 128.
Passes, surpasses; II. ii. 20.
Passing, surpassing; IV. iv. 289.
Pattern, match; III. ii. 37.
Pay your fees; alluding to fees paid by prisoners, whether guilty or not, on their liberation; I. ii. 53.
Peer, peep out; IV. iii. 1.
Peering, disclosing (herself); IV. iv. 3.
Perfect, sure; III. iii. 1.
Performed, executed; V. ii. 105.
Pettitoes, pigs' feet; used contemptuously; IV. iv. 613.
Physics, heals, cures; I. i. 43.
Picture, appearance; IV. iv. 609; painted statue; V. ii. 187.
Piece, complete; V. ii. 117.
Piece up, hoard up, so as to have his fill; V. iii. 56.
Piedness, variegation; IV. iv. 87.
Pin and web, the disease of the eyes, now known as cataract; I. ii. 291.
Pinch'd, made ridiculous; II. i. 51.
Places, position, station; I. ii. 448.
Plackets, some special article of female attire; IV. iv. 244.
Plucking, pulling; IV. iv. 470.
Points, tagged laces for fastening various articles of attire; here an obvious play on the word; IV. iv. 206. (*Cp.* illustration in *Twelfth Night.*)
Poking-sticks, small iron, brass, or silver rods, which were heated, and used for setting

From a specimen in the Londesborough collection.

the plaits of ruffs; IV. iv. 227.

Pomander, "a ball composed of perfumes"; IV. iv. 603. (*Cp.* illustration.)

Ponderous, forcible; IV. iv. 529.

Post; "in p.," in haste; II. i. 182.

Posterns, the smaller gates of a city; I. ii. 438.

Pound and odd shilling, twenty-one shillings, a guinea; IV. iii. 34.

Power; "to my p.," to the best of my power; V. ii. 182.

Powerful, forcible, hence "deterrent"; IV. iii. 29.

Practice, artifice, device; III. ii. 168.

Prank'd up, decked up, adorned; IV. iv. 10.

Predominant, used as an astrological term; I. ii. 202.

Pregnant, made plausible; V. ii. 33.

Preposterous, Clown's blunder for *prosperous*; V. ii. 158.

Present, immediate; II. iii. 184.

Presently, immediately; II. ii. 47.

Pretence, purpose, intention; III. ii. 18.

Prig, thief; IV. iii. 105.

Profess, confess, own; IV. iv. 544.

Profess'd, professed friendship; I. ii. 456.

Proper, own; II. iii. 139.

Pugging, thievish; IV. iii. 7.

Purchased, gained, came to; IV. iii. 27.

Purgation, exculpation; III. ii. 7.

Puritan, a contemptuous allusion to the "Psalm-singing Puritans"; IV. iii. 45.

Push, impulse, impetus; V. iii. 129.

Putter-on, instigator; II. i. 141.

Qualify, appease, soften; IV. iv. 537.

Question, conversation, IV. ii. 55; "in q.," under examination, trial, V. i. 198.

Quick, alive; IV. iv. 132.

Quoifs, caps, hoods; IV. iv. 225.

From a figure on the tomb of Lady Hoby (*temp.* Elizabeth), in the Church of Bisham, Berks.

Race, root; IV. iii. 49.

Rash, quick, sudden; I. ii. 319.

Rear'd, raised; I. ii. 314.

Reason, it is just; IV. iv. 411.

Regard, look; I. ii. 390.

Relish, realize, perceive; II. i. 167.

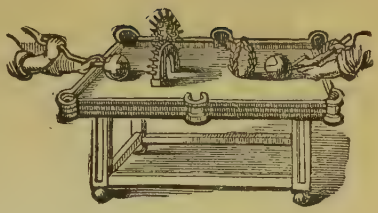
Remember, reminds; III. ii. 231.
Removed, retired, sequestered; V. ii. 116.
Removedness, retirement; IV. ii. 41.
Repair, restoration; V. i. 31.
Replenish'd, perfect; II. i. 79.
Require, deserve, II. iii. 190; III. ii. 64.
Resolve you, prepare yourselves, compose yourselves; V. iii. 86.
Respecting, considering; V. i. 35.
Reverend, "venerable, entitled to high respect"; IV. iv. 73.
Review, re-view, see again; IV. iv. 673.
Rheums, rheumatism; IV. iv. 404.
Rift, burst, split; V. i. 66.
Ripe, pressing; I. ii. 332.
Rosemary, referred to as the symbol of remembrance; IV. iv. 74.
Rounding, murmuring; I. ii. 217.
Rue, referred to as the herb of grace; IV. iv. 74.

Sad, serious, earnest; IV. iv. 311.
Saffron, a spice used for colouring paste; IV. iii. 47.
Saltiers, the servant's blunder for *satyrs*; IV. iv. 329.
Sap, life, hope; IV. iv. 570.
Savour, smell, scent; IV. iv. 75.
Scape, transgression; III. iii. 73.
Sealing, closing, putting an end to; I. ii. 337.
Sear, brand; II. i. 73.
Second; "be second to me," second my efforts; II. iii. 27.
Seeming, appearance; IV. iv. 75.
Seems, appears; IV. iv. 157.
Seized, fallen on, overpowered; V. i. 142.
Seven-night, week; I. ii. 17.
Severals, individuals; I. ii. 226.
Shall's, shall us (*i.e.* shall we; "shall" perhaps used impersonally); I. ii. 178.
She, love, mistress; IV. iv. 354.
Sheep-whistling, whistling after sheep, tending sheep; IV. iv. 790.
Sheets; "is sheets," *i.e.* is to steal s.; IV. iii. 23.
Shore, put ashore; IV. iv. 854.
Should, would; I. ii. 57.
'Shrew, beshrew, a mild form of imprecation; I. ii. 281.
Sighted, having eyes; I. ii. 388.
Silly; "s. cheat," harmless fraud, petty thievery; IV. iii. 28.
Since, when; V. i. 219.
Singular, unique; IV. iv. 144.
Singularities, rarities, curiosities; V. iii. 12.
Sitting, interview; IV. iv. 566.
Skill, cunning; II. i. 166; reason, motive (or rather a thought caused by consideration and judgement); IV. iv. 152.
Sleeve-hand, wristband, cuff; IV. iv. 211.

Sneaping, nipping; I. ii. 13.
Softly, slowly; IV. iii. 118.
Soaking, absorbent; I. ii. 224.
Solely, alone; II. iii. 17.
Sooth; "good s.," in very truth; IV. iv. 160.
So that, provided that; II. i. 9.
Sped, prospered, succeeded; I. ii. 389.
Speed, fortune; III. ii. 146.
Spices, seasonings; III. ii. 185.
Splitt'st, cleav'st; I. ii. 349.
Spoke, spoken; I. ii. 106.
Sprightly, in a sprightly manner (adjective in-*ly* used as adverb); IV. iv. 53.
Springe, a noose for catching birds; IV. iii. 36.
Square, the embroidery on the bosom of a garment; IV. iv. 211..
Squared, shaped; V. i. 52.
Squash, an unripe peascod; I. ii. 160.
Squier, square, measure; IV. iv. 343.
Stand, fight; III. ii. 46.
Star; "the watery star," the moon; I. ii. 1.
Starr'd, fated; III. ii. 100.
State, estate, rank, station; IV. iv. 431.
Straight, straightway, immediately; II. i. 70.
Strain'd, turned from the right course; III. ii. 51.
Straited, at a loss; IV. iv. 359.
Strangely, as if it were a stranger; II. iii. 182.
Stretch-mouthed, broad-spoken; IV. iv. 196.
Strong, forcible; I. ii. 34.
Stuff'd, complete; II. i. 185.
Subject, people; I. i. 43.
Success, succession; I. ii. 394.
Suddenly, immediately; II. iii. 200.
Sufficiency, ability; II. i. 185.
Swear over, endeavour to overcome by swearing oaths; I. ii. 424.

Table-book, tablet, memorandum book; IV. iv. 604. (*Cp.* illustration in *Cymbeline.*)
Take, excite, move; III. ii. 38.
Take in, conquer, take; IV. iv. 582.
Tall; "t. fellow of thy hands," active, able-bodied man who will bear the test; VI. ii. 177.
Tardied, retarded; III. ii. 163.
Tawdry-lace, a rustic necklace (said to be corrupted from St. Audrey, *i.e.* St. Ethelreda, on whose day, the 17th of October, a fair was held in the isle of Ely, where gay toys of all sorts were sold); IV. iv. 250.
Tell, count; IV. iv. 185.
Tender, show, introduce; IV. iv. 812.
That = O that! (or, better, dependent on "I am question'd by my fears"); "that . . . no" = "lest"; I. ii. 12.
——, so that; I. i. 30; provided that, I. ii. 84, 85.
Thereabouts, of that import; I. ii. 378.

Thereto, added thereto, besides; I. ii. 391.
Thick, made thick, thicken; I. ii. 171.
Thought, idea, opinion; I. ii. 424.
Thought on, held in estimation; IV. iv. 525.
"*Three man song-man,*" *i.e.* "singers of songs in three parts"; IV. iii. 44.
Three-pile, the richest and most costly kind of velvet; IV. iii. 14.
Thriving, successful; II. ii. 45.
Tincture, colour; III. ii. 206.
Toaze (Folio 1, "at toaze"), "probably to touse, *i.e.* pull, tear"; IV. iv. 747.
Tod, twenty-eight pounds of wool; IV. iii. 34.
Tods, yields a tod; IV. iii. 33.
Traffic, business, trade; IV. iii. 23.
Traitorly, traitrous; IV. iv. 807.
Transported, hurried away by violent passion; III. ii. 159; borne away by ecstacy, V. iii. 69.
Tremor cordis, trembling of the heart; I. ii. 110.
Trick, toy, plaything; II. i. 51.
Troll-my-dames, the French game of *Trou-madame*; IV. iii. 89. (*Cp.* illustration.)
Trumpet, trumpeter, herald; II. ii. 35.
Trunk, body; I. ii. 435.
Tug, strive, struggle; IV. iv. 502.



Trou-madame.
From an early collection of foreign emblems.

Turtles, turtle-doves; IV. iv. 154.

Unbraided (?) = "not counterfeit, sterling, but probably the Clown's blunder for *embroidered*"; IV. iv. 204.
Unclasp'd, revealed; III. ii. 168.
Uncurrent, objectionable, unallowable (like false coin); III. ii. 50.
Undergo, undertake; IV. iv. 548.
Uneasy, difficult; IV. ii. 56.
Unfurnish, deprive; V. i. 123.
Unintelligent, ignorant, unconscious; I. i. 16.
Unrolled, struck off the rolls (of thieves); IV. iii. 127.
Unsphere, remove from their orbs; I. ii. 48.
Unthrifty, not increasing; V. ii. 120.
Unvenerable, contemptible; II. iii. 77.
Urgent, pressing; I. ii. 465.
Use; "the u. on't," having been used; III. i. 14.
Utter, "cause to pass from one to another"; IV. iv. 325.

Vast (later Folios "a vast sea"), a boundless sea; I. i. 33.
Vessel, creature; III. iii. 21.
Vice, screw, force; I. ii. 416.
Villain, a term of endearment; I. ii. 136.
Virginalling, "playing as upon a virginal (a sort of small pianoforte"); I. ii. 125.

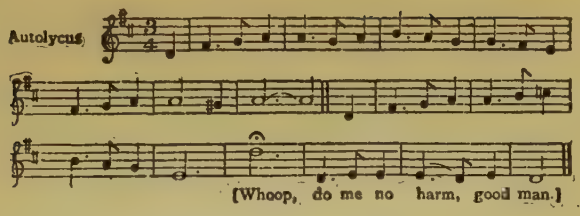
From a painting on glass, executed in 1601

Visible, appearing visibly; V. i. 216.
Visitation, visit; I. i. 7; IV. iv. 560.
Vulgars, the common people; II. i. 94.

Wafting, turning quickly; I. ii. 372.
Waits upon, accompanies; V. i. 142.
Want, be without; IV. ii. 15.
Wanton, play; II. i. 18.
Ward, "guard made in fencing"; I. ii. 33.
Warden, a baking pear; IV. iii. 48.
Wearing, apparel, dress; IV. iv. 9.
Weeds, garments; IV. iv. 1.
Welkin, heavenly, (?) blue; I. ii. 136.
Well, at rest; V. i. 30.
What, whatever; I. ii. 44.
Which, that which; III. ii. 61.
Whistle off (Folio 1. whistle of); perhaps, derived from falconry; "to whistle off"= to send off; IV. iv. 246.
Whitsun pastorals, Whitsuntide morris-dances; IV. iv. 134.

From a woodcut of the XVIIth century.

Whoo-bub, outcry, clamour; IV. iv. 623.
"*Whoop, do me no harm, good-man,*" the name of an old song; IV. iv. 199. The rest of the words are unknown, but several ballads printed in the latter part of XVIth century go to this tune.



From Naylor's *Shakespeare and Music.*

Wild, rash; II. i. 182.
Wilful-negligent, wilfully negligent; I. ii. 255.
Wink, the act of closing the eyes; I. ii. 317.
Winked, closed my eyes; III. iii. 106.
Winners, "precious w." winners of things precious to you; V. iii. 132.
Wit, wisdom; II. ii. 52.
With, by; IV. iii. 27; V. ii. 68.
Without-door, outward, external; II. i. 69.
Woman-tired, hen-pecked; II. iii. 74.
Wonder, admiration; V. i. 133.
Wondering, admiration; IV. i. 25.
Worn, spent; "w. times," spent youth = old age; V. i. 142.
Worship, honour, dignity; I. ii. 314.
Worth, worthiness of all kinds, here especially fortune and rank; V. i. 214.
Wotting, knowing; III. ii. 77.
Wrought, worked upon, agitated; V. iii. 58.

Yellow, the colour of jealousy; II. iii. 106.
Yest, spume or foam of water; III. iii. 94.
Yet, still; I. ii. 51.

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. ii. 44. '*What lady she her lord*'; 'she' has been variously interpreted; Collier and Dyce proposed 'should,' destroying the beauty of the line; Schmidt makes the phrase 'lady she' = 'a woman that is a lady,' taking 'she' = 'woman'; others print 'lady-she'; perhaps the word may be best explained as the pleonastic pronoun so common in popular poetry; the rhythm seems to favour this latter view.

I. ii. 70. *no, nor dream'd,'* so later Folios; Folio 1 (retained by Cambridge Edition), *nor dream'd;* Spedding, '*neither dream'd*'; the reading adopted in the text has much to commend it.

I. ii. 131-2. '*false As o'er-dyed blacks*'; Folios 1, 2, 3, '*o're dy'd*'; the words have been variously interpreted to mean 'fabrics dyed over with some other colour,' or 'dyed too much'; Steevens saw in the phrase an allusion to the fact that black will receive no other hue without discovering itself through it; the passage may simply contain the idea, 'the blacker the garb, the less sincere the mourning.'

I. ii. 154. '*methoughts*'; so the Folios in this and other places; this erroneous form was probably due to '*methinks*'; it is noteworthy that the correct '*methought*' occurs a few lines below.

I. ii. 284. '*that,' i.e.* 'that of which you accuse her.'

II. i. 11. '*Who taught you this?*' Rowe's emendation of the reading of Folio 1, '*taught 'this*' (with an apostrophe before '*this,*' indicating an elision); the later Folios, '*taught this.*'

II. ii. 25. '*A sad tale's best for winter*'; hence the title of the play.

II. i. 39-41. '*There may be in the cup A spider,*' etc.; it was formerly believed that spiders were venomous.

II. i. 134. '*I'll keep my stables where I lodge my wife*'; *i.e.* 'I'll degrade my wife's chamber into a stable or dog kennel.'

II. i. 143. '*I would land-damn him*'; so the Folios; '*land-damm*' '*laudanum,*' '*lamback*' (*i.e.* 'beat'), '*half-damn,*' '*live-damn,*' '*landan* (*lantan, rantan*),' '*lant-dam,*' are among the vari-

ous emendations proposed; Schmidt suggests '*I would—Lord, damn him!*' In all probability the reading of the Folios should not be departed from, and it seems likely that Antigonus, having in the previous phrase used the word '*damn'd,*' here uses '*land-damn,*' as a sort of grim quibble for '*landan,*'—a Gloucestershire word still in use "to express the punishment meted out to slanderers and adulterers by rustics traversing from house to house along the country side, blowing trumpets and beating drums or pans and kettles; when an audience was assembled the delinquents' names were proclaimed, and they were said to be landanned" (*cp.* Halliwell's *Dictionary of Archaic Words,* and *Notes and Queries,* iii. 464): *landan, lantan, rantan,* were variants of the same word, which was probably imitative in its origin.

II. i. 153. '*As you feel doing thus,*' probably = my doing thus to you (*i.e.* touching him, or perhaps pulling his beard); '*the instruments that feel*' = my fingers.

II. iii. 178. '*to its own protection,*' so Folios 1, 2; Folios 3, 4, '*its*'; the old possessive form '*it,*' still in use in Lancashire, occurs again in this play (III. ii. 101); there are some dozen instances elsewhere: '*it own,*' may be regarded as a sort of idiomatic compound, the combination helping to maintain the archaism; '*its* (Folio, *it's*) *own,*' to be found in Act I. ii. 266, is said to be the only instance of its use in Shakespeare.

III. ii. 178. '*boiling in leads or oils.*' *Cp.* the accompanying illustration.

From an illuminated MS. of XVth century.

III. iii. 123. '*You're a made old man*'; Theobold's emendation of the Folio reading '*mad,*' confirmed by the corresponding passage in Shakespeare's original:—"The goodman desired her to be quiet . . . if she could hold her peace they were made for ever."

IV. i. 15. '*to it,*' *i.e.* 'the present.'

IV. ii. 4. '*It is fifteen years since,* etc.; changed by Hanmer to '*sixteen,*' the number intended by Shakespeare.

IV. iii. 23. '*when the kite builds, look to lesser linen*'; alluding to this bird's habit of carrying off small linen garments hung out to dry; Autolycus preferred more substantial prey.

IV. iii. 53. '*I' the name of me*——'; probably, as has been

suggested, the Clown's exclamation of '*Mercy*' is interrupted by Autolycus.

IV. iv. 13. '*swoon*,' Hanmer's correction of Folios; '*sworn*,' retained in the Cambridge edition.

IV. iv. 160. '*out*'; Theobold's emendation for Folio 1, '*on't*.'

IV. iv. 249. '*clamour your tongues*'; Hanmer's emendation '*charm*' has been generally adopted, but '*clamour*' is almost certainly correct (Taylor, the Water-Poet, wrote '*Clamour the promulgation of your tongues*'); '*clamour*' or rather '*clammer*,' is probably radically identical with '*clamber*,' the Scandinavian original of which, '*klambra*' = to pinch closely together, to clamp.'

From a tapestry in the Chateau d'Effiat. The original represents a gentleman and lady, who are looking at a gypsy encampment. While the gentleman is directing the lady's attention to the group, one of the number cuts the string which connects the purse with her girdle.

IV. iv. 275. '*another ballad of a fish*'; *cp. e. g.* "A strange report of a monstrous fish that appeared in the form of a woman from her waist upward, seen in the sea"; entered in the Stationers' Register in 1604.

IV. iv. 436. '*Farre than Deucalion off*'; '*farre*' = 'farther'; the Folios all correctly read '*farre*,' *i.e.* the old form of the comparative of '*far*,' unnecessarily substituted by the Cambridge Editors.

IV. iv. 586. '*i' the rear o' her birth*'; Folios 1, 2, 3, ''*our birth*'; Rowe first emended the line as in the text, though in his second edition he read '*o' our*' for '*o' her*.'

IV. iv. 594. '*appear*,' *i.e.* appear so (like Bohemia's son).

IV. iv. 621. '*I picked and cut their festival purses*.' (*Cp.* the accompanying drawing.)

IV. iv. 721. '*at palace*'; Folio 1, '*at 'Pallace*'; probably the apostrophe indicates "the omission of the article or its absorption in rapid pronunciation."

V. ii. 60. '*weather-bitten conduit*'; changed to '*weather-beaten*' in Folio 3; but '*weather-bitten*' is undoubtedly the correct form (*cp.* Skeat's *Etymological Dictionary*): *conduits* were frequently in the form of human figures.

V. ii. 105. '*that rare Italian master*'; Giulio Pippi, known as 'Giulio Romano,' was born in 1492, and died in 1546; his fame

as a painter was widespread; Shakespeare, taking him as 'a type of artistic excellence,' makes him a sculptor; it must, however, be remembered that the statue was a 'painted picture.' Much has been made of this reference by the advocates of Shakespeare's alleged Italian journeys (*cp.* Elze's *Essays on Shakespeare*).

Explanatory Notes

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

6. *to pay Bohemia*:—"Corporal Trim's King of Bohemia 'delighted in navigation, and had never a seaport in his dominions,'" says Farmer; "and my Lord Herbert informs us that De Luines, the prime minister of France, when he was ambassador there, demanded whether Bohemia was an inland country, or 'lay upon the sea.' There is a similar mistake in *Two Gentlemen of Verona* relative to that city [Verona] and Milan."

Scene II.

20. *nonc, nonc*:—"Shakespeare," as Clarke observes, "like a true poet, knew perfectly the potent effect of an iterated word; but, also like a true poet and writer of thorough judgement, used it but sparingly, and of course, on that account, with redoubled force of impression. Here it has the effect of intense earnestness."

53. *pay your fees*, etc.:—"An allusion," according to Lord Campbell, "to a piece of English law procedure, which, although it may have been enforced till very recently, could hardly be known to any except lawyers, or those who had themselves actually been in prison on a criminal charge—that, whether guilty or innocent, the prisoner was liable to pay a fee on his liberation."

121. *What, hast smutch'd thy nose?*—Upon this Clarke remarks: "It is reserved for such a poet as Shakespeare to fearlessly introduce such natural touches as a flying particle of smut resting upon

a child's nose, and to make it turn to wonderfully effective account in stirring a father's heart, agitating it with wild thoughts, and prompting fierce plays upon words and bitter puns. Every phase that passion takes—writhing silence, tortured utterance, tearful lamentations, muttered jests more heart-withering than cries or complaints—all are known to Shakespeare, and are found in his page as in nature's."

178. *We are yours,* etc.:—"Shakespeare," White tells us, "had the minute details of the old novel vividly in mind here: 'When Pandosto was busied with such urgent affaires that hee could not bee present with his friend Egistus, Bellaria would walke with him into the garden, where they two in privat and pleasant devises would passe away the time to both their contents.'"

217. *They're here with me already*:—They are already aware of my condition; *they* referring not to Polixenes and Hermione, but to people about the court.

221-227. That Leontes' fanatical passion should stuff him with the conceit of a finer nature, a sharper insight, and a higher virtue than others had, is shrewdly natural. Such conceit is among the commonest symptoms of fanaticism in all its forms.

345. *I am his cupbearer*:—In Greene's tale Pandosto contriving "how he might best put away Egistus without suspition of treacherous murder, hee concluded at last to poyson him; . . . and the better to bring the matter to passe he called unto him his [Egistus's] cupbearer." Franion, the cupbearer, endeavours to dissuade Pandosto from his purpose, but, finding it in vain, "consented as soon as opportunity would give him leave to dispatch Egistus."

372. *Wafting his eyes,* etc.:—This is a fine stroke of nature. Leontes had but a moment before assured Camillo that he would seem friendly to Polixenes, according to his advice; but on meeting him, his jealousy gets the better of his resolution, and he finds it impossible to restrain his hatred.

419. *Be yoked with his,* etc.:—A clause in the sentence of excommunicated persons was: "Let them have part with Judas that betrayed Christ."

458-460. *Good expedition,* etc.:—An obscure and difficult passage, whereof various conjectural emendations have been proposed. Malone's suggestion is: "Good expedition befriend me by removing me from a place of danger, and comfort the innocent queen by removing the object of her husband's jealousy; the queen, who is the subject of his conversation, but without reason

the object of his suspicion!" Halliwell understands it thus: "May expedition be my friend by removing me from this scene of danger, and at the same time may my absence, the object thus accomplished, comfort the beautiful queen, who is, indeed, partly the subject of, but in no degree the reasonable object of, his suspicion."

465. *Come, sir away*:—Coleridge has this note on the first Act: "Observe the easy style of chit-chat between Camillo and Archidamus as contrasted with the elevated diction on the introduction of the kings and Hermione in the second Scene, and how admirably Polixenes' obstinate refusal to Leontes to stay—

> 'There is no tongue that moves; none, none i' the world
> So soon as yours, could win me'—

prepares for the effect produced by his afterwards yielding to Hermione; which is, nevertheless, perfectly natural from mere courtesy of sex, and the exhaustion of the will by former efforts of denial, and well calculated to set in nascent action the jealousy of Leontes. This, when once excited, is unconsciously increased by Hermione:—

> 'Yet, good deed, Leontes,
> I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind
> What lady she her lord';

accompanied, as a good actress ought to represent it, by an expression and recoil of apprehension that she had gone too far."

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

90-92. *one that knows*, etc.:—One that knows what she should be ashamed to know herself, even if the knowledge of it were shared *but with* her paramour.

104, 105. *He who . . . speaks*:—He who shall speak for her is remotely guilty in merely speaking.

119-124. *when you shall know*, etc.:—"If it be desired to know the full difference between noble pride and false pride, here is shown the former in perfection," says Clarke. "No one better than Shakespeare knew the true distinction between them; the right time for and due amount of self-assertion, the simplicity and

severity of moral dignity: and in none of his characters are these points more notably developed than in Hermione. Her few farewell words to her mistaken husband in this speech combine in a wonderful way the essence of wifely tenderness with the utmost wifely self-respect."

191. *Give rest,* etc.:—This is in admirable keeping with the passion that engrosses Leontes: he will not suffer the truth of the charge to stand in issue. Accordingly he rejects the answer as soon as he finds it clashing with his opinion; if the god confirm what he already thinks, then his authority is unquestionable; if not, then he is no god.

Scene III.

20. *in himself too mighty,* etc.:—Greene's novel has: "Pandosto, although he felt that revenge was a spur to warre, and that envy always proffereth steele, yet he saw Egisthus was not only of great puissance and prowesse to withstand him, but also had many kings of his alliance to ayd him, if need should serve; for he married the Emperor of Russia's daughter."

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

14. *The time is worth the use on't*:—That is, the event of our journey will recompense us for the time we spent in it. Thus in Florio's Montaigne, 1603: "The common saying is, the *time* we live is worth the *money* we pay for it."

Scene II.

29-33. *if powers divine,* etc.:—Thus Greene's novel: "If the *divine powers* be privie *to human actions* (*as no doubt they are*) I hope my *patience* shall make fortune *blush,* and my unspotted life shall stayne spiteful discredit."

86. *Those of your fact are so*:—That is, those who have done as you have done. Shakespeare had this from Greene: "It was her part to *deny* such a monstrous crime, and to be impudent in

forswearing the *fact,* since she had *passed all shame* in committing the fault."

107. *strength of limit*:—That is, according to Mason, "the limited degree of strength which it is customary for women to acquire before they are suffered to go abroad after child-bearing." Hudson (Harvard ed.) suggests that the meaning may be, "before I have got strength by seclusion," regarding *of* as merely equivalent to *by.*

133-137. *Hermione is chaste*:—In Greene's novel the response of the Oracle runs thus: "Suspition is no proofe; jealousie is an unequall judge; Bellaria is chast; Egistus blamelesse; Franion a true subject; Pandosto treacherous; his babe an innocent; the king shall die without an heire, if that which is lost be not founde." Coleridge remarks: "Although, on the whole, this play is exquisitely respondent to its title, and even in the fault I am about to mention still a winter's tale; yet it seems a mere indolence of the great bard not to have provided in the oracular response some ground for Hermione's seeming death and fifteen years' voluntary concealment. This might have been easily effected by some obscure sentence of the oracle; as, for example: 'Nor shall he ever recover an heir, if he have a wife before that recovery.'"

148. [*Hermione faints.*] "This mute succumbence to the blow dealt her in the sudden death of her little son is," says Clarke, "not only finely tragic, but profoundly true to the character of Hermione. She is not a woman 'prone to weeping,' not one who can so ease her heart of that which 'burns worse than tears drown'; she can command her voice to utter that dignified defence of her honour, and bear the revulsion of thanksgiving at the divine intervention in her behalf with the single ejaculation of 'Praised!' but at the abrupt announcement of her boy's death she drops, without a word, stricken to the earth by the weight of her tearless woe."

173. *Does my deeds,* etc.:—"This vehement retraction of Leontes, accompanied with the confession of more crimes than he was suspected of, is," in Johnson's opinion, "agreeable to our daily experience of the vicissitudes of violent tempers, and the eruptions of minds oppressed with guilt."

193, 194. *though a devil,* etc.:—Though a devil would have shed tears of pity from out the flames, ere he would have perpetrated such an action.

Scene III.

1. *perfect*:—In the sense of *sure* or *certain,* Shakespeare often has *perfect.* So in *Cymbeline,* III. i. 73-75:—

> "I am *perfect*
> That the Pannonians and Dalmatians for
> Their liberties are now in arms."

55. *lullaby*:—This occurs in Greene's novel: "Shalt thou have the whistling windes for thy *lullabie,* and the salt sea fome instede of sweete milke?"

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

[*Time.*] "There could hardly be greater difference in style than that between Time's speech as Chorus and the rest of the verse in this play," says White. "The former is direct, simple, composed of the commonest words used in their commonest signification, but bald and tame, and in its versification very constrained and ungraceful: the latter is involved, parenthetical, having a vocabulary of its own, but rich in beauties of thought and expression, and entirely untrammelled by the form in which it is written. The Chorus I believe not to have been written by Shakespare. It bears no resemblance to his work at any period of his life. A comparison of this Chorus with the Epilogue to *The Tempest,* and the Prologue to *Henry VIII.,* will, I think, convince any one with an ear that they are from the same pen, and that not Shakespeare's. He probably saw, after putting the story into dramatic form, that for an audience an explanation was needed to bridge over the space between the two acts, and committed the ungrateful task to willing hands. It has been supposed by previous editors, and not without reason, that the Prologue to *Henry VIII.* was written by Ben Jonson. But from the remarkable use in that composition of the uncouth and disjointed rhythm produced by the continued *enjambement de vers,* which is noticeable also in the Epilogue to *The Tempest,* and in a still greater degree in this Chorus, I more than suspect that they were all written by Chapman. See Chapman's poetical address *To the Reader* which precedes his translation of Homer; and also that translation."

Scene III.

23-31. *My traffic,* etc.:—Upon this passage Coleridge remarks: "Fine as this is, and delicately characteristic of one who had lived and been reared in the best society, and had been precipitated from it by dice and drabbing; yet still it strikes against my feelings as a note out of tune, and as not coalescing with that pastoral tint which gives such a charm to this Act. It is too Macbeth-like in the 'snapper-up of unconsidered trifles.'"

33. *every 'leven wether tods*:—Every eleven sheep will produce a tod or twenty-eight pounds of wool. The price of a tod of wool was about 20*s.* or 22*s.* in 1581.

Scene IV.

6. *extremes*:—His extravagance in disguising himself in shepherd's clothes, while he pranked her up most goddess-like.

22. *Vilely bound up*:—Johnson thinks it "impossible for any man to rid his mind of his profession. The authorship of Shakespeare has supplied him with a metaphor, which, rather than he would lose it, he has put with no great propriety into the mouth of a country maid. Thinking of his own works, his mind passed naturally to the binder."

74-76. *rosemary and rue*, etc.:—See *Hamlet,* IV. v. 175 and 180-182, where Ophelia says, "There's rosemary, that's for remembrance: . . . there's rue for you: . . . we may call it herb of grace." These plants were probably held as emblematic of grace and remembrance, because they keep their beauty and fragrance "all the winter long."

86-88. *I have heard it said*, etc.:—It would seem that variegated gillyflowers were produced by crossbreeding of two or more varieties; as variegated ears of corn often grow from several sorts of corn being planted together. The gardener's art whereby this was done might properly be said to share with creating nature. Douce says that such flowers being artificially produced, "Perdita considers them a proper emblem of a *painted* or immodest woman; and therefore declines to meddle with them. She connects the gardener's art of varying the colours of these flowers with the art of painting the face, a fashion very prevalent in Shakespeare's time."

97. *The art itself is nature*:—This identity of nature and art is thus affirmed by Bacon: "We are the rather induced to assign the

History of Arts as a branch of Natural History, because an opinion hath long time gone current, as if *art* were some different thing from *nature*, and *artificial* from *natural*." Likewise Sir Thomas Browne: "Nature is not at variance with art, nor art with nature; they both being the servants of the Providence of God. Art is the perfection of nature: were the world now as it was the sixth day, there were yet a chaos. Nature hath made one world, and art another. In brief, all things are artificial; for nature is the art of God."

99, 100. *I'll not put*, etc.:—Perdita is too guileless to understand fully the reasoning of Polixenes; she therefore assents to it, yet goes on to act as though there were nothing in it: her assent, indeed, is merely to get rid of the perplexity it causes her; for it clashes with and disturbs her moral feelings and associations. Mrs. Jameson says, "She gives up the argument, but, woman-like, retains her own opinion, or rather her sense of right."

105. *marigold*:—There is a difference of opinion among the commentators as to whether this means the sunflower or not. Some think the *garden marigold* is referred to, concerning which Ellacombe remarks that it "was always a great favourite in our forefathers' gardens, and it is hard to give any reason why it should not be so in ours. Yet it has been almost completely banished, but may often be found in the gardens of cottages and old farm-houses, where it is still prized for its bright and almost everlasting flowers (looking very like a *Gazania*) and evergreen tuft of leaves, while the careful housewife still picks and carefully stores the petals of the flowers, and uses them in broths and soups, believing them to be of great efficacy, as Gerarde said they were, 'to strengthen and comfort the heart.' The two properties of the marigold—that it was always in flower, and that it turned its flowers to the sun and followed his guidance in their opening and shutting—made it a very favourite flower with the poets and emblem writers." Contemporary allusions to the flower are frequent. Wither has the following:—

"When with a serious musing I behold
The grateful and obsequious Marigold,
How duly every morning she displays
Her open breast when Phœbus spreads his rays;
How she observes him in his daily walk,
Still bending towards him her small, slender stalk;
How when he down declines she droops and mourns,

Bedewed, as 't were, with tears till he returns;
And how she veils her flowers when he is gone:
When this I meditate, methinks the flowers
Have spirits far more generous than ours,
And give us fair examples to despise
The servile fawnings and idolatries
Wherewith we court these earthly things below,
Which merit not the service we bestow."

118. *Dis's waggon! daffodils*:—The story how, at the coming of Dis in his chariot, Proserpine, affrighted, let fall from her lap the flowers which she had gathered, is told in the fifth book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. Of course, *from* Dis's waggon means *at the approach* of Dis's waggon. Coleridge says, "An epithet is wanted here [before *daffodils*], not merely or chiefly for the metre, but for the balance, for the æsthetic logic. Perhaps *golden* was the word which would set off the *violets dim*."

121, 122. *lids of Juno's eyes or Cytherea's breath*:—The beauties of Greece and some Asiatic nations tinged their eyelids of an obscure violet colour by means of some unguent, which was doubtless perfumed like those for the hair, etc., mentioned by Athenæus. Hence Hesiod, in a passage which has been rendered

"Her flowing hair and *sable eyelids*
Breathed enamouring odour, like the breath
Of balmy Venus."

Shakespeare may not have known this, yet of the beauty and propriety of the epithet violets dim, and the transition at once to the lids of Juno's eyes and Cytherea's breath, no reader of taste and feeling need be reminded.

160. *makes her blood look out*:—This recalls beautiful lines in Donne's *Elegy on Mrs. Elizabeth Drury*:—

"We understood
Her by her sight; her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,
That one might almost say, her body thought."

227. *poking-sticks*:—These *poking-sticks* are described by Stubbes in his *Anatomie of Abuses*, Part ii.: "They be made of yron and steele, and some of brasse, kept as bright as silver, yea, some of silver itselfe; and it is well if in processe of time, they grow not to be of gold. The fashion whereafter they be made, I cannot resemble to anything so well as to a squirt or a little

squibbe, which little children used to squirt water out withal; and when they come to starching or setting of their ruffes, then must this instrument be heated in the fire, the better to stiffen the ruff." Stowe informs us that "about the sixteenth yeare of the queene began the making of *steele poking-sticks,* and until that time all lawndresses used setting stickes made of wood or bone." They were heated and used for setting the plaits of ruffs.

281. *ballad*:—All extraordinary events were then turned into ballads. In 1604 was entered on the Stationers' books, "A strange report of a monstrous *fish* that appeared in the form of a woman from her waist upward."

328. *men of hair*:—It is most probable that they were dressed in goatskins. A dance of satyrs was no unusual entertainment in Shakespeare's time, or even at an earlier period. A disguising or mummery of this kind, which had like to have proved fatal to some of the actors in it, whose hairy dresses took fire, is related by Froissart as occurring at the court of France in 1392. Bacon, Essay 37, says of antimasques, "They have been commonly of fools, *satyrs,* baboons, wild men, antics, beasts, sprites, witches, Ethiopes, pigmies, turquets, nymphs, rustics, Cupids, statues moving, and the like."

348. *you'll know more,* etc.:—This is in answer to something which the Shepherd is supposed to have said to Polixenes during the dance.

446-455. *Even here . . . weep*:—Coleridge says, "O, how more than exquisite is this whole speech! And that profound nature of noble pride and grief venting themselves in a momentary peevishness of resentment towards Florizel: 'Wilt please you, sir, be gone?'" "For my part," adds Hudson, "I should say, how more than exquisite is everything about this unfledged angel!"

449-451. *The selfsame sun . . . alike*:—Sir John Davies in his *Nosce Teipsum,* 1599, has a similar thought:—

> "Thou like the sunne dost with indifferent ray
> Into the *palace* and the *cottage* shine."

And Habington in his *Queen of Arragon* has imitated it thus:—

> "The stars shoot
> An equal influence on the open cottage,
> Where the poor shepherd's child is rudely nursed,
> And on the cradle where the prince is rock'd
> With care and whisper."

463. *no priest shovels in dust*:—Before the change in the old burial service, it was the custom for *the priest* to throw earth on the body in the form of a cross, and then sprinkle it with holy water.

466, 467. *If I might die,* etc.:—Some of the critics have been rather hard on the old Shepherd, for what they call his characteristic selfishness in thinking so much of his own life, though he be fourscore and three, and showing so little concern for Perdita and Florizel. But it is the thought, not so much of dying, as of dying like a felon, that troubles and engrosses his mind. His unselfish honesty in the treatment of his precious foundling is quite apparent throughout. The Poet was wiser than to tempt nature overmuch by making the innate qualities of his heroine triumphant over the influences of a selfish father.

589. *My prettiest Perdita!*—"The delineation of the love between Florizel and Perdita," says Brandes, "is marked by certain features not to be found in Shakespeare's youthful works, but which reappear with Ferdinand and Miranda in *The Tempest.* There is a certain remoteness from the world about it, a tenderness for those who are still yearning and hoping for happiness and a renunciation of any expectation as far as himself is concerned. He stands outside and beyond it all now. In the old days the Poet stood on a level, as it were, with the love he was portraying; now he looks upon it from above with a fatherly eye."

835, 836. *'tis none of your daughter nor my sister*:—The unhesitating selfishness of the old man and his son at the approach of danger, though otherwise they are creditable rustics enough, the singleness of their anxiety to save their own skins from royal vengeance, by proving the foundling none of their blood, without any thought of her fate and fortune, belongs to the revulsions that characterize the play; it also finally detaches her, in our associations, from the class she has been reared amongst, and thus she is acquitted of ingratitude as well as presumption in moving easily towards the superior rank due to her nature as to her descent. Her own courage and collectedness at once place her in contrast to the bewildered and frightened hinds, and bring her worthily into sympathy with the patience and self-support of her brave mother Hermione.

ACT FIFTH.

Scene II.

1. *et seq.* "The finely written prose scene of the conversing gentlemen," says Lloyd, "smooths the transition to the concluding scene by presenting the agitating incidents of the recognition of Perdita in narrative form, and this is also a concession to the superior dignity and interest of the revelation of Hermione. Here all spirits are attempered to modesty and reconciliation; the weak are strengthened, the vehement subdued, the wise contented; and although a change more startling than any in the play is to take place—the revival of the very dead—the moving and speaking of a statue, yet so easily is all conducted, with such orderly and tender sequence does the discovery take place, in such tranquillized purity of mind is all set forth and received, that the full discovery takes place at last rather with motion than speech, is acknowledged with embraces rather than words, is for contemplation rather than discourse."

106. *eternity:*—It would appear that a painted statue was no singularity in that age; Ben Jonson, in his *Magnetic Lady,* makes it a reflection on the bad taste of the city.

Rut. I'd have her statue cut now in white marble.
Sir Moth. And have it *painted in most orient colours.*
Rut. That's right! *all city statues must be painted,*
Else they be worth nought in their subtle judgements.

Sir Henry Wotton, who had travelled much, calls it an *English barbarism.* The arts of sculpture and painting were certainly with us in a barbarous state compared with the progress which they had made elsewhere. But painted statues were known to the Greeks, as appears from the accounts of Pausanias and Herodotus.

Scene III.

62. *already*——:—The passion of Leontes causes him to break off in the midst of his sentence; or rather, from his very intentness of thought, to leave it unspoken. Perhaps it was in his mind to say, "Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already I am with my queen, and need not pass through death to have her society."

68. *mock'd with art*:—Here we have indeed a wonder of dramatic or representative skill. The illusion is all on the understand-

ings, not on the feelings of the spectators: they *think* it to be a statue, yet *feel* as if it were the living original; seem to discern the *power* without the *fact* of motion; have a *sense* of mobility in a *vision* of fixedness. And the effect spreads through them into us; insomuch that we almost fancy them turning into marble, as they fancy the marble turning into flesh.

Questions on

The Winter's Tale.

1. Where in the order of the Poet's works does this play belong?

2. What textual and constructive characteristics help to determine the date?

3. State some differences between the play and Greene's novel upon which the play is based. What characters are invented by Shakespeare?

4. From what Greek play is the recognition scene in the last Act probably taken?

5. Show how this play is extreme in its defiance of the dramatic unities.

ACT FIRST.

6. In what sense is Sc. i. of the character of prologue? Indicate the ironic qualities of the Scene.

7. Contrast the tempers of the two kings at the parting interview (Sc. ii.). Of what does Hermione accuse Leontes?

8. Where and how is Florizel first mentioned?

9. What first indication do you see of the jealousy of Leontes?

10. Characterize the manner of Hermione as gathered from her words. How does Leontes describe her in line 108 *et seq.*? How much is exaggeration due to his distemper?

11. What effect is produced by Leontes's bantering words with Mamillius?

12. Is it likely that Leontes's jealousy has been long maturing? Can you derive any evidence from the play in proof of the view?

13. What is foreshadowed concerning Camillo in the words (ii. 235-241) which Leontes addresses to him?

14. Explain the reactionary effect in the mind of the spectator that proves the innocence of Hermione.

15. What state of morality of courts is indicated by the discus-

sion of Leontes and Camillo on poisoning? What compact is made between them?

16. Why does Camillo break faith with the king and disclose his purposes to Polixenes?

17. Indicate the causes of the subsequent action not laid down in the first Act.

ACT SECOND.

18. Describe the domestic scene at the opening of the Act. What is the dramatic effect of the irruption of Leontes and his train?

19. Does the flight of Camillo furnish dramatic probability to the position of Leontes?

20. Describe the bearing of Hermione under the charges of Leontes. How does she foreshadow the reconciliation?

21. How is the queen's justification, from the point of view of the spectator, made to follow immediately upon the accusation? How is humour added by Antigonus as a mitigation of the impression caused by the king's harshness?

22. As an episode, what is the nature of Sc. ii.? Of what temper does Paulina show herself to be?

23. Comment on the inharmony of her purposes in that she plans to assault Leontes with her tongue, and at the same time meditates upon the softening effect wrought by the sight of his new-born child.

24. Had Hermione meditated any further means of justifying herself?

25. Show how differently Othello and Leontes are affected by the supposed fact of unfaithfulness in their wives.

26. What picture is given of the effect of Leontes's act on Mamillius?

27. Why was the moment chosen by Paulina to show the child and plead Hermione's case particularly unfortunate?

28. Does one feel that the opportunity for reconciliation was spoiled by human bungling or by will of the gods?

29. What are some of the arguments employed by Paulina?

30. What disposition is made of the child? Upon whom is laid the task of carrying out the king's command?

31. Can you discover any thing in Antigonus upon which poetic justice may base her claim to the fate reserved for him?

32. How is the transition from the second to the third Act effected?

ACT THIRD.

33. Does Sc. i. contribute to the action? What is its purpose? Would the play suffer without it?

34. In the scene of the trial, what does Hermione say in her own defence? What traits of her nature does she exhibit?

35. What effect is produced by Hermione's cry for human sympathy in line 120 of Sc. ii.? Considering that she had the sympathy of all save the king, how is her spiritual solitariness here indicated? Does this speech contradict Mrs. Jameson's assertion that Hermione displays "dignity without pride"?

36. What dramatic necessity is there that the entrance of Cleomenes and Dion be previously prepared? Is there in this felt a justification of Sc. i.?

37. Does not the use of the oracle as the most dramatic symbol of retributive justice that the religious consciousness of man has furnished in history outweigh the consideration of its anachronism and hence justify itself?

38. How is the impiety of Leontes immediately punished?

39. Is the sudden and wholesale penitence of Leontes psychologically possible?

40. What is the purpose of Paulina's arraignment of the king at the time that she reports the death of the queen? Is there a feeling that the ends of justice are served, although the effect of her scolding tongue is unpleasant?

41. What was the cause of the death of Mamillius? Compare the art of Shakespeare in thus securing an effect of pathos with that of Dickens, let us say, in the death of such children as Little Nell or Paul Dombey.

42. Does the spectator think that Paulina believes Hermione to be dead?

43. What art is employed at the beginning of Sc. iii. to make up for the undramatic character of the casting away of the child?

44. How is Perdita named?

45. What effect through contrast is secured by the Shepherd's opening speech?

46. How does one hear of the fate of Antigonus and of the ship that brought Perdita to the island?

47. Why are these disasters not presented with an accompanying effect of pathos?

48. Show how this dramatic *motif* is made to serve also as a means of exhibiting the qualities at the base of rustic natures.

ACT FOURTH.

49. How does Time as Chorus speak of the constructive divergences of this play? How does he effect transition of attention to a different group of characters?

50. What is Camillo's desire as revealed at the opening of Sc. ii.? What is here revealed as the state of affairs at Sicilia?

51. How is Camillo's return postponed? How does Autolycus introduce himself?

52. What variant of a familiar Shakespearian situation do you see in the scene between Autolycus and the Clown?

53. Where is Polixenes's displeasure with Florizel foreshadowed? What is the dramatic effect of the apprehensiveness of Perdita?

54. How does Shakespeare show the innate superiority of Perdita to her surroundings? Is this superiority observed by any around her?

55. Indicate the literary quality of the discussion held by Polixenes with Perdita about gillyflowers.

56. Contrast the scenes of Perdita and of Ophelia distributing flowers. Note the emotional effects of each.

57. How is the singing of Autolycus described by the servant?

58. Characterize this scene of rustic life. Does it differ in any essential particulars from the rustic life glimpsed in *As You Like It*?

59. How is the plighting of Perdita and Florizel interrupted?

60. What does Perdita say after the discovery?

61. Does the Shepherd show any feeling for Perdita?

62. What strong expression does Florizel use to prove his faith? Is there sublimity and at the same time humour in the expression? Quote from Shakespeare, Addison, and Pope, expressions in differing ways analogous to this.

63. What is the principal ingredient of Florizel's love? How does he compare with the other ideal lovers of Shakespeare?

64. Shakespeare seems fond of exhibiting certain dominant traits of human nature in opposite sexes. Compare Florizel and Helena in this respect.

65. Do ethical considerations enter into the thoughts of Camillo. or is he to be regarded as the diplomatist *par excellence,* with whom successful accomplishment outweighs the means employed?

66. What course does Camillo map out for Florizel?

67. What is the dramatic effect of Autolycus's soliloquy beginning iv. 606?

68. How is Autolycus brought into the action as an integral part?

69. What treachery against Florizel and Perdita does Camillo plan?

ACT FIFTH.

70. What change do you note in the people of Leontes's court as a result of the lapse of fifteen years?

71. What promise does Paulina exact from Leontes?

72. Indicate the dramatic effect of the praises of Perdita uttered by the Gentleman in Sc. i.

73. How does Florizel report his marriage and account for his presence in Sicilia?

74. At so late a stage of the drama no new complication could be developed. Show how the one resulting from Florizel's false report of himself is quickly resolved. How is the question concerning the identity of Perdita prepared for solution?

75. Why is the scene of the recognition of Perdita by Leontes presented in narrative form? What is the cumulative effect of the method of presentation? How is the reconciliation of the kings described?

76. What traits of Paulina are emphasized by her manner of receiving the revelations? What foreshadows the vivification of the statue?

77. What touch of nature served the end of poetic justice in robbing Autolycus of the reward of the revelation and giving it to the Shepherd?

78. Does Autolycus repent with a wink?

79. What is said of the statue and its sculptor?

80. Show how Shakespeare manages a highly theatrical scene like the recognition of Hermione to give it dignity and impressiveness. Discuss the possibility of any but a professed actor managing such a scene and not overdoing it. From this point of view consider the theory of the Baconian authorship.

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81. Point out some of the structural peculiarities of the play; its false geography; its anachronisms.

82. Show in what ways interposition serves as a *motif* in this play.

83. Was Perdita created to fill the gap of years that the story demands for the working out of Leontes's repentance, or is the penitence-*motif* subordinate in importance to the Perdita-*motif* and does it only serve as a background to her?

84. Would the play be structurally improved if the story of Hermione's accusation were given in a prologue and the action began with the fourth Act?

85. Show in what ways the sentiment of childhood is used as a dramatic *motif*.

86. Is the roguishness of Autolycus paralleled in any other of Shakespeare's plays?

87. Is the character of Leontes essentially comic? Do the tragic elements of the play militate against the comic treatment, such as Molière has given to the character? Hence, is Shakespeare's course, by mediation, romantic?

Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

Ophelia

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

Preface.

The Early Editions. The authorised text of *Hamlet* is based on (i.) a Quarto edition published in the year 1604, and (ii.) the First Folio version of 1623, where the play follows *Julius Cæsar* and *Macbeth*, preceding *King Lear*. The Quarto of 1604, has the following title-page:—

"THE | Tragicall Historie of | HAMLET, | *Prince of Denmarke*. | By William Shakespeare. | Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much | againe as it was, according to the true and perfect | Coppie. | AT LONDON, | Printed by I. R. for N. L. and are to be sold at his | shoppe vnder Saint Dunston's Church in | Fleetstreet. 1604" (*v.* No. 2 of Shakespere Quarto Facsimiles, issued by W. Griggs, under the superintendence of Dr. Furnival).

A comparison of the two texts shows that they are derived from independent sources; neither is a true copy of the author's manuscript; the Quarto edition, though very carelessly printed, is longer than the Folio version, and is essentially more valuable; on the other hand, the Folio version contains a few passages which are not found in the Quarto, and contrasts favourably with it in the less important matter of typographical accuracy (*vide* Notes, *passim*).

The two editions represent, in all probability, two distinct acting versions of Shakespeare's perfect text.

Quarto editions appeared in 1605, 1611, *circa* 1611-

1637, 1637; each is derived from the edition immediately preceding it, the Quarto of 1605 differing from that of 1604 only in the slightest degree.

The First Quarto. The 1604 edition is generally known as the Second Quarto, to distinguish it from a remarkable production which appeared in the previous year:—

"The | Tragicall Historie of | HAMLET | *Prince of Denmarke* | By William Shake-speare. | As it hath beene diuerse timis acted by his Highnesse ser- | uants in the Cittie of London: as also in the two V- | niuersities of Cambridge and Oxford, and else-where | At London printed for N: L. and John Trundell. | 1603."

No copy of this Quarto was known until 1823, when Sir Henry Bunbury discovered the treasure in 'a small Quarto, barbarously cropped, and very ill-bound,' containing some dozen Shakespearian plays. It ultimately became the property of the Duke of Devonshire for the sum of £230. Unfortunately, the last page of the play was missing.

In 1856 another copy was bought from a student of Trinity College, Dublin, by a Dublin book-dealer, for one shilling, and sold by him for £70; it is now in the British Museum. In this copy the title-page is lacking, but it supplies the missing last page of the Devonshire Quarto.*

* In 1858 a lithographed facsimile was issued by the Duke, in a very limited impression. The first serviceable edition, and still perhaps the best, appeared in 1860, together with the Quarto of 1604, "*being exact Reprints of the First and Second Editions of Shakespeare's great Drama, from the very rare Originals in the possession of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire; with the two texts printed on opposite pages, and so arranged that the parallel passages face each other. And a Bibliographical Preface by Samuel Timmins.* . . . Looke heere vpon this Picture, and on this." Lithographic reprints were also issued by E. W. Ashbee and W. Griggs; the text is reprinted in the Cambridge Shakespeare, *etc.*

In connection with the publication of the 1603 Quarto, reference must be made to the following entry in the *Stationers' Registers*:—

> "[1602] xxvj to Julij.
>
> *James Robertes.* Entered for his Copie vnder the handes of master *Pasfield* and master *Waterson* Warden A booke called '*the Revenge of* HAMLETT *Prince* [*of*] *Denmarke,' as yt was lateli Acted by the Lord Chamberlayne his servants* . . . . vjd."

James Robertes, the printer of the 1604 edition, may also have been the printer of the Quarto of 1603, and this entry may have had reference to its projected publication; it is noteworthy that in 1603 "the Lord Chamberlain's Servants" became "The King's Players," and the Quarto states that the play had been acted "by His Highness' Servants." On the other hand, the entry may have been made by Roberts to secure the play to himself, and some "inferior and nameless printer" may have anticipated him by the publication of an imperfect, surreptitious, and garbled version, impudently offering as Shakespeare's such wretched stuff as this:—

> *"To be, or not to be, I there's the point,*
> *To Die, to sleepe, is that all: I all?*
> *No, to sleepe, to dreame, I mary there it goes,*
> *For in that dreame of death, when wee awake,*
> *And borne before an e'erlasting Judge;*
> *From whence no passenger ever return'd,*
> *The vndiscoured country, at whose sight*
> *The happy smile, and the accursed damn'd."*

The dullest poetaster could not have been guilty of this nonsense: a second-rate playwright might have put these last words in Hamlet's mouth:—

> *"Mine eyes haue lost their stght, my tongue his vse;*
> *Farewell Horatio, heaven receive my soule:"*

"The rest is silence"—Shakespeare's supreme touch is here.

A rapid examination of the First Quarto reveals the following among its chief divergences:—(i.) the difference in length; 2143 lines as against 3719 in the later Quarto; (ii.) the mutilation, or omission, of many passages "distinguished by that blending of psychological insight with imagination and fancy, which is the highest manifestation of Shakespeare's genius"; (iii.) absurd misplacement and maiming of lines; distortion of words and phrases; (iv.) confusion in the order of the scenes; (v.) difference in characterisation; *e.g.* the Queen's avowed innocence ("*But as I have a soul, I swear by heaven, I never knew of this most horrid murder*"), and her active adhesion to the plots against her guilty husband; (vi.) this latter aspect is brought out in a special scene between Horatio and the Queen, omitted in the later version; (vii.) the names of some of the characters are not the same as in the subsequent editions; *Corambis* and *Montano*, for *Polonius* and *Reynaldo*. What, then, is the history of this Quarto? In the first place it is certain that it must have been printed without authority; in all probability shorthand notes taken by an incompetent stenographer during the performance of the play formed the basis of the printer's "copy." Thomas Heywood alludes to this method of obtaining plays in the prologue to his *If you know not me, you know no bodie*:—

> "*(This) did throng the Seats, the Boxes, and the Stage*
> *So much, that some by Stenography drew*
> *The plot: put it in print: (scarce one word trew).*"

The main question at issue is the relation of this piratical version to Shakespeare's work. The various views may be divided as follows:—(i.) there are those who maintain that it is an imperfect production of an old *Hamlet* written by Shakespeare in his youth, and revised by him in his maturer years; (ii.) others contend that both the First and Second Quartos represent the same version, the difference between the two editions being due to carelessness and incompetence; (iii.) a third class holds, very

strongly, that the First Quarto is a garbled version of an old-fashioned play of *Hamlet*, written by some other dramatist, and revised to a certain extent by Shakespeare about the year 1602; so that the original of Quarto 1 represented Shakespeare's *Hamlet* in an intermediate stage; in Quarto 2 we have for the first time the complete metamorphosis. All the evidence seems to point to this third view as a plausible settlement of the problem; there is little to be said in favour of the first and second theories.

The Lost Hamlet. There is no doubt that a play on the subject of *Hamlet* existed as early as 1589, in which year there appeared Greene's *Menaphon*, with a prefatory epistle by Thomas Nash, containing a summary review of contemporary literature. The following passage occurs in his 'talk' with 'a few of our triviall translators':—

"It is a common practice now a daies amongst a sort of shifting companions, that runne through every arte and thrive by none to leave the trade of *Noverint* (*i.e.* attorney) whereto they were borne, and busie themselves with the endevours of art, that could scarcelie latinize their neck verse if they should have neede; yet English Seneca read by candlelight yeeldes manie good sentences, as *Bloud is a beggar*, and so forth; and if you intreate him faire in a frostie morning, he will afoord you whole *Hamlets*, I should say Handfulls of tragical speaches. But O grief! *Tempus edax rerum;* what is it that will last always? The sea exhaled by drops will in continuance be drie; and Senaca, let bloud line by line, and page by page, at length must needs die to our stage." The play alluded to by Nash did not die to our stage till the end of the century; in Henslowe's *Diary* we find an entry:—"9. of June 1594. . . .

R[eceive]d at hamlet. viijs:"

the play was performed by the Lord Chamberlain's men, the company to which Shakespeare belonged.

"[Hate Virtue is] a foul lubber," wrote Lodge in *Wit's Miserie, and the World's Madness*, 1596, "and looks as pale as the wisard of the ghost, which cried so miserally at the theator, like an oyster-wife, *Hamlet revenge*."*

In all probability Thomas Kyd was the author of the play alluded to in these passages; his probable authorship is borne out by Nash's subsequent allusion to "the Kidde in Æsope's fable," as also by the character of his famous *Spanish Tragedy*.† *Hamlet* and *The Spanish Tragedy* may well be described as twin-dramas;‡ they are both dramas of vengeance; the ghost of the victim tells

* Several other allusions occur during the early years of the seventeenth century, evidently to the older Hamlet, *e.g.* Dekker's *Satiromastix*, 1602 ("My Name's Hamlet revenge"); *Westward Hoe*, 1607 (Let these husbands play mad *Hamlet*; and cry *revenge*); Rowland's *The Night Raven*, 1618 ("I will not cry *Hamlet Revenge*," *etc.*). There is a comic passage in *the Looking Glass for London and England*, written by Lodge & Greene, probably before 1589, which strikes me as a burlesque reminiscence of the original of Hamlet, Act. I. Sc. ii. 184-240; Adam, the smith's man, exclaims thus to the Clown:—"Alas, sir, your father,—why, sir, methinks I see the gentleman still: a proper youth he was, faith, aged some forty and ten; his beard rat's colour, half black, half white; his nose was in the highest degree of noses," etc.

† *The Spanish Tragedy* and Kyd's other plays are printed in Dodsley's *Old Plays*. An interesting point in Kyd's biography (*vide Dict. Nat. Biog.*) is that his father was in all probability a sort of *Noverint*.

‡ So much so was this the case that "young Hamlet," and "old Hieronimo," were often referred to together, and the parts were taken by the same actors, *cp.* Burbadge's elegy:—

> "Young Hamlet, old Hieronimo,
> Kind Leir, the grieved Moore, and more beside
> That liv'd in him, have now for ever died:"

Occasionally the two plays were, I think, confused: thus, Armin in his *Nest of Ninnies* (1608) writes:—"There are, as Hamlet saies, things cald whips in store"; Hieronimo certainly says so in the most famous passage of the *Spanish Tragedy*.

his story in the one play as in the other; the heroes simulate madness; a faithful Horatio figures in each; a play-scene brings about the catastrophe in the Spanish Tragedy, even as it helps forward the catastrophe in Hamlet; in both plays Nemesis involves in its meshes the innocent as well as the guilty,—the perpetrators of the wrong and the instruments of vengeance. To this same class of drama belongs *Titus Andronicus*, and it is interesting to note that early in his career Shakespeare put his hand to a Hamletian tragedy.* Nash's reference to the Senecan character of the lost *Hamlet* receives considerable confirmation when one remembers that Kyd translated into English, from the French, Garnier's Senecan drama entitled *Cornelia*, and it is possible that even in Shakespeare's *Hamlet* we can still detect the fossil remains of Senecan moralisations which figured in the older play, and which were Kyd's reminiscences of Garnier.†

The German Hamlet. It is possible that although the pre-Shakespearian *Hamlet* has perished, we have some portion of the play preserved in a German MS. version bearing the date, "Pretz, October 27th, 1710," which is probably a late and modernised copy of a much older manuscript. The play, entitled "*Der Bestrafte Brudermord oder: Prinz Hamlet aus Dännemark*" (*Fratricide Punished, or Prince Hamlet of Denmark*) was first printed in the year 1781, and has been frequently reprinted; the text, with an English translation, is given in Cohn's fascinating work, "*Shakespeare in Germany in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries: An account of English Actors in Germany and the Netherlands, and of*

* *Vide* Preface to *Titus Andronicus.*

† *e.g.* A thoroughly Senecan sentiment is the Queen's

> '*Thou know'st 'tis common; all that lives must die,*
> *Passing through nature to eternity;*'

It occurs almost verbatim in *Cornelia.*

the Plays performed by them during the same period" (London, 1865). The 'English Comedians' in all probability carried their play to Germany towards the end of the XVI. Century, when a rough German translation was made; but the earliest record of a performance of *Hamlet a Prinz in Dennemarck*, by "the English actors" belongs to the year 1626.*

The intrinsic value of *Fratricide Punished* is small indeed, but two points of historical interest are noteworthy:—(i.) Polonius, as in the First Quarto, is here represented by Corambus, and (ii.) a prologue precedes the play, the persons represented therein being *Night, Alecto, Thisiphone, Miegera.* A strong case can, I think, be made out for the view that this thoroughly Senecan Prologue represents a fragment of the pre-Shakespearian play to which Nash and others made allusion: herein lies the chief merit of this soulless and coarse production.

Date of Composition. This question has been indirectly touched upon in the previous paragraphs, and it follows from what has been said that the date of revision, as represented by the Second Quarto, may be fixed at about 1603, while the First Quarto, judging by the entry in the Stationers' Books, belongs to about 1601; at all events a version of *Hamlet*, recognised as Shakespeare's, was in existence before 1602. It is significant that the play is not mentioned in Meres' *Palladis Tamia*, 1598. In the matter of the date of the play "the traveling of the players" (Act II. Sc. ii., 343, *etc.*) is of interest. It must be noted that we have three different forms of the passage in question:—(i.) the reason for the 'travelling'

* In connection with the subject of *Hamlet*, one must not forget the visit of Lord Leicester's servants to Denmark in 1585; Kempe, Bryan, and Pope, three of the company, subsequently joined the Chamberlain's company, and were actors in Shakespeare's plays. Shakespeare's remarkable knowledge of Danish manners and customs may have been derived from these friends of his.

in Quarto 1 is the popularity of a Company of Children; (ii.) in Quarto 2 "*their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation*"; (iii.) in the Folio (the reading in the text) both causes (i.) and (ii.) are combined.

Now it is known that (i.) in 1601 Shakespeare's Company was in disgrace, perhaps because of its share in the Essex Conspiracy; (ii.) that during this year the Children of the Chapel Royal were acting at Blackfriars; (iii.) that towards the end of the year the Globe Company were "travelling." Two views are possible, either that "*inhibition*" is used technically for "a prohibition of theatrical performances by authority"; and '*innovation*'= 'the political innovation,' or that *inhibition*='non-residence,' and '*innovation*' refers to the Company of Children (*vide* Halliwell-Phillipps's *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare*; Fleay's *Chronicle History of the London Stage*).

Over and above these points of evidence in fixing the date there is the intimate connection of *Hamlet* and *Julius Cæsar*.*

The Source of the Story. The ultimate source of the plot of *Hamlet* is the *Historia Danica* of Saxo Grammaticus (*i.e.* 'the Lettered'), Denmark's first writer of importance, who lived at the close of the twelfth century.† Saxo's Latinity was much admired, and even Erasmus wondered "how a Dane at that day could have such a force of eloquence." Epitomes in Latin and Low-German were made during the fifteenth century, and Saxo's materials were utilised in various ways, until at length

* *Vide* Preface to *Julius Cæsar*.

† There is an allusion to Hamlet in Icelandic literature some two hundred years before Saxo; and to this day "*Amlothe*" (*i.e. Hamlet*) is synonymous with '*fool*' among the folk there. The history of '*Hamlet in Iceland*' is of great interest (*vide* the *Ambalessaga*, edited by the present writer, by David Nutt). According to Zinzow and others the Saga is originally a nature-myth (*vide Die Hamletsage*).

the first printed edition appeared in the year 1514; a second was issued in 1534, and a third in 1576. The tale of Hamlet, contained in the third and fourth books, is certainly the most striking of all Saxo's mythical hero-stories, quite apart from its Shakespearian interest, and Goethe, recognising its dramatic possibilities, thought of treating the subject dramatically on the basis of Saxo's narrative. It is noteworthy that already in the fifteenth century the story was well known throughout the North, "trolled far and wide in popular song"; but its connexion with the English drama was due to the French version given in Belleforest's *Histoires Tragiques*; the Hamlet story first apeared in the fifth volume, published in 1570, and again in 1581, 1582, 1591, *etc.* A black-letter English rendering is extant, but the date of the unique copy is 1608, and in certain points shows the influence of the play. There is no evidence that an earlier English version existed. The author of the pre-Shakespearian *Hamlet*, and Shakespeare too, may well have read the story in Belleforest's *Histoires*.* Few studies in literary origins are more instructive than to examine how the "rich barbarous tale" of the Danish historian has become transformed into the great soul-tragedy of modern literature. In Saxo's *Amleth* we have at least the frame-work of Shakespeare's *Hamlet*:—the murder of the father by a zealous uncle; the mother's incestuous marriage with the murderer; the son's feigned madness in order to execute revenge; these are the vague originals of Ophelia and Polónius; the meeting of mother and son; the voyage to England; all these familiar elements are found in the old tale. But the ghost, the play-scene, and the culmination of the play in the death of the hero as well as of the objects of his revenge, these

* To Mr. Oliver Elton, Prof. York Powell, and the Folk-Lore Society, we owe the first English rendering of the mythical portion of Saxo's work, and a valuable study of Saxo's sources (published by David Nutt, 1894).

are elements which belong essentially to the machinery of the Elizabethan Drama of vengeance. It is of course unnecessary to dwell on the subtler distinction between the easily understood Amleth and 'the eternal problem' of Hamlet.* Taine has said that the Elizabethan Renaissance was a Renaissance of the Saxon genius; from this point of view it is significant that its crowning glory should be the presentment of a typical Northern hero,—an embodiment of the Northern character;

"dark and true and tender is the North."

* A *resumé* of Hamlet criticism is given in Vol. II. of Furness' noble edition of the play (London and Philadelphia, 1877).

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, is advised by the sentinels of the royal castle of Kronborg, at Elsinore, that an apparition strongly resembling his dead father had appeared on the battlements. Hamlet therefore resolves to encounter the spirit and learn from it, if possible, the true cause of his father's taking-off, about which the Prince has had many suspicions. He meets the Ghost at its next nightly visitation, and in an interview with it his worst fears are confirmed. The late King's brother Claudius, who has ascended the throne and wedded the widowed Queen, has poisoned the King while he slept. Hamlet is enjoined to secrecy and revenge, and the Ghost vanishes.

II. Because of the news and of the dread task to which he is commissioned, Hamlet is seized with a species of madness, largely feigned, whereby he may cloak his designs. He writes incoherent and passionate letters to his lady-love, Ophelia, daughter of Polonius, a court dignitary. At this juncture a company of strolling players arrives at the castle and at Hamlet's suggestion a certain play is given before the King and Queen and members of the court.

III. The play deals with the murder of a Venetian duke, whose wife afterwards weds the murderer. The story closely resembles the circumstances of the King of Denmark's demise. During the play Hamlet is intent not upon the players but upon the countenance and actions of his uncle. The latter, as if struck with a

realizing sense of his own crime, as Hamlet suspected, hurriedly leaves. Hamlet no longer doubts the truth of the Ghost's communications, and turns with energy to seek the vengeance which he has sworn to execute.

The queen mother is also much disturbed by the purport of the play, and sends for Hamlet in order to upbraid him. Hamlet answers reproach with reproach, and leaves his mother overwhelmed with shame and self-convicted. But for the opportune arrival of the dead King's spirit, Hamlet might have adopted even more violent measures. Ophelia's father, Polonius, who is spying upon this interview, is slain by Hamlet, who mistakes him for the King.

IV. Hamlet's banishment is decided upon. Two former school comrades of his are entrusted with a commission to leave him in England, where sealed orders are to bring about the Prince's death. But by a combination of plot and accident the execution is visited instead upon the heads of the two accomplices. Hamlet returns to Denmark. There he is greeted by a strange spectacle—the funeral of a young girl, honored by the presence of the King, Queen, and persons of the court. Hamlet has in fact arrived home just at the time of Ophelia's interment. That unfortunate maiden, through incessant brooding over the madness of her lover, the untimely end of her father, and the continued absence of her brother, Laertes, had become insane. For some days she had wandered about the court singing and strewing flowers, then had strayed to the banks of a stream and been drowned.

V. When Hamlet discovers that it is Ophelia's funeral, he is beside himself with grief. He leaps into the grave and angrily contests with Laertes, who also has just returned, the place of chief mourner. Laertes in turn desires to kill Hamlet, for he regards the Prince as the cause of all the woes that have fallen upon his house.

Seeing the animosity of Laertes, King Claudius thinks he may make use of it to work Hamlet's undoing. He secretly advises Laertes to engage Hamlet in a fencing-match—supposedly friendly. Laertes' foil, however, is to be naked and envenomed. Hamlet, unsuspecting, consents to a trial of skill before the court. The King prepares a poisoned drink for Hamlet, if perchance he shall escape the tipped foil. Laertes and Hamlet fence. After a touch or two for Hamlet, the Queen, to do him honor, toasts him—unwittingly—with the poisoned cup. Laertes wounds Hamlet. In the scuffle they change rapiers, and Hamlet in turn wounds Laertes with the latter's treacherous blade. The Queen dies from the drugged wine. Laertes falls, but before he dies he confesses his guilty design and craves pardon of the Prince. Hamlet turns upon the King with his own dying strength and stabs the usurping monarch to the heart.

McSpadden: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

The Mystery of Hamlet.

"The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!"

In these words, I imagine, is the key to Hamlet's whole procedure, and to me it is clear that Shakespeare sought to depict a great deed laid upon a soul unequal to the performance of it. In this view I find the piece composed throughout. Here is an oak-tree planted in a costly vase, which should have received into its bosom only lovely flowers; the roots spread out, the vase is shivered to pieces.

A beautiful, pure, and most moral nature, without the strength of nerve which makes the hero, sinks beneath a burden which it can neither bear nor throw off;

every duty is holy to him—this too hard. The impossible is required of him—not the impossible in itself, but the impossible to him. How he winds, turns, agonizes, advances, and recoils, ever reminded, ever reminding himself, and at last almost loses his purpose from his thoughts, without ever again recovering his peace of mind. . . .

It pleases, it flatters us greatly, to see a hero who acts of himself, who loves and hates us as his heart prompts, undertaking and executing, thrusting aside all hindrances, and accomplishing a great purpose. Historians and poets would fain persuade us that so proud a lot may fall to man. In *Hamlet* we are taught otherwise; the hero has no plan, but the piece is full of plan. . . .

Hamlet is endowed more properly with sentiment than with a character; it is events alone that push him on; and accordingly the piece has somewhat the amplification of a novel. But as it is Fate that draws the plan, as the piece proceeds from a deed of terror, and the hero is steadily driven on to a deed of terror, the work is tragic in its highest sense, and admits of no other than a tragic end.

GOETHE: *Wilhelm Meister.*

III.

Hamlet's Mentality.

In the healthy processes of the mind, a balance is constantly maintained between the impressions from outward objects and the inward operations of the intellect: for, if there be an overbalance in the contemplative faculty, man thereby becomes the creature of mere meditation, and loses his natural power of action. Now, one of Shakespeare's modes of creating characters is, to conceive any one intellectual or moral faculty in morbid excess, and then to place himself, Shakespeare, thus mutilated or diseased, under given circumstances. In

Hamlet he seems to have wished to exemplify the moral necessity of a due balance between our attention to the objects of our senses, and our meditation on the workings of our minds—an *equilibrium* between the real and the imaginary worlds. In Hamlet this balance is disturbed: his thoughts and the images of his fancy are far more vivid than his actual perceptions; and his very perceptions, instantly passing through the *medium* of his contemplations, acquire, as they pass, a form and colour not naturally their own. Hence we see a great, an almost enormous, intellectual activity, and a proportionate aversion to real action, consequent upon it, with all its symptoms and accompanying qualities. This character Shakespeare places in circumstances, under which it is obliged to act on the spur of the moment:—Hamlet is brave and careless of death; but he vacillates from sensibility, and procrastinates from thought, and loses the power of action in the energy of resolve. . . .

The effect of this overbalance of the imaginative power is beautifully illustrated in the everlasting broodings and superfluous activities of Hamlet's mind, which, unseated from its healthy relation, is constantly occupied with the world within, and abstracted from the world without; giving substance to shadows, and throwing a mist over all commonplace actualities. It is the nature of thought to be indefinite—definiteness belongs to external imagery alone. Hence it is that the sense of sublimity arises, not from the sight of an outward object, but from the beholder's reflection upon it; not from the sensuous impression, but from the imaginative reflex. Few have seen a celebrated waterfall without feeling something akin to disappointment: it is only subsequently that the image comes back full into the mind, and brings with it a train of grand or beautiful associations. Hamlet feels this; his senses are in a trance, and he looks upon external things as hieroglyphics.

COLERIDGE: *Notes and Lectures upon Shakespeare.*

IV.

Is Hamlet's Madness Real or Feigned?

Perhaps the greatest perplexity of all in Hamlet's character turns on the point of his "antic disposition." Whether his madness be real or feigned, or sometimes the one, sometimes the other, or partly real, partly feigned, are questions which, like many that arise on similar points in actual life, perhaps can never be finally settled either way. Aside from the common impossibility of deciding precisely where sanity ends and insanity begins, there are peculiarities in Hamlet's conduct—resulting from the minglings of the supernatural in his situation—which, as they transcend the reach of our ordinary experience, can hardly be reduced to any thing more than probable conjecture. If sanity consists in a certain harmony between a man's actions and his circumstances, it must be hard indeed to say what would be insanity in a man so circumstanced as Hamlet.

That his mind is thrown from its propriety, shaken from its due forms and measures of working, excited into irregular, fevered action, is evident enough: from the deeply-agitating experiences he has undergone, the horrors of guilt preternaturally laid open to him, and the terrible ministry enjoined upon him, he could not be otherwise. His mind is indeed full of unhealthy perturbation, being necessarily made so by the overwhelming thoughts that press upon him from without; but it nowhere appears enthralled by illusions spun from itself; there are no symptoms of its being torn from its proper holdings, or paralyzed in its power of steady thought and coherent reasoning. Once only, at the grave of Ophelia, does he lose his self-possession; and the result in this case only goes to prove how firmly he retains it everywhere else.

It is matter of common observation, that extreme emotions naturally express themselves by their oppo-

sites; as extreme sorrow, in laughter; extreme joy, in tears; utter despair, in a voice of mirth; a wounded spirit, in gushes of humour. Hence Shakespeare heightens the effect of some of his awfulest scenes by making the persons indulge in flashes of merriment; for what so appalling as to see a person laughing and playing from excess of anguish or terror? Now, the expressions of mirth, in such cases, are plainly neither the reality nor the affectation of mirth. People, when overwhelmed with distress, certainly are not in a condition either to *feel* merry or to *feign* mirth; yet they do sometimes *express* it. The truth is, such extremes naturally and spontaneously express themselves by their opposites. In like manner, Hamlet's madness, it seems to us, is neither real nor affected, but a sort of natural and spontaneous imitation of madness; the triumph of his reason over his passion naturally expressing itself in the tokens of insanity, just as the agonies of despair naturally vent themselves in flashes of mirth.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

V.

Hamlet the Subtle.

Hamlet is not the exponent of a philosophy; he has, it is true, a remarkable power of reflection and a tendency to generalize, but he is not a philosophical thinker who seeks to co-ordinate his ideas in a coherent system. Perhaps Ulysses, perhaps Prospero approaches nearer to the philosopher, but neither Ulysses nor Prospero is a wit; and Hamlet is a wit inspired by melancholy. He is swift, ingenious, versatile, penetrative; and he is also sad. And when Shakespeare proceeded to follow the story in the main as he had probably received it from Kyd, it turned out that such subtlety overreached itself —which Shakespeare recognized as wholly right, and

true to the facts of life. Hamlet's madness is not deliberately assumed; an antic disposition is, as it were, imposed upon him by the almost hysterical excitement which follows his interview with the Ghost, and he ingeniously justifies it to himself by discovering that it may hereafter serve a purpose. But in truth his subtlety does not produce direct and effective action. Hamlet is neither a boisterous Laertes, who with small resources almost effects a rebellion in revenge for a murdered father, nor a resolute Fortinbras, who, mindful of his dead father's honour, can march through danger to victory. Hamlet's intellectual subtlety sees every side of every question, thinks too precisely on the event, considers all things too curiously, studies anew every conviction, doubts of the past, interrogates the future; it delights in ironically adopting the mental attitudes of other minds; it refines contempt into an ingenious art; it puts on and puts off a disguise; it assumes and lays aside the antic disposition; it can even use frankness as a veil—for sometimes display is a concealment, as happened with Edgar Poe's purloined letter. Hamlet the subtle is pre-eminently a critic—a critic of art, a critic of character, a critic of society, a critic of life, a critic of himself. . . .

Together with such an intellectual and such a moral nature, Hamlet has in him something dangerous—a will capable of being roused to sudden and desperate activity. It is a will which is determined to action by the flash and flame of an excitable temperament, or by those sudden impulses or inspirations, leaping forth from a sub-conscious self, which come almost like the revelation and the decree of Providence. It is thus that he suddenly conceives the possibility of unmasking the King's guilt, on the accidental arrival of the players, and proceeds without delay to put the matter to the test, suddenly overwhelms Ophelia with his reproaches of womanhood, suddenly stabs the eavesdropper behind

the arras, suddenly, as if under some irresistible inspiration, sends his companions on shipboard to their death, suddenly boards the pirate, suddenly grapples with Laertes in the grave, suddenly does execution on the guilty King, plucks the poison from Horatio's hand, and gives his dying voice for a successor to the throne.

DOWDEN: *The Tragedy of Hamlet.*

VI.

Shakespeare's Thanatopsis Voiced in Hamlet.

However strong the sense of continued life such a mind as his [Shakespeare's] may have had, it could never reach that assurance of eternal existence which Christ alone can give—which alone robs the grave of victory, and takes from death its sting. Here lie the materials out of which this remarkable tragedy was built up. From the wrestling of his own soul with the great enemy, comes that depth and mystery which startles us in Hamlet.

It is to this condition that Hamlet has been reduced. This is the low portal of grief to which we must stoop, before we can enter the heaven-pointing pile that the poet has raised to his memory. Stunned by the sudden storm of woes, he doubts, as he looks at the havoc spread around him, whether he himself is left, and fears lest the very ground on which he lies prostrate may not prove treacherous. Stripped of all else, he is sensible on this point alone. Here is the life from which all else grows. Interested in the glare of prosperity around him, only because he lives, he is ever turning his eyes from it to the desolation in which he himself stands. His glance ever descends from the lofty pinnacle of pride and false security to the rotten foundation—and tears follow smiles. He raises his eye to heaven, and "this brave o'erhanging firmament" seems to him but

"a pestilent congregation of vapors"; it descends to earth, and its "goodly frame" "seems . . . a sterile promontory." He fixes it on man, and his noble apostrophe—"What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god!" is followed fast upon by the sad confession, "And yet . . . man delights not me; no, nor woman neither." He does not, as we say, "get accustomed to his situation." He holds fast by the wisdom of affliction, and will not let her go. He would keep her, for she is his life. The storm has descended, and all has been swept away but the rock. To this he clings for safety. He will not return, like the dog to his vomit. He will not render unavailing the lessons of Providence by "getting accustomed" to feed on that which is not bread, on which to live is death. He fears nothing save the loss of existence. But this thought thunders at the very base of the cliff on which, shipwrecked of every other hope, he had been thrown. That which to everybody else seems common, presses upon him with an all-absorbing interest; he struggles with the mystery of his own being, the root of all other mysteries, until it has become an overmastering element in his own mind, before which all others yield and seem as nothing.

This is the hinge on which his every endeavour turns. Such a thought as this might well prove more than an equal counterpoise to any incentive to what we call action. The obscurity that lies over these depths of Hamlet's character arises from this unique position in which the poet exhibits him; a position which opens to us the basis of Shakespeare's own being, and which, though dimly visible to all, is yet familiar to but few. . . . But it may be asked, if Hamlet valued this life so cheaply, nay, even meditated self-slaughter, why, when he had an opportunity of dying by only suffering him-

self to be carried to England, he should fly that very death he before sought. To this question, the state of his mind affords us a satisfactory answer; and his wavering does but confirm our belief in his sincerity, and give us a still stronger proof that although there is nothing from which he would more willingly part withal—except, as he says, "my life," yet still does the deep instinct of his soul prompt him to retain it, though crushed by the burden, while he doubts lest with its loss may not be connected the loss of all being. He cared not, as he says, for this little life, a pin's fee; but for life itself, his whole nature called in cries that would not be silenced. In his perplexity and doubt, Hamlet had interrogated his own nature on the great question of his future being; but its only response was—"the dread of something after death"; that something might be annihilation, or,—

> To lie in cold obstruction and to rot;
>
> . . . . . .
>
> . . . or to be worse than worst
> Of those that lawless and incertain thought
> Imagine howling.

In the bitterness of his spirit, but half concealed by his jests in the graveyard, he asks again that question from which he cannot escape, sending his voice down into the hollow tomb, and hearing but the echo of his own words in reply. He loved not this life, yet endured and clung to it because he doubted of another; this it was [in Hamlet's view]—

> That makes calamity of so long life,
>
> . . . . . .
>
> And makes us rather bear those ills we have
> Than fly to others that we know not of.

VERY: *Essays and Poems.*

VII.

Horatio.

While every other character in this play, Ophelia, Polonius, and even Osrick, has been analyzed and discussed, it is remarkable that no critic has stept forward to notice the great beauty of Horatio's character, and its exquisite adaptation to the effect of the piece. His is a character of great excellence and accomplishment; but while this is distinctly shown, it is but sketched, not elaborately painted. His qualities are brought out only by single and seemingly-accidental touches; the whole being toned down to a quiet and unobtrusive beauty that does not tempt the mind to wander from the main interest, which rests alone upon Hamlet; while it is yet distinct enough to increase that interest, by showing him worthy to be Hamlet's trusted friend in life, and the chosen defender of his honour after death. Such a character, in the hands of another author, would have been made the centre of some secondary plot. But here, while he commands our respect and esteem, he never for a moment divides a passing interest with the Prince. He does not break in upon the main current of our feelings. He contributes only to the general effect; so that it requires an effort of the mind to separate him for critical admiration.

VERPLANCK: *The Illustrated Shakespeare.*

VIII.

Polonius.

Polonius is a man bred in courts, exercised in business, stored with observation, confident in his knowledge, proud of his eloquence, all declining into dotage. His mode of oratory is designed to ridicule the practice of those times, of prefaces that made no introduction, and of method that embarrassed rather than explained.

This part of his character is accidental, the rest natural. Such a man is positive and confident, because he knows that his mind was once strong, and knows not that it has become weak. Such a man excels in general principles, but fails in particular application. He is knowing in retrospect, and ignorant in foresight. While he depends upon his memory, and can draw from his depositaries of knowledge, he utters weighty sentences, and gives useful counsel: but, as the mind in its enfeebled state cannot be kept long busy and intent, the old man is subject to the dereliction of his faculties; he loses the order of his ideas, and entangles himself in his own thoughts, till he recover the leading principle, and fall into his former train. The idea of dotage encroaching upon wisdom will solve all the phenomena of the character of Polonius.

JOHNSON: *General Observations on Shakespeare's Plays.*

Habits of intrigue having extinguished in Polonius the powers of honest insight and special discernment, he therefore perceives not the unfitness of his old methods to the new exigency; while at the same time his faith in the craft, hitherto found so successful, stuffs him with overweening assurance. Hence, also, that singular but most characteristic specimen of grannyism, namely, his pedantic and impertinent dallying with artful turns of thought and speech amidst serious business; where he appears not unlike a certain person who "could speak no sense in several languages." Superannuated politicians, indeed, like him, seldom have any strength but as they fall back upon the resources of memory: out of these, the ashes, so to speak, of extinct faculties, they may seem wise after the fountains of wisdom are dried up within them; as a man who *has lost his sight* may seem to distinguish colours, so long as he refrains from speaking of the colours that are before him.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

IX.

Ophelia.

Ophelia—poor Ophelia! O far too soft, too good, too fair, to be cast among the briers of this working-day world, and fall and bleed upon the thorns of life! What shall be said of her? for eloquence is mute before her! Like a strain of sad, sweet music which comes floating by us on the wings of night and silence, and which we rather feel than hear—like the exhalation of the violet dying even upon the sense it charms—like the snowflake dissolved in air before it has caught a stain of earth—like the light surf severed from the billow, which a breath disperses—such is the character of Ophelia: so exquisitely delicate, it seems as if a touch would profane it; so sanctified in our thoughts by the last and worst of human woes, that we scarcely dare to consider it too deeply. The love of Ophelia, which she never once confesses, is like a secret which we have stolen from her, and which ought to die upon our hearts as upon her own. Her sorrows ask not words, but tears; and her madness has precisely the same effect that would be produced by the spectacle of real insanity, if brought before us: we feel inclined to turn away, and veil our eyes in reverential pity and too painful sympathy.

Beyond every character that Shakspeare has drawn (Hamlet alone excepted), that of Ophelia makes us forget the poet in his own creation. Whenever we bring her to mind, it is with the same exclusive sense of her real existence, without reference to the wondrous power which called her into life. The effect (and what an effect!) is produced by means so simple, by strokes so few, and so unobtrusive, that we take no thought of them. It is so purely natural and unsophisticated, yet so profound in its pathos, that, as Hazlitt observes, it takes us back to the old ballads; we forget that, in its perfect artlessness, it is the supreme and consummate triumph of art.

The situation of Ophelia in the story is that of a young girl who, at an early age, is brought from a life of privacy into the circle of a court—a court such as we read of in those early times, at once rude, magnificent, and corrupted. She is placed immediately about the person of the queen, and is apparently her favourite attendant. The affection of the wicked queen for this gentle and innocent creature is one of those beautiful redeeming touches, one of those penetrating glances into the secret springs of natural and feminine feeling which we find only in Shakspeare. Gertrude, who is not so wholly abandoned but that there remains within her heart some sense of the virtue she has forfeited, seems to look with a kind yet melancholy complacency on the lovely being she has destined for the bride of her son; and the scene in which she is introduced as scattering flowers on the grave of Ophelia is one of those effects of contrast in poetry, in character, and in feeling, at once natural and unexpected; which fill the eye, and make the heart swell and tremble within itself—like the nightingales singing in the grove of the Furies in Sophocles. . . .

It is the helplessness of Ophelia, arising merely from her innocence, and pictured without any indication of weakness, which melts us with such profound pity. She is so young, that neither her mind nor her person has attained maturity; she is not aware of the nature of her own feelings; they are prematurely developed in their full force before she has strength to bear them; and love and grief together rend and shatter the frail texture of her existence, like the burning fluid poured into a crystal vase. She says very little, and what she does say seems rather intended to hide than to reveal the emotions of her heart; yet in those few words we are made as perfectly acquainted with her character, and with what is passing in her mind, as if she had thrown forth her soul with all the glowing eloquence of Juliet. Passion with Juliet seems innate, a part of her being, "as dwells the gath-

ered lightning in the cloud"; and we never fancy her but with the dark, splendid eyes and Titian-like complexion of the south. While in Ophelia we recognize as distinctly the pensive, fair-haired, blue-eyed daughter of the north, whose heart seems to vibrate to the passion she has inspired, more conscious of being loved than of loving; and yet, alas! loving in the silent depths of her young heart far more than she is loved. . . .

Hamlet has no thought to link his terrible destiny with hers: he cannot marry her: he cannot reveal to her, young, gentle, innocent as she is, the terrific influences which have changed the whole current of his life and purposes. In his distraction he overacts the painful part to which he has tasked himself; he is like that judge of the Areopagus, who, being occupied with graver matters, flung from him the little bird which had sought refuge in his bosom, and with such angry violence, that unwittingly he killed it.

MRS. JAMESON: *Characteristics of Women.*

Ophelia's Songs and Flowers.

It is noteworthy how Shakspeare defends Ophelia from our censure while she is chanting those free ditties of an olden time. We listen to them in company with the pitying King and Queen: the air seems to gather pity to tone the rude surprise. She was naturally full of sensibility; so, when she enters in the first mad scene, entirely insensible to her misfortune, it both increases our sadness and calls upon us to create what should be her sane feeling. When that is done, the songs borrow all the chasteness of misfortune. We are absorbed in sorrow to see how distraction could violate her sacred privacy: thinking more of that than of the words, the coarseness eludes us. We are all bound up in the brother's feeling at this sight, who cries,—

"O rose of May!
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!"

And the King says, "How do you, pretty lady?" Yes, that she is, through it all. If she had her wits, and were using them to persuade us to revenge her, it could not move like these piteous, tender improprieties.

> "Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,
> She turns to favor and to prettiness."

For she sings without smirching a single petal of the daisies and pansies, which she so softly distributes, with such an appeal of forlornness, to bid their fragrance disinfect her language, or to speak for her in the natural key of her wonted maidenhood. So every heart exhales in the pity that plays the magic of distance and softens the unsightliness of her ruin.

Shakspeare has given most touchingly rational applications to her distribution of the flowers. The flowers themselves are culled in fancy: she holds no actual nosegay in her hand. She recalls, together with the long-unheeded songs, all that she learned in girlhood about the symbolic meanings of flowers; and a light irony invests some of them. It is plain that the rosemary, for remembrance, is ideally bestowed upon Laertes, with pansies too: "A document in madness; thoughts and remembrance fitted." Rosemary was supposed to have the quality of strengthening the memory. The volatile Laertes will have need of it, and of as many thoughts as he can muster. The fennel ought to be handed to Horatio, and the columbines should be intended for the King: the one is a symbol of flattery and is exchanged among courtiers, but Horatio never learned the useful trade; the others are expressive of ingratitude and cuckoldom. Was Hamlet's father slain because of that? The columbines were earned betimes! There's rue for the Queen; for she has great need of repentance. There's rue for herself too. Both need it; but the Queen with a difference, as her moral condition differed from Ophelia's. We may call it an herb that leads to grace.

There's a daisy. She recognizes it, but ought not to keep it for herself. And there is no other maiden present. It represents frivolous and light-thoughted girls. She would give Laertes some violets, if they had not all withered when his father died. These delicate allusions make us think that before the distraction set in Ophelia had inklings of the foul concerns around her. All the more hopeless, then, became the overthrow of reason.

WEISS: *Wit, Humor, and Shakspeare.*

X.

The Ghost.

With all the mighty power which this tragedy possesses over us, arising from qualities now very generally described; yet, without that kingly shadow, who throws over it such preternatural grandeur, it could never have gained so universal an ascendancy over the minds of men. Now, the reality of a ghost is measured to that state of imagination in which we ought to be held for the fullest powers of tragedy. The appearance of such a phantom at once throws open those recesses of the inner spirit over which flesh was closing. Magicians, thunder-storms, and demons produce upon me something of the same effect. I feel myself brought instantaneously back to the creed of childhood. Imagination then seems not a power which I exert, but an impulse which I obey. Thus does the Ghost in Hamlet carry us into the presence of eternity.

Never was a more majestic spirit more majestically revealed. The shadow of his kingly grandeur and his warlike might rests massily upon him. He passes before us sad, silent, and stately. He brings the whole weight of the tragedy in his disclosures. His speech is ghost-like, and blends with ghost conceptions. The popular memory of his words proves how profoundly

they sink into our souls. The preparation for his first appearance is most solemn. The night-watch—the more common effect on the two soldiers—the deeper effect on the next party, and their speculations—Horatio's communication with the shadow, that seems as it were half-way between theirs and Hamlet's—his adjurations—the degree of impression which they produce on the Ghost's mind, who is about to speak but for the due ghost-like interruption of the bird of morning;—all these things lead our minds up to the last pitch of breathless expectation; and while yet the whole weight of mystery is left hanging over the play, we feel that some dread disclosure is reserved for Hamlet's ear, and that an apparition from the world unknown is still a partaker of the noblest of all earthly affections.

"T. C." in *Blackwood's Magazine*, February, 1818.

The effect at first produced by the apparition is ever afterwards wonderfully sustained. I do not merely allude to the touches of realization which, in the poetry of the scenes, pass away from no memory—such as 'The star'—'Where now it burns'—'The sepulchre'—'The complete steel'—'The glimpses of the moon'—'Making night hideous'—'Look how pale he glares'—and other wild expressions, that are like fastenings by which the mind clings to its terror. I rather allude to the whole conduct of the Ghost. We ever behold in it a troubled spirit leaving its place of suffering to revisit the life it had left, to direct and command a retribution that must be accomplished. He speaks of the pain to which he is gone, but that fades away in the purpose of his mission. 'Pity me not': He bids Hamlet revenge, though there is not the passion of revenge in his discourse. The penal fires have purified the grosser man. The spectre utters but a moral declaration of guilt, and swears its living son to the fulfilment of a righteous vengeance. *Ib.*

XI.

The Mother of Hamlet.

Almost any other author would have depicted Gertrude without a single alleviating trait in her character. Beaumont and Fletcher would probably have made her simply frightful or loathsome, and capable only of exciting abhorrence or disgust; if, indeed, in her monstrous depravity she had not rather failed to excite any feeling. Shakespeare, with far more effect as well as far more truth, exhibits her with such a mixture of good and bad, as neither disarms censure nor precludes pity. Herself dragged along in the terrible train of consequences which her own guilt had a hand in starting, she is hurried away into the same dreadful abyss along with those whom she loves, and against whom she has sinned. In her tenderness towards Hamlet and Ophelia, we recognize the virtues of the mother without in the least palliating the guilt of the wife; while the crimes in which she is an accomplice almost disappear in those of which she is the victim. . . .

The Queen's affection for this lovely being [Ophelia] is one of those unexpected strokes, so frequent in Shakespeare, which surprise us into reflection by their naturalness. That Ophelia should disclose a vein of goodness in the Queen, was necessary perhaps to keep us both from underrating the influence of the one, and from exaggerating the wickedness of the other. The love which she thus awakens tells us that her helplessness springs from innocence, not from weakness; and so serves to prevent the pity which her condition moves from lessening the respect due to her character.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

XII.

Secret of the Play.

Hamlet is a name; his speeches and sayings but the idle coinage of the poet's brain. What then, are they not real? They are as real as our own thoughts. Their reality is in the reader's mind. It is *we* who are Hamlet. This play has a prophetic truth, which is above that of history. Whoever has become thoughtful and melancholy through his own mishaps or those of others; whoever has borne about with him the clouded brow of reflection, and thought himself "too much i' th' sun"; whoever has seen the golden lamp of day dimmed by envious mists rising in his own breast, and could find in the world before him only a dull blank with nothing left remarkable in it; whoever has known "the pangs of despised love, the insolence of office, or the spurns which patient merit of the unworthy takes"; he who has felt his mind sink within him, and sadness cling to his heart like a malady, who has had his hopes blighted and his youth staggered by the apparitions of strange things; who cannot be well at ease, while he sees evil hovering near him like a spectre; whose powers of action have been eaten up by thought, he to whom the universe seems infinite, and himself nothing; whose bitterness of soul makes him careless of consequences, and who goes to a play as his best resource to shove off, to a second remove, the evils of life by a mock representation of them—this is the true Hamlet.

HAZLITT: *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

Every change in the text of *Hamlet* has impaired its fitness for the stage and increased its value for the closet in exact and perfect proportion. Now, this is not a matter of opinion—of Mr. Pope's opinion or Mr. Car-

lyle's; it is a matter of fact and evidence. Even in Shakespeare's time the actors threw out his additions; they throw out these very same additions in our own. The one especial speech, if any one such especial speech there be, in which the personal genius of Shakespeare soars up to the very highest of its height and strikes down to the very deepest of its depth, is passed over by modern actors; it was cut away by Heminge and Condell. We may almost assume it as certain that no boards have ever echoed—at least, more than once or twice—to the supreme soliloquy of Hamlet. Those words which combine the noblest pleading ever proffered for the rights of human reason with the loftiest vindication ever uttered of those rights, no moral ear within our knowledge has ever heard spoken on the stage. A convocation even of all priests could not have been more unhesitatingly unanimous in its rejection than seems to have been the hereditary verdict of all actors. It could hardly have been worthier of theological than it has been found of theatrical condemnation. Yet, beyond all question, magnificent as is that monologue [III. i.] on suicide and doubt which has passed from a proverb into a byword, it is actually eclipsed and distanced at once on philosophic and on poetical grounds by the later soliloquy [IV. iv.] on reason and resolution.

SWINBURNE: *A Study of Shakespeare.*

Hamlet is the greatest creation in literature that I know of: though there may be elsewhere finer scenes and passages of poetry. Ugolino and Paolo and Francesca in Dante equal anything anywhere. It is said that Shakespeare was such a poor actor that he never got beyond his Ghost in this play, but then the Ghost is the most real ghost that ever was. The Queen did not think that Ophelia committed suicide, neither do I.

TENNYSON: *Some Criticisms on Poets, Memoir by His Son.*

The universality of Shakespeare's genius is in some sort reflected in Hamlet. He has a mind wise and witty, abstract and practical; the utmost reach of philosophical contemplation is mingled with the most penetrating sagacity in the affairs of life; playful jest, biting satire, sparkling repartee, with the darkest and deepest thoughts that can agitate man. He exercises all his various faculties with surprising readiness. He passes without an effort "from grave to gay, from lively to severe,"—from his every-day character to personated lunacy. He divines, with the rapidity of lightning, the nature and motives of those who are brought into contact with him, fits in a moment his bearing and retorts to their individual peculiarities; is equally at home whether he is mocking Polonius with hidden raillery, or dissipating Ophelia's dream of love, or crushing the sponges with sarcasm and invective, or talking euphuism with Osric, and satirizing while he talks it; whether he is uttering wise maxims, or welcoming the players with facetious graciousness—probing the inmost souls of others, or sounding the mysteries of his own. His philosophy stands out conspicuous among the brilliant faculties which contend for the mastery. It is the quality which gives weight and dignity to the rest. It intermingles with all his actions. He traces the most trifling incidents up to their general laws. His natural disposition is to lose himself in contemplation. He goes thinking out of the world. The commonest ideas that pass through his mind are invested with a wonderful freshness and originality. His meditations in the church-yard are on the trite notion that all ambition leads but to the grave. But what condensation, what variety, what picturesqueness, what intense unmitigated gloom! It is the finest sermon that was ever preached against the vanities of life.

London Quarterly Review, Vol. xxix.

When *Hamlet* was written, Shakspere had passed through his years of apprenticeship, and become a master-dramatist. In point of style the play stands midway between his early and his latest works. The studious superintendence of the poet over the development of his thought and imaginings, very apparent in Shakspere's early writings, now conceals itself; but the action of imagination and thought has not yet become embarrassing in its swiftness and multiplicity of direction. Rapid dialogue in verse, admirable for its combination of verisimilitude with artistic metrical effects, occurs in the scene in which Hamlet questions his friends respecting the appearance of the ghost (i. 2); the soliloquies of Hamlet are excellent examples of the slow, dwelling verse which Shakspere appropriates to the utterance of thought in solitude; and nowhere did Shakspere write a nobler piece of prose than the speech in which Hamlet describes to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern his melancholy. But such particulars as these do not constitute the chief evidence which proves that the poet had now attained maturity. The mystery, the baffling, vital obscurity of the play, and in particular of the character of its chief person, make it evident that Shakspere had left far behind him that early stage of development when an artist obtrudes his intentions, or, distrusting his own ability to keep sight of one uniform design, deliberately and with effort holds that design persistently before him. When Shakspere completed *Hamlet*, he must have trusted himself and trusted his audience; he trusts himself to enter into relation with his subject, highly complex as that subject was, in a pure, emotional manner. *Hamlet* might so easily have been manufactured into an enigma, or a puzzle; and then the puzzle, if sufficient pains were bestowed, could be completely taken to pieces and explained. But Shakspere created it a mystery, and therefore it is forever suggestive; forever suggestive, and never wholly explicable.

DOWDEN: *Shakspere.*

Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

CLAUDIUS, *king of Denmark.*
HAMLET, *son to the late, and nephew to the present king.*
POLONIUS, *lord chamberlain.*
HORATIO, *friend to Hamlet.*
LAERTES, *son to Polonius.*
VOLTIMAND,
CORNELIUS,
ROSENCRANTZ,
GUILDENSTERN,
OSRIC,
A Gentleman,
} courtiers.
A Priest.
MARCELLUS,
BERNARDO,
} officers.
FRANCISCO, *a soldier.*
REYNALDO, *servant to Polonius.*
Players.
Two clowns, grave-diggers.
FORTINBRAS, *prince of Norway.*
A Captain.
English Ambassadors.

GERTRUDE, *queen of Denmark, and mother to Hamlet.*
OPHELIA, *daughter to Polonius.*

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Sailors, Messengers, and other Attendants.

Ghost of Hamlet's Father.

SCENE: *Denmark.*

The Tragedy of
Hamlet, Prince of Denmark

ACT FIRST

Scene I.

Elsinore. A platform before the castle.

Francisco at his post. Enter to him Bernardo.

Ber. Who 's there?
Fran. Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold yourself.
Ber. Long live the king!
Fran. Bernardo?
Ber. He.
Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.
Ber. 'Tis now struck twelve; get thee to bed, Francisco.
Fran. For this relief much thanks: 'tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart.
Ber. Have you had quiet guard?
Fran. Not a mouse stirring. 10
Ber. Well, good night.
If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.
Fran. I think I hear them. Stand, ho! Who is there?

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Hor. Friends to this ground.
Mar. And liegemen to the Dane.
Fran. Give you good night.
Mar. O, farewell, honest soldier:

Who hath relieved you?
Fran. Bernardo hath my place.
Give you good night. [*Exit.*
Mar. Holla! Bernardo!
Ber. Say!
What, is Horatio there?
Hor. A piece of him.
Ber. Welcome, Horatio; welcome, good Marcellus. 20
Mar. What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?
Ber. I have seen nothing.
Mar. Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy,
And will not let belief take hold of him
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us:
Therefore I have entreated him along
With us to watch the minutes of this night,
That if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes and speak to it.
Hor. Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.
Ber. Sit down a while; 30
And let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we have two nights seen.
Hor. Well, sit we down.
And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.
Ber. Last night of all,
When yond same star that 's westward from the pole
Had made his course to illume that part of heaven
Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,
The bell then beating one,—

Enter Ghost.

Mar. Peace, break thee off; look, where it comes again!

Ber. In the same figure, like the king that 's dead, 41
Mar. Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.
Ber. Looks it not like the king? mark it, Horatio.
Hor. Most like: it harrows me with fear and wonder.
Ber. It would be spoke to.
Mar. Question it, Horatio.
Hor. What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march? by heaven I charge thee, speak!
Mar. It is offended.
Ber. See, it stalks away! 50
Hor. Stay! speak, speak! I charge thee, speak!
[*Exit Ghost.*
Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.
Ber. How now, Horatio! you tremble and look pale:
Is not this something more than fantasy?
What think you on 't?
Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.
Mar. Is it not like the king?
Hor. As thou art to thyself:
Such was the very armour he had on 60
When he the ambitious Norway combated;
So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,
He smote the sledded Polacks on the ice.
'Tis strange.
Mar. Thus twice before, and jump at this dead hour,
With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.
Hor. In what particular thought to work I know not;
But, in the gross and scope of my opinion,

This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

Mar. Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that knows,
Why this same strict and most observant watch 71
So nightly toils the subject of the land,
And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,
And foreign marts for implements of war;
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week;
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day:
Who is 't that can inform me?

Hor. That can I;
At least the whisper goes so. Our last king, 80
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,
Dared to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet—
For so this side of our known world esteem'd him—
Did slay this Fortinbras; who by a seal'd compact,
Well ratified by law and heraldry,
Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands
Which he stood seized of, to the conqueror:
Against the which, a moiety competent 90
Was gaged by our king; which had return'd
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,
Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same covenant
And carriage of the article design'd,
His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young Fortinbras,
Of unimproved metal hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway here and there
Shark'd up a list of lawless resolutes,
For food and diet, to some enterprise

That hath a stomach in 't: which is no other— 100
As it doth well appear unto our state—
But to recover of us, by strong hand
And terms compulsatory, those foresaid lands
So by his father lost: and this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our preparations,
The source of this our watch and the chief head
Of this post-haste and romage in the land.

Ber. I think it be no other but e'en so:
Well may it sort, that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch, so like the king
That was and is the question of these wars. 111

Hor. A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets:

. . . . . .

As stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,
Disasters in the sun; and the moist star,
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse: 120
And even the like precurse of fierce events,
As harbingers preceding still the fates
And prologue to the omen coming on,
Have heaven and earth together demonstrated
Unto our climatures and countrymen.

Re-enter Ghost.

But soft, behold! lo, where it comes again!
I 'll cross it, though it blast me. Stay, illusion!
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,

Speak to me:
If there be any good thing to be done, 130
That may to thee do ease and grace to me,
Speak to me:
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid,
O, speak!
Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,
Speak of it: stay, and speak! [*The cock crows.*] Stop it, Marcellus.

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my partisan? 140

Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Ber. 'Tis here!

Hor. 'Tis here!

Mar. 'Tis gone! [*Exit Ghost.*

We do it wrong, being so majestical,
To offer it the show of violence;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.

Ber. It was about to speak, when the cock crew.

Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn, 150
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day, and at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine: and of the truth herein
This present object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.

Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long: 160
And then, they say, no spirit dare stir abroad,
The nights are wholesome, then no planets strike,
No fairy takes nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Hor. So have I heard and do in part believe it.
But look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastward hill:
Break we our watch up; and by my advice,
Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life, 170
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him:
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

Mar. Let 's do 't, I pray; and I this morning know
Where we shall find him most conveniently.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A room of state in the castle.

Flourish. Enter the King, Queen, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, Voltimand, Cornelius, Lords, and Attendants.

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
The memory be green, and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe,
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves,

Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,
The imperial jointress to this warlike state,
Have we, as 'twere with a defeated joy,— 10
With an auspicious and a dropping eye,
With mirth in funeral and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole,—
Taken to wife: nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along. For all, our thanks.
Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,
Holding a weak supposal of our worth,
Or thinking by our late dear brother's death
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame, 20
Colleagued with this dream of his advantage,
He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,
Importing the surrender of those lands
Lost by his father, with all bonds of law,
To our most valiant brother. So much for him.
Now for ourself, and for this time of meeting:
Thus much the business is: we have here writ
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,—
Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpose,—to suppress 30
His further gait herein; in that the levies,
The lists and full proportions, are all made
Out of his subject: and we here dispatch
You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway,
Giving to you no further personal power
To business with the king more than the scope
Of these delated articles allow.
Farewell, and let your haste commend your duty.

Cor. } In that and all things will we show our duty. 40
Vol. }

King. We doubt it nothing: heartily farewell,
[*Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.*
And now, Laertes, what 's the news with you?
You told us of some suit; what is 't, Laertes?
You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,
And lose your voice: what wouldst thou beg, Laertes,
That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.
What wouldst thou have, Laertes?

Laer. My dread lord, 50
Your leave and favour to return to France,
From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,
To show my duty in your coronation,
Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius?

Pol. He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow leave
By laboursome petition, and at last
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent: 60
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,
And thy best graces spend it at thy will!
But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—

Ham. [*Aside*] A little more than kin, and less than kind.

King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

Ham. Not so, my lord; I am too much i' the sun.

Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,

And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
Do not for ever with thy vailed lids 70
Seek for thy noble father in the dust:
Thou know'st 'tis common; all that lives must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.

Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be,
Why seems it so particular with thee?

Ham. Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not 'seems.'
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forced breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye, 80
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, moods, shapes of grief,
That can denote me truly: these indeed seem,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I have that within which passeth show;
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your father:
But, you must know, your father lost a father.
That father lost, lost his, and the survivor bound 90
In filial obligation for some term
To do obsequious sorrow: but to persever
In obstinate condolement is a course
Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief:
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven,
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,
An understanding simple and unschool'd:
For what we know must be and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,

Why should we in our peevish opposition 100
Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd, whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first corse till he that died to-day,
'This must be so.' We pray you, throw to earth
This unprevailing woe, and think of us
As of a father: for let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our throne,
And with no less nobility of love 110
Than that which dearest father bears his son
Do I impart toward you. For your intent
In going back to school in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire:
And we beseech you, bend you to remain
Here in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cousin and our son.

Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet:
I pray thee, stay with us; go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, madam. 120

King. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply:
Be as ourself in Denmark. Madam, come;
This gentle and unforced accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart: in grace whereof,
No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day,
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell,
And the king's rouse the heaven shall bruit again,
Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away.

[*Flourish. Exeunt all but Hamlet.*

Ham. O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew! 130

Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! God!
How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on 't! ah fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead! nay, not so much, not two:
So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother, 140
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By wat it fed on: and yet, within a month—
Let me not think on 't—Frailty, thy name is woman—
A little month, or ere those shoes were old
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears:—why she, even she,—
O God! a beast that wants discourse of reason 150
Would have mourn'd longer,—married with my uncle,
My father's brother, but no more like my father
Than I to Hercules: within a month;
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married. O, most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to good:
But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue!

Enter Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo.

Hor. Hail to your lordship!

Ham. I am glad to see you well: 160
Horatio,—or I do forget myself.
Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.
Ham. Sir, my good friend; I 'll change that name with you:
And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?
Marcellus?
Mar. My good lord?
Ham. I am very glad to see you. [*To Ber.*] Good even, sir.
But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?
Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.
Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so, 170
Nor shall you do my ear that violence,
To make it truster of your own report
Against yourself: I know you are no truant.
But what is your affair in Elsinore?
We 'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.
Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.
Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student;
I think it was to see my mother's wedding.
Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.
Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral baked-meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables. 181
Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven
Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!
My father!—methinks I see my father.
Hor. O where, my lord?
Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.
Hor. I saw him once; he was a goodly king.
Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.
Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.
Ham. Saw? who? 190

Hor. My lord, the king your father.
Ham. The king my father!
Hor. Season your admiration for a while
With an attent ear, till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.
Ham. For God's love, let me hear.
Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead vast and middle of the night,
Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,
Armed at point exactly, cap-a-pe, 200
Appears before them, and with solemn march
Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd
By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distill'd
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did;
And I with them the third night kept the watch:
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes: I knew your father; 211
These hands are not more like.
Ham. But where was this?
Mar. My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.
Ham. Did you not speak to it?
Hor. My lord, I did,
But answer made it none: yet once methought
It lifted up it head and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak:
But even then the morning cock crew loud,

And at the sound it shrunk in haste away
And vanish'd from our sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange. 220

Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true,
And we did think it writ down in our duty
To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night?

Mar. / *Ber.* We do, my lord.

Ham. Arm'd, say you?

Mar. / *Ber.* Arm'd my lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

Mar. / *Ber.* My lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not his face?

Hor. O, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up. 230

Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?

Hor. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had been there.

Hor. It would have much amazed you.

Ham. Very like, very like. Stay'd it long?

Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.

Mar. / *Ber.* Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw 't.

Ham. His beard was grizzled? no? 240

Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silver'd.
Ham. I will watch to-night;
Perchance 'twill walk again.
Hor. I warrant it will.
Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,
I 'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still,
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue: 250
I will requite your loves. So fare you well:
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I 'll visit you.
All. Our duty to your honour.
Ham. Your loves, as mine to you: farewell.
[*Exeunt all but Hamlet.*
My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;
I doubt some foul play: would the night were come!
Till then sit still, my soul: foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.
[*Exit.*

Scene III.

A room in Polonius's house.

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

Laer. My necessaries are embark'd: farewell:
And, sister, as the winds give benefit
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.
Oph. Do you doubt that?

Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood,
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute;
No more.

Oph. No more but so?

Laer. Think it no more: 10
For nature crescent does not grow alone
In thews and bulk; but, as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you now;
And now no soil nor cautel doth besmirch
The virtue of his will: but you must fear,
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own;
For he himself is subject to his birth:
He may not, as unvalued persons do,
Carve for himself, for on his choice depends 20
The safety and health of this whole state,
And therefore must his choice be circumscribed
Unto the voice and yielding of that body
Whereof he is the head. Then if he says he loves you,
It fits your wisdom so far to believe it
As he in his particular act and place
May give his saying deed; which is no further
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
If with too credent ear you list his songs, 30
Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasure open
To his unmaster'd importunity.
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister,
And keep you in the rear of your affection,

Out of the shot and danger of desire.
The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon:
Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes:
The canker galls the infants of the spring
Too oft before their buttons be disclosed, 40
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.
Be wary then; best safety lies in fear:
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

Oph. I shall the effect of this good lesson keep,
As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,
Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads 50
And recks not his own rede,

Laer. O, fear me not.
I stay too long: but here my father comes.

Enter Polonius.

A double blessing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Pol. Yet here, Laertes! Aboard, aboard, for shame!
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are stay'd for. There; my blessing with thee!
And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act. 60
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,

Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel,
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd unfledged comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but being in,
Bear 't, that the opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgement.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy, 70
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
And they in France of the best rank and station
Are of a most select and generous chief in that.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man. 80
Farewell: my blessing season this in thee!

Laer. Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

Pol. The time invites you; go, your servants tend.

Laer. Farewell, Ophelia, and remember well
What I have said to you.

Oph. 'Tis in my memory lock'd,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Pol. What is 't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?

Oph. So please you, something touching the Lord Hamlet.

Pol. Marry, well bethought: 90
'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you, and you yourself
Have of your audience been most free and bounteous.

If it be so—as so 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution—I must tell you,
You do not understand yourself so clearly
As it behoves my daughter and your honour.
What is between you? give me up the truth.

Oph. He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me. 100

Pol. Affection! pooh! you speak like a green girl,
Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

Pol. Marry, I 'll teach you: think yourself a baby,
That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly;
Or—not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
Running it thus—you 'll tender me a fool.

Oph. My lord, he hath importuned me with love 110
In honourable fashion.

Pol. Ay, fashion you may call it; go to, go to.

Oph. And hath given countenance to his speech, my lord,
With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

Pol. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows: these blazes, daughter,
Giving more light than heat, extinct in both,
Even in their promise, as it is a-making,
You must not take for fire. From this time 120
Be something scanter of your maiden presence;
Set your entreatments at a higher rate
Than a command to parley. For Lord Hamlet,
Believe so much in him, that he is young,
And with a larger tether may he walk

Than may be given you: in few, Ophelia,
Do not believe his vows; for they are brokers,
Not of that dye which their investments show,
But mere implorators of unholy suits,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bawds, 130
The better to beguile. This is for all:
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you so slander any moment leisure,
As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet.
Look to 't, I charge you: come your ways.

Oph. I shall obey, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

The platform.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.
Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.
Ham. What hour now?
Hor. I think it lacks of twelve.
Mar. No, it is struck.
Hor. Indeed? I heard it not: it then draws near the season
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.
[*A flourish of trumpets, and ordnance shot off within.*
What doth this mean, my lord?
Ham. The king doth wake to-night and takes his rouse,
Keeps wassail, and the swaggering up-spring reels;
And as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down, 10
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.
Hor. Is it a custom?

Ham. Ay, marry, is 't:
But to my mind, though I am native here
And to the manner born, it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach than the observance.
This heavy-headed revel east and west
Makes us traduced and tax'd of other nations:
They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition; and indeed it takes 20
From our achievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So, oft it chances in particular men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As, in their birth,—wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose his origin,—
By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason,
Or by some habit that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plausive manners, that these men,—
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect, 31
Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,—
Their virtues else—be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo—
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault: the dram of eale
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
To his own scandal.

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes!
Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd, 40
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,

Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou comest in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee: I 'll call thee Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me!
Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell
Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements; why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,
Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws, 50
To cast thee up again. What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature
So horridly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?
[*Ghost beckons Hamlet.*

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action 60
It waves you to a more removed ground:
But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speak; then I will follow it.

Hor. Do not, my lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?
It waves me forth again: I 'll follow it.

Hor. What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,

Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff 70
That beetles o'er his base into the sea,
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason
And draw you into madness? think of it:
The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain
That looks so many fathoms to the sea
And hears it roar beneath.

Ham. It waves me still.
Go on; I 'll follow thee.

Mar. You shall not go, my lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands. 80

Hor. Be ruled; you shall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.
Still am I call'd: unhand me, gentlemen,
By heaven, I 'll make a ghost of him that lets me:
I say, away! Go on; I 'll follow thee.

[*Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet.*

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar. Let 's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hor. Have after. To what issue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark. 90

Hor. Heaven will direct it.

Mar. Nay, let 's follow him.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

Another part of the platform.

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham. Whither wilt thou lead me? speak; I 'll go no further.
Ghost. Mark me.
Ham. I will.
Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.
Ham. Alas, poor ghost!
Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.
Ham. Speak; I am bound to hear.
Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.
Ham. What?
Ghost. I am thy father's spirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night, 10
And for the day confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purged away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part
And each particular hair to stand an end,
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, O, list!
If thou didst ever thy dear father love—

Ham. O God!

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

Ham. Murder!

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is,
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to know 't, that I, with wings as swift
As meditation or the thoughts of love, 30
May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt;
And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear:
'Tis given out that, sleeping in my orchard,
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abused: but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life
Now wears his crown.

Ham. O my prophetic soul! 40
My uncle!

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,—
O wicked wit and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce!—won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen:
O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline 50
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!
But virtue, as it never will be moved,

Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven,
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed
And prey on garbage.
But, soft! methinks I scent the morning air;
Brief let me be. Sleeping within my orchard,
My custom always of the afternoon, 60
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,
And in the porches of my ears did pour
The leperous distilment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man
That swift as quicksilver it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body;
And with a sudden vigour it doth posset
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine; 70
And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth body.
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd:
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unaneled;
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head:
O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible! 80
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But, howsoever thou pursuest this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive

Against thy mother aught: leave her to heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire: 90
Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me. [*Exit.*

Ham. O all you host of heaven! O earth! what else?
And shall I couple hell? O, fie! Hold, hold, my heart;
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up. Remember thee!
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee!
Yea, from the table of my memory
I 'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past, 100
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven!
O most pernicious woman!
O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
My tables,—meet it is I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
At least I 'm sure it may be so in Denmark.

[*Writing.*

So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word; 110
It is 'Adieu, adieu! remember me.'
I have sworn 't.

Hor.
Mar. } [*Within*] My lord, my lord!

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Mar. Lord Hamlet!
Hor. Heaven secure him!
Ham. So be it!
Mar. Illo, ho, ho, my lord!
Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come.
Mar. How is 't, my noble lord?
Hor. What news, my lord?
Ham. O, wonderful!
Hor. Good my lord, tell it.
Ham. No; you will reveal it.
Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven.
Mar. Nor I, my lord. 120
Ham. How say you, then; would heart of man once think it?
But you 'll be secret?
Hor. } Ay, by heaven, my lord.
Mar. }
Ham. There 's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark
But he 's an arrant knave.
Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave
To tell us this.
Ham. Why, right; you are i' the right;
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part:
You, as your business and desire shall point you;
For every man hath business and desire, 130
Such as it is; and for my own poor part,
Look you, I 'll go pray.
Hor. These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.
Ham. I 'm sorry they offend you, heartily;

Yes, faith, heartily.

Hor. There 's no offence, my lord.

Ham. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio,
And much offence too. Touching this vision here,
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you:
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'ermaster 't as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, scholars and soldiers, 141
Give me one poor request.

Hor. What is 't, my lord? we will.

Ham. Never make known what you have seen to-night.

Hor. } My lord, we will not.
Mar. }

Ham. Nay, but swear 't.

Hor. In faith,
My lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.

Ham. Upon my sword.

Mar. We have sworn, my lord, already.

Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

Ghost. [*Beneath*] Swear.

Ham. Ah, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there, true-penny? 150
Come on: you hear this fellow in the cellarage:
Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.

Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen,
Swear by my sword.

Ghost. [*Beneath*] Swear.

Ham. Hic et ubique? then we 'll shift our ground.
Come hither, gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my sword:

Never to speak of this that you have heard,
Swear by my sword. 160

Ghost. [*Beneath*] Swear.

Ham. Well said, old mole! canst work i' the earth so fast?
A worthy pioner! Once more remove, good friends.

Hor. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!

Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.
But come;
Here, as before, never, so help you mercy,
How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself, 170
As I perchance hereafter shall think meet
To put an antic disposition on,
That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,
With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-shake,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
As 'Well, well, we know,' or 'We could, an if we would.'
Or 'If we list to speak,' or 'There be, an if they might,'
Or such ambiguous giving out, to note
That you know aught of me: this not to do,
So grace and mercy at your most need help you, 180
Swear.

Ghost. [*Beneath*] Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! [*They swear.*] So, gentlemen,
With all my love I do commend me to you:
And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
May do, to express his love and friending to you,
God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together;
And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.

The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right! 190
Nay, come, let 's go together. [*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

A room in Polonius's house.

Enter Polonius and Reynaldo.

Pol. Give him this money and these notes, Reynaldo.
Rey. I will, my lord.
Pol. You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo,
Before you visit him, to make inquire
Of his behaviour.
Rey. My lord, I did intend it.
Pol. Marry, well said, very well said. Look you, sir,
Inquire me first what Danskers are in Paris,
And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,
What company, at what expense, and finding
By this encompassment and drift of question 10
That they do know my son, come you more nearer
Than your particular demands will touch it:
Take you, as 'twere, some distant knowledge of him,
As thus, 'I know his father and his friends,
And in part him': do you mark this, Reynaldo?
Rey. Ay, very well, my lord.
Pol. 'And in part him; but,' you may say, 'not well:
But if 't be he I mean, he 's very wild,
Addicted so and so'; and there put on him
What forgeries you please; marry, none so rank 20
As may dishonour him; take heed of that;

But, sir, such wanton, wild and usual slips
As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty.

Rey. As gaming, my lord.

Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing, quarrelling,
Drabbing: you may go so far.

Rey. My lord, that would dishonour him.

Pol. Faith, no; as you may season it in the charge.
You must not put another scandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency; 30
That 's not my meaning: but breathe his faults so quaintly
That they may seem the taints of liberty,
The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind,
A savageness in unreclaimed blood,
Of general assault.

Rey. But, my good lord,—

Pol. Wherefore should you do this?

Rey. Ay, my lord,
I would know that.

Pol. Marry, sir, here 's my drift,
And I believe it is a fetch of warrant:
You laying these slight sullies on my son,
As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i' the working, 40
Mark you,
Your party in converse, him you would sound,
Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes
The youth you breathe of guilty, be assured
He closes with you in this consequence;
'Good sir,' or so, or 'friend,' or 'gentleman,'
According to the phrase or the addition
Of man and country.

Rey. Very good, my lord.

Pol. And then, sir, does he this—he does—what was I about to say? By the mass, I was about to say something: where did I leave? 50

Rey. At 'closes in the consequence,' at 'friend or so,' and 'gentleman.'

Pol. At 'closes in the consequence,' ay, marry;
He closes with you thus: 'I know the gentleman;
I saw him yesterday, or t' other day,
Or then, or then, with such, or such, and, as you say,
There was a' gaming, there o'ertook in 's rouse,
There falling out at tennis:' or perchance,
'I saw him enter such a house of sale,' 60
Videlicet, a brothel, or so forth.
See you now;
Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth:
And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
With windlasses and with assays of bias,
By indirections find directions out:
So, by my former lecture and advice,
Shall you my son. You have me, have you not?

Rey. My lord, I have.

Pol. God be wi' ye; fare ye well.

Rey. Good my lord! 70

Pol. Observe his inclination in yourself.

Rey. I shall, my lord.

Pol. And let him ply his music.

Rey. Well, my lord.

Pol. Farewell! [*Exit Reynaldo.*

Enter Ophelia.

How now, Ophelia! what 's the matter?

Oph. O, my lord, my lord, I have been so affrighted!
Pol. With what, i' the name of God?
Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,
Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbraced,
No hat upon his head, his stockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd and down-gyved to his ancle; 80
Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a look so piteous in purport
As if he had been loosed out of hell
To speak of horrors, he comes before me.
Pol. Mad for thy love?
Oph. My lord, I do not know,
But truly I do fear it.
Pol. What said he?
Oph. He took me by the wrist and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm,
And with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face 90
As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so;
At last, a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,
He raised a sigh so piteous and profound
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk
And end his being: that done, he lets me go:
And with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out o' doors he went without their helps,
And to the last bended their light on me. 100
Pol. Come, go with me: I will go seek the king.
This is the very ecstasy of love;
Whose violent property fordoes itself
And leads the will to desperate undertakings

As oft as any passion under heaven
That does afflict our natures. I am sorry.
What, have you given him any hard words of late?

Oph. No, my good lord, but, as you did command,
I did repel his letters and denied
His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad. 110
I am sorry that with better heed and judgement
I had not quoted him: I fear'd he did but trifle
And meant to wreck thee; but beshrew my jealousy!
By heaven, it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion. Come, go we to the king:
This must be known; which, being kept close, might move
More grief to hide than hate to utter love.
Come. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A room in the castle.

Flourish. Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and Attendants.

King. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz and Guildenstern!
Moreover that we much did long to see you,
The need we have to use you did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation; so call it,
Sith nor the exterior nor the inward man
Resembles that it was. What it should be,

More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from the understanding of himself,
I cannot dream of: I entreat you both, 10
That, being of so young days brought up with him
And sith so neighbour'd to his youth and haviour,
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
Some little time: so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather
So much as from occasion you may glean,
Whether aught to us unknown afflicts him thus,
That open'd lies within our remedy.

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you,
And sure I am two men there are not living 20
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To show us so much gentry and good will
As to expend your time with us a while
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.

Ros. Both your majesties
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.

Guil. But we both obey,
And here give up ourselves, in the full bent 30
To lay our service freely at your feet,
To be commanded.

King. Thanks, Rosencrantz and gentle Guildenstern.

Queen. Thanks, Guildenstern and gentle Rosencrantz:
And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed son. Go, some of you,
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Guil. Heavens make our presence and our practices
Pleasant and helpful to him!
Queen. Ay, amen!
[*Exeunt Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and some Attendants.*

Enter Polonius.

Pol. The ambassadors from Norway, my good lord, 40
Are joyfully return'd.
King. Thou still hast been the father of good news.
Pol. Have I, my lord? I assure my good liege,
I hold my duty as I hold my soul,
Both to my God and to my gracious king:
And I do think, or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As it hath used to do, that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.
King. O, speak of that; that do I long to hear. 50
Pol. Give first admittance to the ambassadors;
My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.
King. Thyself do grace to them, and bring them in.
[*Exit Polonius.*
He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found
The head and source of all your son's distemper.
Queen. I doubt it is no other but the main;
His father's death and our o'erhasty marriage.
King. Well, we shall sift him.

Re-enter Polonius, with Voltimand and Cornelius.

Welcome, my good friends!
Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?
Volt. Most fair return of greetings and desires. 60
Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His nephew's levies, which to him appear'd

To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack,
But better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your highness: whereat grieved,
That so his sickness, age and impotence
Was falsely borne in hand, sends out arrests
On Fortinbras; which he, in brief, obeys,
Receives rebuke from Norway, and in fine
Makes vow before his uncle never more 70
To give the assay of arms against your majesty.
Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee
And his commission to employ those soldiers,
So levied as before, against the Polack:
With an entreaty, herein further shown,

[*Giving a paper.*

That it might please you to give quiet pass
Through your dominions for this enterprise,
On such regards of safety and allowance
As therein are set down.

King. It likes us well, 80
And at our more consider'd time we 'll read,
Answer, and think upon this business.
Meantime we thank you for your well-took labour:
Go to your rest; at night we 'll feast together:
Most welcome home!

[*Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.*

Pol. This business is well ended.
My liege, and madam, to expostulate
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day and time.
Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit 90

And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
I will be brief. Your noble son is mad:
Mad call I it; for, to define true madness,
What is 't but to be nothing else but mad?
But let that go.

Queen. More matter, with less art.

Pol. Madam, I swear I use no art at all.
That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true 'tis pity,
And pity 'tis 'tis true: a foolish figure;
But farewell it, for I will use no art.
Mad let us grant him then: and now remains 100
That we find out the cause of this effect,
Or rather say, the cause of this defect,
For this effect defective comes by cause:
Thus it remains and the remainder thus.
Perpend.
I have a daughter,—have while she is mine,—
Who in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this: now gather and surmise.
[*Reads.*

'To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most
beautified Ophelia.'— 110
That 's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; 'beautified'
is a vile phrase: but you shall hear. Thus: [*Reads.*

'In her excellent white bosom, these,' &c.

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good madam, stay awhile; I will be faithful.
[*Reads.*

'Doubt thou the stars are fire;
Doubt that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar;
But never doubt I love.

'O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers; I 120
have not art to reckon my groans: but that I
love thee best, O most best, believe it. Adieu.
'Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this
machine is to him, HAMLET.'
This in obedience hath my daughter shown me;
And more above, hath his solicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means and place,
All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath she
Received his love?

Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a man faithful and honourable. 130

Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might you think,
When I had seen this hot love on the wing,—
As I perceived it, I must tell you that,
Before my daughter told me,—what might you,
Or my dear majesty your queen here, think,
If I had play'd the desk or table-book,
Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb,
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight;
What might you think? No, I went round to work,
And my young mistress thus I did bespeak: 140
'Lord Hamlet is a prince, out of thy star;
This must not be': and then I prescripts gave her,
That she should lock herself from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice;
And he repulsed, a short tale to make,
Fell into a sadness, then into a fast,
Thence to a watch, thence into a weakness,
Thence to a lightness, and by this declension

Into the madness wherein now he raves, 150
And all we mourn for.

King. Do you think this?

Queen. It may be, very like.

Pol. Hath there been such a time, I 'ld fain know that,
That I have positively said ' 'tis so,'
When it proved otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. [*Pointing to his head and shoulder*] Take this from this, if this be otherwise:
If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know, sometimes he walks four hours together
Here in the lobby.

Queen. So he does, indeed. 161

Pol. At such a time I 'll loose my daughter to him:
Be you and I behind an arras then;
Mark the encounter: if he love her not,
And be not from his reason fall'n thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm and carters.

King. We will try it.

Queen. But look where sadly the poor wretch comes reading.

Pol. Away, I do beseech you, both away:
I 'll board him presently. 170
[*Exeunt King, Queen, and Attendants.*

Enter Hamlet, reading.

O, give me leave: how does my good Lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well, God-a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my lord?

Ham. Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my lord!

Ham. Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.

Pol. That 's very true, my lord. 180

Ham. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god kissing carrion—Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i' the sun: conception is a blessing; but as your daughter may conceive,—friend, look to 't.

Pol. [*Aside*] How say you by that? Still harping on my daughter: yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a fishmonger: he is far gone: and 190 truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love; very near this. I 'll speak to him again. —What do you read, my lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my lord?

Ham. Between who?

Pol. I mean, the matter that you read, my lord.

Ham. Slanders, sir: for the satirical rogue says here that old men have grey beards, that their faces are wrinkled, their eyes purging thick amber 200 and plum-tree gum, and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams: all which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to

have it thus set down; for yourself, sir, shall grow old as I am, if like a crab you could go backward.

Pol. [*Aside*] Though this be madness, yet there is method in 't.—Will you walk out of the air, my lord? 210

Ham. Into my grave.

Pol. Indeed, that 's out of the air. [*Aside*] How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter.—My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me any thing that 220 I will more willingly part withal: except my life, except my life, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools!

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Pol. You go to seek the Lord Hamlet; there he is.

Ros. [*To Polonius*] God save you, sir! [*Exit Polonius.*

Guil. My honoured lord!

Ros. My most dear lord!

Ham. My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, 230 how do you both?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy, in that we are not over-happy;
On Fortune's cap we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shoe?
Ros. Neither, my lord.
Ham. Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favours?
Guil. Faith, her privates we.
Ham. In the secret parts of Fortune? O, most true; 240 she is a strumpet. What 's the news?
Ros. None, my lord, but that the world 's grown honest.
Ham. Then is doomsday near: but your news is not true. Let me question more in particular: what have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of Fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?
Guil. Prison, my lord!
Ham. Denmark 's a prison.
Ros. Then is the world one. 250
Ham. A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards and dungeons, Denmark being one o' the worst.
Ros. We think not so, my lord.
Ham. Why, then 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.
Ros. Why, then your ambition makes it one; 'tis too narrow for your mind.
Ham. O God, I could be bounded in a nut-shell and 260 count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams.
Guil. Which dreams indeed are ambition; for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.
Ham. A dream itself is but a shadow.

Ros. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality that it is but a shadow's shadow.

Ham. Then are our beggars bodies, and our monarchs and outstretched heroes the beggars' shadows. Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason. 270

Ros. } *Guil.* } We 'll wait upon you.

Ham. No such matter: I will not sort you with the rest of my servants; for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

Ros. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you: and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear a halfpenny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak. 280

Guil. What should we say, my lord?

Ham. Why, any thing, but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour: I know the good king and queen have sent for you. 290

Ros. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be

even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no.

Ros. [*Aside to Guil.*] What say you? 300

Ham. [*Aside*] Nay then, I have an eye of you.—
If you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moult no feather. I have of late —but wherefore I know not—lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises; and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile 310 promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of 320 animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me; no, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so.

Ros. My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh then, when I said 'man delights not me'?

Ros. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall

receive from you: we coted them on the way; 330
and hither are they coming, to offer you service.

Ham. He that plays the king shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute of me; the adventurous knight shall use his foil and target; the lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous man shall end his part in peace; the clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickle o' the sere, and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for 't. What players are they? 340

Ros. Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it they travel? their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

Ros. I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? are they so followed?

Ros. No, indeed, are they not. 350

Ham. How comes it? do they grow rusty?

Ros. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace: but there is, sir, an eyrie of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of question and are most tyrannically clapped for 't: these are now the fashion, and so berattle the common stages—so they call them—that many wearing rapiers are afraid of goose-quills, and dare scarce come thither?

Ham. What, are they children? who maintains 'em? 360
how are they escoted? Will they pursue the

quality no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players,—as it is most like, if their means are no better,—their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession?

Ros. Faith, there has been much to do on both sides, and the nation holds it no sin to tarre them to controversy: there was for a while no money bid for argument unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question. 370

Ham. Is 't possible?

Guil. O, there has been much throwing about of brains.

Ham. Do the boys carry it away?

Ros. Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his load too.

Ham. It is not very strange; for my uncle is king of Denmark, and those that would make mows at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, a hundred ducats a-piece, for his picture in little. 'Sblood, there is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out. 380

[*Flourish of trumpets within.*

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands, come then: the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony: let me comply with you in this garb, lest my extent to the players, which, I tell you, must show fairly outwards, should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome: but my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceived. 390

Guil. In what, my dear lord?

Ham. I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw.

Re-enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen!

Ham. Hark you, Guildenstern; and you too at each ear a hearer: that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swaddling clouts. 400

Ros. Happily he 's the second time come to them; for they say an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophesy he comes to tell me of the players; mark it. You say right, sir: o' Monday morning; 'twas so, indeed.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roscius was an actor in Rome,—

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buz, buz! 410

Pol. Upon my honour,—

Ham. Then came each actor on his ass,—

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene individable, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ and the liberty, these are the only men.

Ham. O Jephthah, judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou! 420

Pol. What a treasure had he, my lord?

Ham. Why,

'One fair daughter, and no more,
The which he loved passing well.'

Pol. [*Aside*] Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah?

Pol. If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not. 430

Pol. What follows, then, my lord?

Ham. Why,

'As by lot, God wot,'

and then you know,

'It came to pass, as most like it was,'—

the first row of the pious chanson will show you more; for look, where my abridgement comes.

Enter four or five Players.

You are welcome, masters; welcome, all. I am glad to see thee well. Welcome, good friends. O, my old friend! Why thy face is valanced 440 since I saw thee last; comest thou to beard me in Denmark? What, my young lady and mistress! By 'r lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring. Masters, you are all welcome. We 'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at any thing we see: we 'll have a speech straight: come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech. 450

First Play. What speech, my good lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it

was never acted; or, if it was, not above once;
for the play, I remember, pleased not the million; 'twas caviare to the general: but it was—
as I received it, and others, whose judgements in
such matters cried in the top of mine—an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set down
with as much modesty as cunning. I remember, one said there were no sallets in the lines 460
to make the matter savoury, nor no matter in
the phrase that might indict the author of affection; but called it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. One speech in it I chiefly
loved; 'twas Æneas' tale to Dido; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of
Priam's slaughter: if it live in your memory,
begin at this line; let me see, let me see;
'The rugged Pyrrhus, like th' Hyrcanian beast,'—
It is not so: it begins with 'Pyrrhus.' 471
'The rugged Pyrrhus, he whose sable arms,
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble
When he lay couched in the ominous horse,
Hath now this dread and black complexion smear'd
With heraldry more dismal: head to foot
Now is he total gules; horridly trick'd
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,
Baked and impasted with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous and a damned light 480
To their lord's murder: roasted in wrath and fire,
And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
Old grandsire Priam seeks.'

So, proceed you.

Pol. 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken, with good accent and good discretion.

First Play. 'Anon he finds him
Striking too short at Greeks; his antique sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command: unequal match'd, 490
Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage strikes wide;
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
The unnerved father falls. Then senseless Ilium,
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his base, and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear: for, lo! his sword,
Which was declining on the milky head
Of reverend Priam, seem'd 'i the air to stick:
So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood,
And like a neutral to his will and matter, 500
Did nothing.
But as we often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
The bold winds speechless and the orb below
As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region, so after Pyrrhus' pause
Aroused vengeance sets him new a-work ;
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Mars's armour, forged for proof eterne,
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword 510
Now falls on Priam.
Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! All you gods,
In general synod take away her power,
Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven

As low as to the fiends!'

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your beard.
Prithee, say on: he's for a jig or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps: say on: come to 520
Hecuba.

First Play. 'But who, O, who had seen the mobled queen—'

Ham. 'The mobled queen!'

Pol. That's good; 'mobled queen' is good.

First Play. 'Run barefoot up and down, threatening the flames
With bisson rheum; a clout upon that head
Where late the diadem stood; and for a robe,
About her lank and all o'erteemed loins,
A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up; 530
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd
'Gainst Fortune's state would treason have pronounced:
But if the gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs,
The instant burst of clamour that she made,
Unless things mortal move them not at all,
Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven,
And passion in the gods.'

Pol. Look, whether he has not turned his colour 540
and has tears in's eyes. Prithee, no more,

Ham. 'Tis well; I'll have thee speak out the rest of this soon. Good my lord, will you see the players well bestowed? Do you hear, let them be well used, for they are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time: after your death

you were better have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while you live.

Pol. My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Ham. God's bodykins, man, much better: use every man after his desert, and who shall 'scape whipping? Use them after your own honour and dignity: the less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in. 550

Pol. Come, sirs.

Ham. Follow him, friends: we 'll hear a play tomorrow. [*Exit Polonius with all the Players but the First.*] Dost thou hear me, old friend; can you play the Murder of Gonzago?

First Play. Ay, my lord. 560

Ham. We 'll ha 't to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down and insert in 't, could you not?

First Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Very well. Follow that lord; and look you mock him not. [*Exit First Player.*] My good friends, I 'll leave you till night: you are welcome to Elsinore.

Ros. Good my lord! 570

Ham. Ay, so, God be wi' ye! [*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*] Now I am alone.

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit
That from her working all his visage wann'd;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in 's aspect,

A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? and all for nothing! 580
For Hecuba!
What 's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech,
Make mad the guilty and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed
The very faculties of eyes and ears.
Yet I, 590
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property and most dear life
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the throat,
As deep as to the lungs? who does me this?
Ha! 600
'Swounds, I should take it: for it cannot be
But I am pigeon-liver'd and lack gall,
To make oppression bitter, or ere this
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal: bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!
O, vengeance!
Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave,
That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell, 610

Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a-cursing, like a very drab,
A scullion!
Fie upon 't! foh! About my brain! Hum, I have heard
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I 'll have these players
Play something like the murder of my father 621
Before mine uncle: I 'll observe his looks;
I 'll tent him to the quick: if he but blench,
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen
May be the devil; and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps
Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with such spirits,
Abuses me to damn me. I 'll have grounds
More relative than this. The play 's the thing 630
Wherein I 'll catch the conscience of the king. [*Exit.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

A room in the castle.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

King. And can you, by no drift of circumstance,
Get from him why he puts on this confusion,
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet

With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

Ros. He does confess he feels himself distracted,
But from what cause he will by no means speak.

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded;
But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state.

Queen. Did he receive you well? 10

Ros. Most like a gentleman.

Guil. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Ros. Niggard of question, but of our demands
Most free in his reply.

Queen. Did you assay him
To any pastime?

Ros. Madam, it so fell out that certain players
We o'er-raught on the way: of these we told him,
And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it: they are about the court,
And, as I think, they have already order 20
This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most true:
And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties
To hear and see the matter.

King. With all my heart; and it doth much content me
To hear him so inclined.
Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpose on to these delights.

Ros. We shall, my lord.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*

King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too;
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here 30

Affront Ophelia:
Her father and myself, lawful espials,
Will so bestow ourselves that, seeing unseen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge,
And gather by him, as he is behaved,
If 't be the affliction of his love or no
That thus he suffers for.

Queen. I shall obey you:
And for your part, Ophelia, I do wish
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness: so shall I hope your virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again, 41
To both your honours.

Oph. Madam, I wish it may.
[*Exit Queen.*

Pol. Ophelia, walk you here. Gracious, so please you,
We will bestow ourselves. [*To Ophelia.*] Read on this book;
That show of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness. We are oft to blame in this,—
'Tis too much proved—that with devotion's visage
And pious action we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.

King. [*Aside*] O, 'tis too true!
How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience!
The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastering art, 50
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it
Than is my deed to my most painted word:
O heavy burthen!

Pol. I hear him coming: let 's withdraw, my lord.
[*Exeunt King and Polonius.*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be: that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them. To die: to sleep; 60
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;
To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life; 69
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will, 80
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,

And enterprises of great pitch and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry
And lose the name of action. Soft you now!
The fair Ophelia! Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember'd.

Oph. Good my lord, 90
How does your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you: well, well, well.

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver;
I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No, not I;
I never gave you aught.

Oph. My honour'd lord, you know right well you did;
And with them words of so sweet breath composed
As made the things more rich: their perfume lost,
Take these again; for to the noble mind 100
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honest?

Oph. My lord?

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest and fair, your honesty should admit no discourse to your beauty.

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty? 110

Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness: this was sometime a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have believed me; for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock but we shall relish of it: I loved you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived. 120

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery: why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things that it were better my mother had not borne me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my beck than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do crawling between heaven and earth? We are arrant knaves all; 130 believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where 's your father?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool no where but in 's own house. Farewell.

Oph. O, help him, you sweet heavens!

Ham. If thou dost marry, I 'll give thee this plague for thy dowry: be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get 140 thee to a nunnery, go: farewell. Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go; and quickly too. Farewell.

Oph. O heavenly powers, restore him!

Ham. I have heard of your paintings too, well

enough; God hath given you one face, and you
make yourselves another: you jig, you amble,
and you lisp, and nick-name God's creatures, 150
and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go
to, I 'll no more on 't; it hath made me mad. I
say, we will have no more marriages: those that
are married already, all but one, shall live; the
rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go.
[*Exit.*

Oph. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue,
sword:
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers, quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched, 161
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth
Blasted with ecstasy: O, woe is me,
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

Re-enter King and Polonius.

King. Love! his affections do not that way tend;
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madness. There 's something in his
soul
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood, 171
And I do doubt the hatch and the disclose
Will be some danger: which for to prevent,
I have in quick determination
Thus set it down:—he shall with speed to England,
For the demand of our neglected tribute:

Haply the seas and countries different
With variable objects shall expel
This something-settled matter in his heart,
Whereon his brains still beating puts him thus 180
From fashion of himself. What think you on 't?

Pol. It shall do well: but yet do I believe
The origin and commencement of his grief
Sprung from neglected love. How now, Ophelia!
You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said;
We heard it all. My lord, do as you please;
But, if you hold it fit, after the play,
Let his queen mother all alone entreat him
To show his grief: let her be round with him;
And I 'll be placed, so please you, in the ear 190
Of all their conference. If she find him not,
To England send him, or confine him where
Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so:
Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A hall in the castle.

Enter Hamlet and Players.

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of your passion,

you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray you, avoid it.

First Play. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now this overdone or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve: the censure of the which one must in your allowance o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that neither having the accent of Christians nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

First Play. I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us, sir. 40

Ham. O, reform it altogether. And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too, though in the mean time some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that 's villanous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready. [*Exeunt Players.* 50

Enter Polonius, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

How now, my lord! will the king hear this piece of work?

Pol. And the queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the players make haste. [*Exit Polonius.*]
Will you help to hasten them?

Ros. / *Guil.* } We will, my lord.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*

Ham. What ho! Horatio!

Enter Horatio.

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation coped withal. 60

Hor. O, my dear lord,—

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter;
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast but thy good spirits,

To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been 70
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and blest are those
Whose blood and judgement are so well commingled
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee. Something too much of this.
There is a play to-night before the king; 80
One scene of it comes near the circumstance
Which I have told thee of my father's death:
I prithee, when thou seest that act a-foot,
Even with the very comment of thy soul
Observe my uncle: if his occulted guilt
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
It is a damned ghost that we have seen,
And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's stithy. Give him heedful note;
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face, 90
And after we will both our judgements join
In censure of his seeming.

Hor. Well, my lord:
If he steal aught the whilst this play is playing

And 'scape detecting, I will pay the theft.
Ham. They are coming to the play: I must be idle:
Get you a place.

Danish march. A flourish. Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and other Lords attendant, with the Guard carrying torches.

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?
Ham. Excellent, i' faith; of the chameleon's dish: I eat the air, promise-crammed: you cannot feed capons so. 100
King. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet; these words are not mine.
Ham. No, nor mine now. [*To Polonius*] My lord, you played once i' the university, you say?
Pol. That did I, my lord, and was accounted a good actor.
Ham. What did you enact?
Pol. I did enact Julius Cæsar: I was killed i' the Capitol; Brutus killed me.
Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a 110 calf there. Be the players ready?
Ros. Ay, my lord; they stay upon your patience.
Queen. Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.
Ham. No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.
Pol. [*To the King.*] O, ho! do you mark that?
Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?
[*Lying down at Ophelia's feet.*
Oph. No, my lord.
Ham. I mean, my head upon your lap?
Oph. Ay, my lord.
Ham. Do you think I meant country matters? 120

Oph. I think nothing, my lord.
Ham. That 's a fair thought to lie between maids' legs.
Oph. What is, my lord?
Ham. Nothing.
Oph. You are merry, my lord.
Ham. Who, I?
Oph. Ay, my lord.
Ham. O God, your only jig-maker. What should a man do but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within 's two hours. 130
Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.
Ham. So long? Nay then, let the devil wear black, for I 'll have a suit of sables. O heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there 's hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year: but, by 'r lady, he must build churches then; or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse, whose epitaph is, 140 'For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot.'

Hautboys play. The dumb-show enters.

Enter a King and a Queen very lovingly; the Queen embracing him, and he her. She kneels, and makes show of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck: lays him down upon a bank of flowers: she, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the King's ears, and exit. The Queen returns; finds the King dead, and makes passionate action. The Poisoner, with some two or three Mutes, comes in again,

seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The Poisoner wooes the Queen with gifts; she seems loath and unwilling awhile, but in the end accepts his love. [*Exeunt.*

Oph. What means this, my lord?
Ham. Marry, this is miching mallecho; it means mischief.
Oph. Belike this show imports the argument of the play.

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow: the players cannot keep counsel; they 'll tell all.
Oph. Will he tell us what this show meant? 150
Ham. Ay, or any show that you 'll show him: be not you ashamed to show, he 'll not shame to tell you what it means.
Oph. You are naught, you are naught: I 'll mark the play.
Pro. For us, and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.
Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?
Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord. 160
Ham. As woman's love.

Enter two Players, King and Queen.

P. King. Full thirty times hath Phœbus' cart gone round
Neptune's salt wash and Tellus' orbed ground,
And thirty dozen moons with borrowed sheen
About the world have times twelve thirties been,
Since love our hearts and Hymen did our hands

Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

P. Queen. So many journeys may the sun and moon
Make us again count o'er ere love be done!
But, woe is me, you are so sick of late, 170
So far from cheer and from your former state,
That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must:
For women's fear and love holds quantity,
In neither aught, or in extremity.
Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know,
And as my love is sized, my fear is so:
Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear,
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

P. King. Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too;
My operant powers their functions leave to do: 181
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, beloved; and haply one as kind
For husband shalt thou—

P. Queen. O, confound the rest!
Such love must needs be treason in my breast:
In second husband let me be accurst!
None wed the second but who kill'd the first.

Ham. [*Aside*] Wormwood, wormwood.

P. Queen. The instances that second marriage move
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love: 190
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.

P. King. I do believe you think what now you speak,
But what we do determine oft we break.
Purpose is but the slave to memory,
Of violent birth but poor validity:
Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree,

But fall unshaken when they mellow be,
Most necessary 'tis that we forget
To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt: 200
What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
The violence of either grief or joy
Their own enactures with themselves destroy:
Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament;
Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.
This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange
That even our loves should with our fortunes change,
For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
Whether love lead fortune or else fortune love. 210
The great man down, you mark his favourite flies;
The poor advanced makes friends of enemies;
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend;
For who not needs shall never lack a friend,
And who in want a hollow friend doth try
Directly seasons him his enemy.
But, orderly to end where I begun,
Our wills and fates do so contrary run,
That our devices still are overthrown,
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own:
So think thou wilt no second husband wed, 221
But die thy thoughts when thy first lord is dead.

P. Queen. Nor earth to me give food nor heaven light!
Sport and repose lock from me day and night!
To desperation turn my trust and hope!
An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope!
Each opposite, that blanks the face of joy,
Meet what I would have well and it destroy!
Both here and hence pursue me lasting strife,

If, once a widow, ever I be wife! 230

Ham. If she should break it now!

P. King. 'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here a while;
My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep. [*Sleeps.*

P. Queen. Sleep rock thy brain;
And never come mischance between us twain! [*Exit.*

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

Queen. The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

Ham. O, but she 'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in 't? 240

Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest; no offence i' the world.

King. What do you call the play?

Ham. The Mouse-trap. Marry, how? Tropically. This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna: Gonzago is the duke's name; his wife, Baptista: you shall see anon; 'tis a knavish piece of work: but what o' that? your majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us not: let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung. 250

Enter Lucianus.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.

Oph. You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning to take off my edge.

Oph. Still better, and worse.

Ham. So you must take your husbands. Begin murderer; pox, leave thy damnable faces, and begin. Come: the croaking raven doth bellow for revenge. 260

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;
Confederate season, else no creature seeing;
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy natural magic and dire property,
On wholesome life usurp immediately.
[*Pours the poison into the sleeper's ear.*

Ham. He poisons him i' the garden for his estate. His name's Gonzago: the story is extant, and written in very choice Italian: you shall see anon how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife. 270

Oph. The king rises.

Ham. What, frighted with false fire!

Queen. How fares my lord?

Pol. Give o'er the play.

King. Give me some light. Away!

Pol. Lights, lights, lights!

[*Exeunt all but Hamlet and Horatio.*

Ham. Why, let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play; 280
For some must watch, while some must sleep:
Thus runs the world away.
Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers—if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me—with two Provincial roses on my razed shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players, sir?

Hor. Half a share.

Ham. A whole one, I.
For thou dost know, O Damon dear,
This realm dismantled was 290
Of Jove himself; and now reigns here
A very, very—pajock.
Hor. You might have rhymed.
Ham. O good Horatio, I 'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?
Hor. Very well, my lord.
Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning?
Hor. I did very well note him.
Ham. Ah, ha! Come, some music! come, the recorders! 300
For if the king like not the comedy,
Why then, belike, he likes it not, perdy.
Come, some music!

Re-enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Guil. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.
Ham. Sir, a whole history.
Guil. The king, sir,—
Ham. Ay, sir, what of him?
Guil. Is in his retirement marvellous distempered.
Ham. With drink, sir?
Guil. No, my lord, rather with choler. 310
Ham. Your wisdom should show itself more richer to signify this to the doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation would perhaps plunge him into far more choler.
Guil. Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.
Ham. I am tame, sir: pronounce.

Guil. The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome. 320

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment: if not, your pardon and my return shall be the end of my business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseased: but, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; or rather, as you say, my 330 mother: therefore no more, but to the matter: my mother, you say,—

Ros. Then thus she says; your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration,

Ham. O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother! But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? Impart.

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. 340 Have you any further trade with us?

Ros. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. So I do still, by these pickers and stealers.

Ros. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? you do surely bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?

Ham. Ay, sir, but 'while the grass grows,'—the proverb is something musty. 350

Re-enter Players with recorders.

O, the recorders! let me see one. To withdraw with you:—why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot. 360

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. It is as easy as lying: govern these ventages with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill. 370

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass: and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instru-

ment you will, though you can fret me, yet you 380
cannot play upon me.

Re-enter Polonius.

God bless you, sir!

Pol. My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud that 's almost in shape of a camel?

Pol. By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is backed like a weasel.

Ham. Or like a whale? 390

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then I will come to my mother by and by. They fool me to the top of my bent. I will come by and by.

Pol. I will say so. [*Exit Polonius.*

Ham. 'By and by' is easily said. Leave me, friends. [*Exeunt all but Hamlet.*

'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world: now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter business as the day 400
Would quake to look on. Soft! now to my mother.
O heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:
Let me be cruel, not unnatural:
I will speak daggers to her, but use none;
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites;
How in my words soever she be shent,
To give them seals never, my soul, consent! [*Exit.*

Scene III.

A room in the castle.

Enter King, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with us
To let his madness range. Therefore prepare you;
I your commission will forthwith dispatch,
And he to England shall along with you:
The terms of our estate may not endure
Hazard so near us as doth hourly grow
Out of his lunacies.

Guil. We will ourselves provide:
Most holy and religious fear it is
To keep those many many bodies safe,
That live and feed upon your majesty. 10

Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound
With all the strength and armour of the mind
To keep itself from noyance; but much more
That spirit upon whose weal depends and rests
The lives of many. The cease of majesty
Dies not alone, but like a gulf doth draw
What 's near it with it: it is a massy wheel,
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are mortised and adjoin'd; which, when it falls, 20
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boisterous ruin. Never alone
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage,
For we will fetters put about this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

Ros.
Guil. } We will haste us.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My lord, he 's going to his mother's closet:
Behind the arras I 'll convey myself,
To hear the process; I 'll warrant she 'll tax him home:
And, as you said, and wisely was it said, 30
'Tis meet that some more audience than a mother,
Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear
The speech, of vantage. Fare you well, my liege:
I 'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

King. Thanks, dear my lord.

[*Exit Polonius.*

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't,
A brother's murder. Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will:
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent, 40
And like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what 's in prayer but this twofold force,
To be forestalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being down? Then I 'll look up; 50
My fault is past. But O, what form of prayer

Can serve my turn? 'Forgive me my foul murder?'
That cannot be, since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition and my queen.
May one be pardon'd and retain the offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice,
And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law: but 'tis not so above; 60
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature, and we ourselves compell'd
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults
To give in evidence. What then? what rests?
Try what repentance can: what can it not?
Yet what can it when one can not repent?
O wretched state! O bosom black as death!
O limed soul, that struggling to be free
Art more engaged! Help, angels! make assay!
Bow, stubborn knees, and, heart with strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe! 71
All may be well. [*Retires and kneels.*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it pat, now he is praying;
And now I 'll do 't: and so he goes to heaven:
And so am I revenged. That would be scann'd:
A villain kills my father; and for that,
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven.
O, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
He took my father grossly, full of bread, 80
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May;

And how his audit stands who knows save heaven?
But in our circumstance and course of thought,
'Tis heavy with him: and am I then revenged,
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage?
No.
Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid hent:
When he is drunk asleep, or in his rage,
Or in the incestuous pleasure of his bed; 90
At game, a-swearing, or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in 't;
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven
And that his soul may be as damn'd and black
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays:
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days. [*Exit.*

King. [*Rising*] My words fly up, my thoughts remain below:
Words without thoughts never to heaven go. [*Exit.*

Scene IV.

The Queen's closet.

Enter Queen and Polonius.

Pol. He will come straight. Look you lay home to him:
Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with,
And that your grace hath screen'd and stood between
Much heat and him. I 'll sconce me even here.
Pray you, be round with him.

Ham. [*Within*] Mother, mother, mother!

Queen. I 'll warrant you ; fear me not. Withdraw, I hear him coming. [*Polonius hides behind the arras.*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now, mother, what 's the matter?
Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.
Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended. 10
Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.
Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.
Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet!
Ham. What 's the natter now?
Queen. Have you forgot me?
Ham. No, by the rood, not so:
You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;
And—would it were not so!—you are my mother.
Queen. Nay, then, I 'll set those to you that can speak.
Ham. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge;
You go not till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you. 20
Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?
Help, help, ho!
Pol. [*Behind*] What, ho! help, help, help!
Ham. [*Drawing*] How now! a rat? Dead, for a ducat, dead! [*Makes a pass through the arras.*
Pol. [*Behind*] O, I am slain! [*Falls and dies.*
Queen. O me, what hast thou done?
Ham. Nay, I know not: is it the king?
Queen. O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!
Ham. A bloody deed! almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.
Queen. As kill a king!
Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word. 30
[*Lifts up the arras and discovers Polonius.*
Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!

I took thee for thy better: take thy fortune;
Thou find'st to be too busy is some danger.
Leave wringing of your hands: peace! sit you down,
And let me wring your heart: for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff;
If damned custom have not brass'd it so,
That it be proof and bulwark against sense.

Queen. What have I done, that thou darest wag thy tongue
In noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act 40
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty,
Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a blister there; makes marriage vows
As false as dicers' oaths: O, such a deed
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul, and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words: heaven's face doth glow;
Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
With tristful visage, as against the doom, 50
Is thought-sick at the act.

Queen. Ay me, what act,
That roars so loud and thunders in the index?

Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See what a grace was seated on this brow;
Hyperion's curls, the front of Jove himself,
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station like the herald Mercury
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination and a form indeed, 60
Where every god did seem to set his seal

To give the world assurance of a man:
This was your husband. Look you now, what follows:
Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it love, for at your age
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it 's humble, 69
And waits upon the judgement: and what judgement
Would step from this to this? Sense sure you have,
Else could you not have motion: but sure that sense
Is apoplex'd: for madness would not err,
Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd
But it reserved some quantity of choice,
To serve in such a difference. What devil was 't
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sense 80
Could not so mope.
O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax
And melt in her own fire: proclaim no shame
When the compulsive ardour gives the charge,
Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
And reason pandars will.

Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more:
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul,
And there I see such black and grained spots 90
As will not leave their tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live

In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed,
Stew'd in corruption, honeying and making love
Over the nasty sty,—

Queen. O, speak to me no more;
These words like daggers enter in my ears;
No more, sweet Hamlet!

Ham. A murderer and a villain;
A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe
Of your precedent lord; a vice of kings;
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole 100
And put it in his pocket!

Queen. No more!

Ham. A king of shreds and patches—

Enter Ghost.

Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards! What would your gracious figure?

Queen. Alas, he 's mad!

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, lapsed in time and passion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread command?
O, say!

Ghost. Do not forget: this visitation 110
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But look, amazement on thy mother sits:
O, step between her and her fighting soul:
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works:
Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, lady?

Queen. Alas, how is 't with you,

That you do bend your eye on vacancy
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;
And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm, 120
Your bedded hairs, like life in excrements,
Start up and stand an end. O gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

Ham. On him, on him! Look you how pale he glares!
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable. Do not look upon me,
Lest with this piteous action you convert
My stern effects: then what I have to do 129
Will want true colour; tears perchance for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

Queen. Nothing at all; yet all that is I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing but ourselves.

Ham. Why, look you there! look, how it steals away!
My father, in his habit as he lived!
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!
[*Exit Ghost.*

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain:
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.

Ham. Ecstasy!
My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time, 140
And makes as healthful music: it is not madness
That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word, which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,

Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass but my madness speaks:
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;
Repent what 's past, avoid what is to come, 150
And do not spread the compost on the weeds,
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue,
For in the fatness of these pursy times
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,
Yea, curb and woo for leave to do him good.

Queen. O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

Ham. O, throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night: but go not to my uncle's bed;
Assume a virtue, if you have it not. 160
That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,
Of habits devil, is angel yet in this,
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock or livery,
That aptly is put on. Refrain to-night,
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence; the next more easy;
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
And either . . . the devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency. Once more, good night:
And when you are desirous to be blest, 171
I 'll blessing beg of you. For this same lord,

[*Pointing to Polonius.*

I do repent: but heaven hath pleased it so,
To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister.

I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him. So, again, good night.
I must be cruel, only to be kind:
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.
One word more, good lady.

Queen. What shall I do? 180

Ham. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do:
Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed;
Pinch wanton on your cheek, call you his mouse;
And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,
Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft. 'Twere good you let him know;
For who, that 's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib, 190
Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?
No, in despite of sense and secrecy,
Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
Let the birds fly, and like the famous ape,
To try conclusions, in the basket creep
And break your own neck down.

Queen. Be thou assured, if words be made of breath
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to England; you know that?

Queen. Alack, 200
I had forgot: 'tis so concluded on.

Ham. There 's letters seal'd: and my two schoolfellows,
Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd,
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,
And marshal me to knavery. Let it work;

For 'tis the sport to have the enginer
Hoist with his own petar: and 't shall go hard
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon: O, 'tis most sweet
When in one line two crafts directly meet. 210
This man shall set me packing:
I 'll lug the guts into the neighbour room.
Mother, good night. Indeed this counsellor
Is now most still, most secret and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.
Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night, mother.
[*Exeunt severally; Hamlet dragging in Polonius.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

A room in the castle.

Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

King. There 's matter in these sighs, these profound heaves:
You must translate: 'tis fit we understand them.
Where is your son?
Queen. Bestow this place on us a little while.
[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*
Ah, mine own lord, what have I seen to-night!
King. What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?
Queen. Mad as the sea and wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier: in his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
Whips out his rapier, cries 'A rat, a rat!' 10
And in this brainish apprehension kills

The unseen good old man.

King. O heavy deed!
It had been so with us, had we been there:
His liberty is full of threats to all,
To you yourself, to us, to every one.
Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?
It will be laid to us, whose providence
Should have kept short, restrain'd and out of haunt,
This mad young man: but so much was our love,
We would not understand what was most fit, 20
But, like the owner of a foul disease,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd:
O'er whom his very madness, like some ore
Among a mineral of metals base,
Shows itself pure; he weeps for what is done.

King. O Gertrude, come away!
The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,
But we will ship him hence: and this vile deed 30
We must, with all our majesty and skill,
Both countenance and excuse. Ho, Guildenstern!

Re-enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Friends both, go join you with some further aid:
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him:
Go seek him out; speak fair, and bring the body
Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*

Come, Gertrude, we 'll call up our wisest friends;
And let them know, both what we mean to do,

And what's untimely done. . . . 40
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter
As level as the cannon to his blank
Transports his poison'd shot, may miss our name
And hit the woundless air. O, come away!
My soul is full of discord and dismay. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Another room in the castle.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Safely stowed.

Ros. } [*Within*] Hamlet! Lord Hamlet!
Guil. }

Ham. But soft, what noise? who calls on Hamlet?
O, here they come.

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Ros. What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?
Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.
Ros. Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence
And bear it to the chapel.
Ham. Do not believe it.
Ros. Believe what? 10
Ham. That I can keep your counsel and not mine own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge! what replication should be made by the son of a king?
Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my lord?
Ham. Ay, sir; that soaks up the king's countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the king best service in the end: he keeps

them, like an ape, in the corner of his jaw;
first mouthed, to be last swallowed: when he 20
needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.

Ros. I understand you not, my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

Ros. My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king.

Ham. The body is with the king, but the king is not with the body. The king is a thing—

Guil. A thing, my lord? 30

Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him. Hide fox, and all after. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Another room in the castle.

Enter King, attended.

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the body.
How dangerous is it that this man goes loose!
Yet must not we put the strong law on him:
He 's loved of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgement, but their eyes;
And where 'tis so, the offender's scourge is weigh'd,
But never the offence. To bear all smooth and even,
This sudden sending him away must seem
Deliberate pause: diseases desperate grown
By desperate appliance are relieved, 10
Or not at all.

Enter Rosencrantz.

How now! what hath befall'n?

Ros. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,
We cannot get from him.
King. But where is he?
Ros. Without, my lord; guarded, to know your pleasure.
King. Bring him before us.
Ros. Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

Enter Hamlet and Guildenstern.

King. Now, Hamlet, where 's Polonius?
Ham. At supper.
King. At supper! where?
Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for maggots: your fat king and your lean beggar is but variable service, two dishes, but to one table: that 's the end. 20
King. Alas, alas!
Ham. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king, and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm. 30
King. What dost thou mean by this?
Ham. Nothing but to show you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.
King. Where is Polonius?
Ham. In heaven; send thither to see: if your messenger find him not there, seek him i' the other place yourself. But indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.
King. Go seek him there. [*To some Attendants.* 40

Ham. He will stay till you come. [*Exeunt Attendants.*

King. Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,
Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence
With fiery quickness: therefore prepare thyself;
The bark is ready and the wind at help,
The associates tend, and everything is bent
For England.

Ham. For England?

King. Ay, Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a cherub that sees them. But, come; for 50
England! Farewell, dear mother.

King. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

Ham. My mother: father and mother is man and wife; man and wife is one flesh, and so, my mother. Come, for England! [*Exit.*

King. Follow him at foot; tempt him with speed aboard;
Delay it not; I 'll have him hence to-night:
Away! for every thing is seal'd and done
That else leans on the affair: pray you, make haste.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*

And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught—
As my great power thereof may give thee sense, 61
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us—thou mayst not coldly set
Our sovereign process; which imports at full,
By letters congruing to that effect,
The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England;
For like the hectic in my blood he rages,

And thou must cure me: till I know 'tis done,
Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er begun. 70
[*Exit.*

Scene IV.

A plain in Denmark.

Enter Fortinbras, a Captain and Soldiers, marching.

For. Go, captain, from me greet the Danish king;
Tell him that by his license Fortinbras
Craves the conveyance of a promised march
Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.
If that his majesty would aught with us,
We shall express our duty in his eye;
And let him know so.
Cap. I will do 't, my lord.
For. Go softly on.
[*Exeunt Fortinbras and Soldiers.*

Enter Hamlet, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and others.

Ham. Good sir, whose powers are these?
Cap. They are of Norway, sir. 10
Ham. How purposed, sir, I pray you?
Cap. Against some part of Poland.
Ham. Who commands them, sir?
Cap. The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.
Ham. Goes it against the main of Poland, sir,
Or for some frontier?
Cap. Truly to speak, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground
That hath in it no profit but the name.
To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it; 20

Nor will it yield to Norway or the Pole
A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.
Ham. Why, then the Polack never will defend it.
Cap. Yes, it is already garrison'd.
Ham. Two thousand souls and twenty thousand ducats
Will not debate the question of this straw:
This is the imposthume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breaks, and shows no cause without
Why the man dies. I humbly thank you, sir.
Cap. God be wi' you, sir. [*Exit.*
Ros. Will 't please you go, my lord?
Ham. I 'll be with you straight. Go a little before. 31
[*Exeunt all but Hamlet.*

How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure, he that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reason
To fust in us unused. Now, whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple 40
Of thinking too precisely on the event,—
A thought which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom
And ever three parts coward,—I do not know
Why yet I live to say 'this thing 's to do,'
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means,
To do 't. Examples gross as earth exhort me:
Witness this army, of such mass and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince,
Whose spirit with divine ambition puff'd
Makes mouths at the invisible event, 50

Exposing what is mortal and unsure
To all that fortune, death and danger dare,
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great
Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw
When honour 's at the stake. How stand I then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason and my blood,
And let all sleep, while to my shame I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men, 60
That for a fantasy and trick of fame
Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough and continent
To hide the slain? O, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth! [*Exit.*

Scene V.

Elsinore. A room in the castle.

Enter Queen, Horatio, and a gentleman.

Queen. I will not speak with her.
Gent. She is importunate, indeed distract:
Her mood will needs be pitied.
Queen. What would she have?
Gent. She speaks much of her father, says she hears
There 's tricks i' the world, and hems and beats her heart,
Spurns enviously at straws; speaks things in doubt,
That carry but half sense: her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection; they aim at it, 9

And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts;
Which, as her winks and nods and gestures yield them,
Indeed would make one think there might be thought,
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

Hor. 'Twere good she were spoken with, for she may strew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.

Queen. Let her come in. [*Exit Gentleman.*
[*Aside*] To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss:
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt. 20

Re-enter Gentleman, with Ophelia.

Oph. Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

Queen. How now, Ophelia!

Oph. [*Sings*] How should I your true love know
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff
And his sandal shoon.

Queen. Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?

Oph. Say you? nay, pray you, mark.
[*Sings*] He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone; 30
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.
Oh, oh!

Queen. Nay, but, Ophelia,—

Oph. Pray you, mark.
[*Sings*] White his shroud as the mountain snow,—

Enter King.

Queen. Alas, look here, my lord.

Oph. [*Sings*] Larded with sweet flowers;
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true-love showers.

King. How do you, pretty lady? 40

Oph. Well, God 'ild you! They say the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table!

King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Pray you, let's have no words of this; but when they ask you what it means, say you this:
[*Sings*] To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window, 50
To be your Valentine.
Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes,
And dupp'd the chamber-door;
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.

King. Pretty Ophelia!

Oph. Indeed, la, without an oath, I 'll make an end on 't:
[*Sings*] By Gis and by Saint Charity,
Alack, and fie for shame!
Young men will do 't, if they come to 't; 60
By cock, they are to blame.
Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promised me to wed.
He answers:
So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
An thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she been thus?

Oph. I hope all will be well. We must be patient:

but I cannot choose but weep, to think they
should lay him i' the cold ground. My brother 70
shall know of it: and so I thank you for your
good counsel. Come, my coach! Good night,
ladies; good night, sweet ladies; good night,
good night. [*Exit.*

King. Follow her close; give her good watch, I pray
you. [*Exit Horatio.*

O, this is the poison of deep grief; it springs
All from her father's death. O Gertrude, Gertrude,
When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions! First, her father slain:
Next, your son gone; and he most violent author 80
Of his own just remove: the people muddied,
Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and
whispers,
For good Polonius' death; and we have done but
greenly,
In hugger-mugger to inter him: poor Ophelia
Divided from herself and her fair judgement,
Without the which we are pictures, or mere beasts:
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from France,
Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear 90
With pestilent speeches of his father's death;
Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,
Will nothing stick our person to arraign
In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,
Like to a murdering-piece, in many places
Gives me superfluous death. [*A noise within.*

Queen. Alack, what noise is this?

King. Where are my Switzers? Let them guard the
door.

Enter another Gentleman.

What is the matter?

Gent. Save yourself, my lord:
The ocean, overpeering of his list,
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste 100
Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,
O'erbears your officers. The rabble call him lord;
And, as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every word,
They cry 'Choose we; Laertes shall be king!'
Caps, hands and tongues applaud it to the clouds,
'Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!'

Queen. How cheerfully on the false trail they cry!
O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs! 110
[*Noise within.*

King. The doors are broke.

Enter Laertes, armed; Danes following.

Laer. Where is this king? Sirs, stand you all without.

Danes. No, let 's come in.

Laer. I pray you, give me leave.

Danes. We will, we will. [*They retire without the door.*

Laer. I thank you: keep the door. O thou vile king,
Give me my father!

Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood that 's calm proclaims me bastard;
Cries cuckold to my father; brands the harlot
Even here, between the chaste unsmirched brows
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause, Laertes, 120
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?

Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person:
There 's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will. Tell me, Laertes,
Why thou art thus incensed: let him go, Gertrude:
Speak, man.

Laer. Where is my father?
King. Dead.
Queen. But not by him.
King. Let him demand his fill. 129
Laer. How came he dead? I 'll not be juggled with:
To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit!
I dare damnation: to this point I stand,
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes; only I 'll be revenged
Most throughly for my father.
King. Who shall stay you?
Laer. My will, not all the world:
And for my means, I 'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.
King. Good Laertes,
If you desire to know the certainty 140
Of your dear father's death, is 't writ in your revenge
That, swoopstake, you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loser?
Laer. None but his enemies.
King. Will you know them then?
Laer. To his good friends thus wide I 'll ope my arms;
And, like the kind life-rendering pelican,
Repast them with my blood.
King. Why, now you speak

Like a good child and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensibly in grief for it, 150
It shall as level to your judgement pierce
As day does to your eye.

Danes. [*Within*] Let her come in.

Laer. How now! what noise is that?

Re-enter Ophelia.

O heat, dry up my brains! tears seven times salt,
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!
By heaven, thy madness shall be paid with weight,
Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May!
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!
O heavens! is 't possible a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life? 160
Nature is fine in love, and where 'tis fine
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.

Oph. [*Sings*] They bore him barefaced on the bier:
Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny:
And in his grave rain'd many a tear,—
Fare you well, my dove!

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge,
It could not move thus.

Oph. [*Sings*] You must sing down a-down, 170
An you call him a-down-a.
O, how the wheel becomes it! It is the false
steward, that stole his master's daughter.

Laer. This nothing 's more than matter.

Oph. There 's rosemary, that 's for remembrance:
pray you, love, remember: and there is pansies,
that 's for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madness; thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbines: there's rue for you: and here's some for me: we may call it herb of grace o' Sundays: O, you must wear your rue with a difference. There's a daisy: I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father died: they say a' made a good end,— 180

[*Sings*] For bonnie sweet Robin is all my joy.

Laer. Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,
She turns to favour and to prettiness.

Oph. [*Sings*] And will a' not come again? 190
And will a' not come again?
No, no, he is dead,
Go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again.

His beard was as white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll:
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan:
God ha' mercy on his soul!

And of all Christian souls, I pray God. God be wi' you. [*Exit.* 200

Laer. Do you see this, O God?

King. Laertes, I must commune with your grief,
Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will.
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me:
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,

Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction; but if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us, 210
And we shall jointly labour with your soul
To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so;
His means of death, his obscure funeral,
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,
No noble rite nor formal ostentation,
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,
That I must call 't in question.

King. So you shall;
And where the offence is let the great axe fall.
I pray you, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

Another room in the castle.

Enter Horatio and a Servant.

Hor. What are they that would speak with me?

Serv. Sea-faring men, sir: they say they have letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in. [*Exit Servant.*
I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.

Enter Sailors.

First Sail. God bless you, sir.

Hor. Let him bless thee too.

First Sail. He shall, sir, an 't please him. There 's a letter for you, sir; it comes from the ambassador that was bound for England; if your name 10 be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

Hor. [*Reads*] 'Horatio, when thou shalt have over-

looked this, give these fellows some means to the king: they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour, and in the grapple I boarded them: on the instant they got clear of our ship; so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy: but they knew what 20
they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me with as much speed as thou wouldest fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England: of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell. 30

'He that thou knowest thine, HAMLET.'
Come, I will make you way for these your letters;
And do 't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.

Another room in the castle.

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,
And you must put me in your heart for friend,
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he which hath your noble father slain
Pursued my life.

Laer. It well appears: but tell me
Why you proceeded not against these feats,
So crimeful and so capital in nature,
As by your safety, wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd up.

King. O, for two special reasons,
Which may to you perhaps seem much unsinew'd, 10
But yet to me they 're strong. The queen his mother
Lives almost by his looks; and for myself—
My virtue or my plague, be it either which—
She 's so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive,
Why to a public count I might not go,
Is the great love the general gender bear him;
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Would, like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Convert his gyves to graces; so that my arrows, 21
Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again
And not where I had aim'd them.

Laer. And so have I a noble father lost;
A sister driven into desperate terms,
Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections: but my revenge will come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that: you must not think
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull 31
That we can let our beard be shook with danger
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more:
I loved your father, and we love ourself;
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine—

Enter a Messenger, with letters.

How now! what news?

Mess. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet:
This to your majesty; this to the queen.

King. From Hamlet! who brought them?

Mess. Sailors, my lord, they say; I saw them not: 39
They were given me by Claudio; he received them
Of him that brought them.

King. Laertes, you shall hear them.
Leave us. [*Exit Messenger.*

[*Reads*] 'High and mighty, You shall know I am set naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes: when I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, recount the occasion of my sudden and more strange return. 'HAMLET.'

What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing? 50

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis Hamlet's character. 'Naked'!
And in a postscript here, he says 'alone'.
Can you advise me?

Laer. I 'm lost in it, my lord. But let him come;
It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
'Thus didest thou.'

King. If it be so, Laertes,—
As how should it be so? how otherwise?—
Will you be ruled by me?

Laer. Ay, my lord; 60
So you will not o'errule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace. If he be now return'd,
As checking at his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it, I will work him
To an exploit now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not choose but fall:
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe;
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice,
And call it accident.

Laer. My lord, I will be ruled;
The rather, if you could devise it so 70
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right.
You have been talk'd of since your travel much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein, they say, you shine: your sum of parts
Did not together pluck such envy from him,
As did that one, and that in my regard
Of the unworthiest siege.

Laer. What part is that, my lord?

King. A very riband in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears 80
Than settled age his sables and his weeds,
Importing health and graveness. Two months since,
Here was a gentleman of Normandy:—
I've seen myself, and served against, the French,
And they can well on horseback: but this gallant
Had witchcraft in 't; he grew unto his seat,
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse
As had he been incorpsed and demi-natured
With the brave beast: so far he topp'd my thought
That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks, 90

Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman was 't?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my life, Lamond.

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him well: he is the brooch indeed
And gem of all the nation.

King. He made confession of you,
And gave you such a masterly report,
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your rapier most especial,
That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed 100
If one could match you: the scrimers of their nation,
He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you opposed them. Sir, this report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy
That he could nothing do but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o'er, to play with him.
Now, out of this—

Laer. What out of this, my lord?

King. Laertes, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why ask you this? 110

King. Not that I think you did not love your father,
But that I know love is begun by time,
And that I see, in passages of proof,
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.
There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it;
And nothing is at a like goodness still,
For goodness, growing to a plurisy,

Dies in his own too much: that we would do
We should do when we would; for this 'would' changes 120
And hath abatements and delays as many
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents,
And then this 'should' is like a spendthrift sigh,
That hurts by easing. But, to the quick o' the ulcer:
Hamlet comes back: what would you undertake,
To show yourself your father's son in deed
More than in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i' the church.

King. No place indeed should murder sanctuarize;
Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Laertes,
Will you do this, keep close within your chamber.
Hamlet return'd shall know you are come home: 131
We 'll put on those shall praise your excellence
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gave you; bring you in fine together
And wager on your heads: he, being remiss,
Most generous and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the foils, so that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword unbated, and in a pass of practice
Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will do 't; 140
And for that purpose I 'll anoint my sword.
I bought an unction of a mountebank,
So mortal that but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood no cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the thing from death
That is but scratch'd withal: I 'll touch my point

With this contagion, that, if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.

King. Let 's further think of this;
Weigh what convenience both of time and means 150
May fit us to our shape: if this should fail,
And that our drift look through our bad performance,
'Twere better not assay'd: therefore this project
Should have a back or second, that might hold
If this did blast in proof. Soft! let me see:
We 'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings:
I ha 't:
When in your motion you are hot and dry—
As make your bouts more violent to that end—
And that he calls for drink, I 'll have prepared him
A chalice for the nonce; whereon but sipping, 161
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there. But stay, what noise?

Enter Queen.

How now, sweet queen!

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow: your sister 's drown'd, Laertes.

Laer. Drown'd! O, where?

Queen. There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
There with fantastic garlands did she come 170
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them:
There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies and herself

Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide,
And mermaid-like a while they bore her up:
Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indued 180
Unto that element: but long it could not be
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas, then she is drown'd!

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears: but yet
It is our trick; nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will: when these are gone,
The woman will be out. Adieu, my lord: 190
I have a speech of fire that fain would blaze,
But that this folly douts it. [*Exit.*

King. Let 's follow, Gertrude:
How much I had to do to calm his rage!
Now fear I this will give it start again;
Therefore let 's follow. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

A churchyard.

Enter two Clowns, with spades, &c.

First Clo. Is she to be buried in Christian burial that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

Sec. Clo. I tell thee she is; and therefore make her

grave straight: the crowner hath sat on her, and finds it Christian burial.

First Clo. How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence?

Sec. Clo. Why, 'tis found so.

First Clo. It must be 'se offendendo'; it cannot be else. For here lies the point: if I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act: and an act hath three branches; it is, to act, to do, to perform: argal, she drowned herself wittingly. 10

Sec. Clo. Nay, but hear you, goodman delver.

First Clo. Give me leave. Here lies the water; good: here stands the man; good: if the man go to this water and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes; mark you that; but if the water come to him and drown him, he drowns not himself: argal, he that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his own life. 20

Sec. Clo. But is this law?

First Clo. Ay, marry, is 't; crowner's quest law.

Sec. Clo. Will you ha' the truth on 't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out o' Christian burial.

First Clo. Why, there thou say'st: and the more pity that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even Christian. Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers and grave-makers: they hold up Adam's profession. 30

Sec. Clo. Was he a gentleman?

First Clo. A' was the first that ever bore arms.

Sec. Clo. Why, he had none.

First Clo. What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture? The Scripture says Adam digged: could he dig without arms? I 'll put another question to thee: if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself— 40

Sec. Clo. Go to.

First Clo. What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

Sec. Clo. The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

First Clo. I like thy wit well, in good faith: the gallows does well; but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now, thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church: argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To 't again, come. 50

Sec. Clo. 'Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?'

First Clo. Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

Sec. Clo. Marry, now I can tell.

First Clo. To 't.

Sec. Clo. Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio, afar off.

First Clo. Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating, and when you are asked this question next, say, 'a grave-maker': the houses that he makes last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan; fetch me a stoup of liquor. 60 [*Exit Sec. Clown.*

[*He digs, and sings.*

In youth, when I did love, did love,
Methought it was very sweet,
To contract, O, the time, for-a my behove,
O, methought, there-a was nothing-a meet.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave-making? 70

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

First Clo. [*Sings*] But age, with his stealing steps,
Hath claw'd me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me intil the land,
As if I had never been such.

[*Throws up a skull.*

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: how the knave jowls it to the ground, as 80 if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! It might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'er-reaches; one that would circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier, which could say 'Good morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, sweet lord?' This might be my lord such-a-one, that praised my lord such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it; might it not? 90

Hor. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Why, e'en so: and now my Lady Worm's; chapless, and knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade: here 's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see 't. Did these bones cost

no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with 'em? mine ache to think on 't.

First. Clo. [*Sings*] A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade,
For and a shrouding sheet:
O, a pit of clay for to be made 100
For such a guest is meet.
[*Throws up another skull.*

Ham. There 's another: why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddities now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Hum! This fellow might be in 's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries: is this the fine of his fines and the 110 recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more, ha?

Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

Hor. Ay, my lord, and of calf-skins too. 120

Ham. They are sheep and calves which seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow. Whose grave 's this, sirrah?

First Clo. Mine, sir.
[*Sings*] O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

Ham. I think it be thine indeed, for thou liest in 't.

First Clo. You lie out on 't, sir, and therefore 'tis not yours: for my part, I do not lie in 't, and yet it is mine. 130

Ham. Thou dost lie in 't, to be in 't and say it is thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest.

First Clo. 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away again, from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

First Clo. For no man, sir.

Ham. What woman then?

First Clo. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in 't? 140

First Clo. One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she 's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord, Horatio, this three years I have taken note of it; the age is grown so picked that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe. How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

First Clo. Of all the days i' the year, I came to 't 150 that day that our last King Hamlet o'ercame Fortinbras.

Ham. How long is that since?

First Clo. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: it was that very day that young Hamlet was born; he that is mad, and sent into England.

Ham. Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

First Clo. Why, because a' was mad: a' shall recover

his wits there; or, if a' do not, 'tis no great matter there. 160

Ham. Why?

First Clo. 'Twill not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

First Clo. Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How 'strangely'?

First Clo. Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

First Clo. Why, here in Denmark: I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years. 170

Ham. How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?

First Clo. I' faith, if a' be not rotten before a' die—as we have many pocky corses now-a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in—a' will last you some eight year or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.

Ham. Why he more than another?

First Clo. Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade that a' will keep out water a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here 's a skull now: this skull has lain in the earth three and twenty years. 180

Ham. Whose was it?

First Clo. A whoreson mad fellow's it was: whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

First Clo. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! a' poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester. 190

Ham. This?

First Clo. E'en that.

Ham. Let me see. [*Takes the skull.*] Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? 200 your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chop-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that. Prithee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Hor. What 's that, my lord?

Ham. Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth? 210

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so? pah! [*Puts down the skull.*

Hor. E'en so, my lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

Hor. 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ham. No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough and likelihood to lead it: as thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, 220 Alexander returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam; and why of that loam,

whereto he was converted, might they not stop
a beer-barrel?

Imperious Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:
O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!

But soft! but soft! aside: here comes the king.

Enter Priests, &c. in procession; the Corpse of Ophelia, Laertes, and Mourners following; King, Queen, their trains, &c.

The queen, the courtiers: who is this they follow?
And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken 231
The corse they follow did with desperate hand
Fordo its own life: 'twas of some estate.
Couch we awhile, and mark. [*Retiring with Horatio.*

Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham. That is Laertes, a very noble youth: mark.

Laer. What ceremony else?

First Priest. Her obsequies have been as far enlarged
As we have warranty: her death was doubtful;
And, but that great command o'ersways the order,
She should in ground unsanctified have lodged 241
Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,
Shards, flints and pebbles should be thrown on her:
Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants,
Her maiden strewments and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

First Priest. No more be done:
We should profane the service of the dead
To sing a requiem and such rest to her

As to peace-parted souls.

Laer. Lay her i' the earth: 250
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring! I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministering angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.

Ham. What, the fair Ophelia!

Queen. [*Scattering flowers*] Sweets to the sweet: farewell!
I hoped thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife;
I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not have strew'd thy grave.

Laer. O, treble woe
Fall ten times treble on that cursed head
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense 260
Deprived thee of! Hold off the earth a while,
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms:
[*Leaps into the grave.*
Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
Till of this flat a mountain you have made
To o'ertop old Pelion or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.

Ham. [*Advancing*] What is he whose grief
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wandering stars and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
Hamlet the Dane. [*Leaps into the grave.* 270

Laer. The devil take thy soul! [*Grappling with him.*

Ham. Thou pray'st not well.
I prithee, take thy fingers from my throat;
For, though I am not splenitive and rash,
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear. Hold off thy hand.

King. Pluck them asunder.

Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet!

All. Gentlemen,—

Hor. Good my lord, be quiet.

[*The Attendants part them, and they come out of the grave.*

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme
Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

Queen. O my son, what theme? 280

Ham. I loved Ophelia: forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum. What wilt thou do for her?

King. O, he is mad, Laertes.

Queen. For love of God, forbear him.

Ham. 'Swounds, show me what thou 'lt do:
Woo 't weep? woo 't fight? woo 't fast? woo 't tear thyself?
Woo 't drink up eisel? eat a crocodile?
I 'll do 't. Dost thou come here to whine?
To outface me with leaping in her grave? 290
Be buried quick with her, and so will I:
And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us, till our ground,
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou 'lt mouth,
I 'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. This is mere madness:
And thus a while the fit will work on him;
Anon, as patient as the female dove
When that her golden couplets are disclosed,
His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Hear you, sir; 300

What is the reason that you use me thus?
I loved you ever: but it is no matter;
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day. [*Exit.*

King. I pray thee, good Horatio, wait upon him.
[*Exit Horatio.*

[*To Laertes*] Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech;
We 'll put the matter to the present push.
Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.
This grave shall have a living monument:
An hour of quiet shortly shall we see; 310
Till then, in patience our proceeding be. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A hall in the castle.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this, sir: now shall you see the other;
You do remember all the circumstance?

Hor. Remember it, my lord!

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,
That would not let me sleep: methought I lay
Worse than the mutines in the bilboes. Rashly,
And praised be rashness for it, let us know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well
When our deep plots do pall; and that should learn us
There 's a divinity that shapes our ends, 10
Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is most certain.

Ham. Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark

Groped I to find out them; had my desire,
Finger'd their packet, and in fine withdrew
To mine own room again; making so bold,
My fears forgetting manners, to unseal
Their grand commission; where I found, Horatio,—
O royal knavery!—an exact command,
Larded with many several sorts of reasons, 20
Importing Denmark's health and England's too,
With, ho! such bugs and goblins in my life,
That, on the supervise, no leisure bated,
No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
My head should be struck off.

Hor. Is 't possible?

Ham. Here 's the commission: read it at more leisure.
But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed?

Hor. I beseech you.

Ham. Being thus be-netted round with villanies,—
Or I could make a prologue to my brains, 30
They had begun the play,—I sat me down;
Devised a new commission; wrote it fair:
I once did hold it, as our statists do,
A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much
How to forget that learning; but, sir, now
It did me yeoman's service: wilt thou know
The effect of what I wrote?

Hor. Ay, good my lord.

Ham. An earnest conjuration from the king,
As England was his faithful tributary,
As love between them like the palm might flourish,
As peace should still her wheaten garland wear 41
And stand a comma 'tween their amities,
And many such-like 'As' es of great charge,

That, on the view and knowing of these contents,
Without debatement further, more or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not shriving-time allow'd.

Hor. How was this seal'd?

Ham. Why, even in that was heaven ordinant.
I had my father's signet in my purse,
Which was the model of that Danish seal: 50
Folded the writ up in the form of the other;
Subscribed it; gave 't the impression; placed it safely,
The changeling never known. Now, the next day
Was our sea-fight; and what to this was sequent
Thou know'st already.

Hor. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to 't.

Ham. Why, man, they did make love to this employment;
They are not near my conscience; their defeat
Does by their own insinuation grow:
'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes 60
Between the pass and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a king is this!

Ham. Does it not, think'st thee, stand me now upon—
He that hath kill'd my king, and whored my mother;
Popp'd in between the election and my hopes;
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage—is 't not perfect conscience,
To quit him with this arm? and is 't not to be damn'd,
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil? 70

Hor. It must be shortly known to him from England
What is the issue of the business there.

Ham. It will be short: the interim is mine;

And a man's life 's no more than to say 'One.'
But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself;
For, by the image of my cause, I see
The portraiture of his: I 'll court his favours:
But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a towering passion.

Hor. Peace! who comes here? 80

Enter Osric.

Osr. Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

Ham. I humbly thank you, sir. Dost know this water-fly?

Hor. No, my good lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious, for 'tis a vice to know him. He hath much land, and fertile: let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the king's mess: 'tis a chough, but, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

Osr. Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his majesty. 90

Ham. I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of spirit. Put your bonnet to his right use; 'tis for the head.

Osr. I thank your lordship, it is very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the wind is northerly.

Osr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet methinks it is very sultry and hot, or my complexion— 100

Osr. Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry, as 'twere,—I cannot tell how. But, my lord, his

majesty bade me signify to you that he has laid a great wager on your head: sir, this is the matter—

Ham. I beseech you, remember—

[*Hamlet moves him to put on his hat.*

Osr. Nay, good my lord; for mine ease, in good faith. Sir, here is newly come to court Laertes; believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society and great showing: indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry, for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

Ham. Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you; though, I know, to divide him inventorially would dizzy the arithmetic of memory, and yet but yaw neither, in respect of his quick sail. But in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article, and his infusion of such dearth and rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror, and who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

Osr. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy, sir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Osr. Sir?

Hor. Is 't not possible to understand in another tongue? You will do 't, sir, really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Osr. Of Laertes?

Hor. His purse is empty already; all 's golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him, sir.

Osr. I know you are not ignorant—

Ham. I would you did, sir; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me. Well, sir?

Osr. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is—

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but, to know a man well, were to know himself. 140

Osr. I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed he 's unfellowed.

Ham. What 's his weapon?

Osr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That 's two of his weapons: but, well.

Osr. The king, sir, hath wagered with him six Barbary horses: against the which he has imponed, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hanger, and so: 150 three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hor. I knew you must be edified by the margent ere you had done.

Osr. The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more germane to the matter if we could carry a cannon by our sides: I would it might be hangers till then. But, 160 on: six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages; that 's the French bet against the Danish. Why is this 'imponed,' as you call it?

Osr. The king, sir, hath laid, sir, that in a dozen

passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits: he hath laid on twelve for nine; and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How if I answer 'no'? 170

Osr. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall: if it please his majesty, it is the breathing time of day with me; let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him an I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame and the odd hits.

Osr. Shall I redeliver you e'en so?

Ham. To this effect, sir, after what flourish your 180 nature will.

Osr. I commend my duty to your lordship.

Ham. Yours, yours. [*Exit Osric.*] He does well to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for 's turn.

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did comply with his dug before he sucked it. Thus has he—and many more of the same breed that I know the drossy age dotes on—only got the tune of the time and outward habit 190 of encounter; a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord, his majesty commended him to you

by young Osric, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall: he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

Ham. I am constant to my purposes; they follow the king's pleasure: if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now or whensoever, provided I be so able as now. 200

Lord. The king and queen and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes before you fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me. [*Exit Lord.*

Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord. 210

Ham. I do not think so; since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldst not think how ill all 's here about my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord,—

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gaingiving as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it. I will forestal their repair hither, and say you are not fit. 220

Ham. Not a whit; we defy augury: there is special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all; since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is 't to leave betimes? Let be.

Enter King, Queen, Laertes, and Lords, Osric and other Attendants with foils and gauntlets; a table and flagons of wine on it.

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

[*The King puts Laertes' hand into Hamlet's.*

Ham. Give me your pardon, sir: I 've done you wrong;
But pardon 't, as you are a gentleman. 230
This presence knows,
And you must needs have heard, how I am punish'd
With sore distraction. What I have done,
That might your nature, honour and exception
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.
Was 't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never Hamlet:
If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,
And when he 's not himself does wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.
Who does it then? His madness: if 't be so, 240
Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;
His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.
Sir, in this audience,
Let my disclaiming from a purposed evil
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most
To my revenge: but in my terms of honour
I stand aloof, and will no reconcilement, 250
Till by some elder masters of known honour
I have a voice and precedent of peace,
To keep my name ungored. But till that time

I do receive your offer'd love like love
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely,
And will this brother's wager frankly play.
Give us the foils. Come on.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. I 'll be your foil, Laertes: in mine ignorance
Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,
Stick fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mock me, sir. 260

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young Osric. Cousin Hamlet,
You know the wager?

Ham. Very well, my lord;
Your grace has laid the odds o' the weaker side.

King. I do not fear it; I have seen you both:
But since he is better'd, we have therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heavy; let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well. These foils have all a length?
[*They prepare to play.*

Osr. Ay, my good lord.

King. Set me the stoups of wine upon that table. 270
If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire;
The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath;
And in the cup an union shall he throw,
Richer than that which four successive kings
In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the cups;
And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heaven to earth, 280

'Now the king drinks to Hamlet.' Come, begin;
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.
Ham. Come on, sir.
Laer. Come, my lord. [*They play.*
Ham. One.
Laer. No.
Ham. Judgement.
Osr. A hit, a very palpable hit.
Laer. Well; again.
King. Stay; give me drink. Hamlet, this pearl is thine;
Here 's to thy health.
[*Trumpets sound, and cannon shot off within.*
Give him the cup.
Ham. I 'll play this bout first; set it by a while.
Come. [*They play.*] Another hit; what say you?
Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess.
King. Our son shall win.
Queen. He 's fat and scant of breath. 290
Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows:
The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.
Ham. Good madam!
King. Gertrude, do not drink.
Queen. I will, my lord; I pray you, pardon me.
King. [*Aside*] It is the poison'd cup; it is too late.
Ham. I dare not drink yet, madam; by and by.
Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.
Laer. My lord, I 'll hit him now.
King. I do not think 't.
Laer. [*Aside*] And yet it is almost against my conscience.
Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes: you but dally; 300
I pray you, pass with your best violence;
I am afeard you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so? come on.
Osr. Nothing, neither way.
Laer. Have at you now!

[*Laertes wounds Hamlet; then, in scuffling, they change rapiers, and Hamlet wounds Laertes.*

King. Part them; they are incensed.
Ham. Nay, come, again. [*The Queen falls.*
Osr. Look to the queen there, ho!
Hor. They bleed on both sides. How is it, my lord?
Osr. How is 't, Laertes?
Laer. Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe, Osric;
I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery. 310
Ham. How does the queen?
King. She swounds to see them bleed.
Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my dear Hamlet,—
The drink, the drink! I am poison'd. [*Dies.*
Ham. O villany! Ho! let the door be lock'd:
Treachery! seek it out. [*Laertes falls.*
Laer. It is here, Hamlet: Hamlet, thou art slain;
No medicine in the world can do thee good,
In thee there is not half an hour of life;
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated and envenom'd: the foul practice 320
Hath turn'd itself on me; lo, here I lie,
Never to rise again: thy mother 's poison'd:
I can no more: the king, the king 's to blame.
Ham. The point envenom'd too!
Then, venom, to thy work. [*Stabs the King.*
All. Treason! treason!
King. O, yet defend me, friends; I am but hurt.
Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murderous, damned Dane,
Drink off this potion: is thy union here?

Follow my mother. [*King dies.*

Laer. He is justly served; 330
It is a poison temper'd by himself.
Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet:
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,
Nor thine on me! [*Dies.*

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.
I am dead, Horatio. Wretched queen, adieu!
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,
Had I but time—as this fell sergeant, death,
Is strict in his arrest—O, I could tell you— 340
But let it be. Horatio, I am dead;
Thou livest; report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.

Hor. Never believe it:
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane:
Here 's yet some liquor left.

Ham. As thou 'rt a man,
Give me the cup: let go; by heaven, I 'll have 't.
O good Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me!
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity a while, 350
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story. [*March afar off, and shot within.*
What warlike noise is this?

Osr. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from Poland,
To the ambassadors of England gives
This warlike volley.

Ham. O, I die, Horatio;
The potent poison quite o'ercrows my spirit:

I cannot live to hear the news from England;
But I do prophesy the election lights
On Fortinbras: he has my dying voice;
So tell him, with the occurrents, more and less, 360
Which have solicited. The rest is silence. [*Dies.*

Hor. Now cracks a noble heart. Good night, sweet prince,
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!
[*March within.*
Why does the drum come hither?

Enter Fortinbras, and the English Ambassadors, with drum, colours, and Attendants.

Fort. Where is this sight?
Hor. What is it you would see?
If aught of woe or wonder, cease your search.
Fort. This quarry cries on havoc. O proud death,
What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,
That thou so many princes at a shot
So bloodily hast struck?
First. Amb. The sight is dismal; 370
And our affairs from England come too late:
The ears are senseless that should give us hearing,
To tell him his commandment is fulfilled,
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead:
Where should we have our thanks?
Hor. Not from his mouth
Had it the ability of life to thank you:
He never gave commandment for their death.
But since, so jump upon this bloody question,
You from the Polack wars, and you from England
Are here arrived, give order that these bodies 380
High on a stage be placed to the view;

And let me speak to the yet unknowing world
How these things came about: so shall you hear
Of carnal, bloody and unnatural acts,
Of accidental judgements, casual slaughters,
Of deaths put on by cunning and forced cause,
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fall'n on the inventors' heads: all this can I
Truly deliver.

Fort. Let us haste to hear it,
And call the noblest to the audience. 390
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune:
I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.

Hor. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw on more:
But let this same be presently perform'd,
Even while men's minds are wild; lest more mischance
On plots and errors happen.

Fort. Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage;
For he was likely, had he been put on, 400
To have proved most royally: and, for his passage,
The soldiers' music and the rites of war
Speak loudly for him.
Take up the bodies: such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.
Go, bid the soldiers shoot.

[*A dead march. Exeunt, bearing off the bodies: after which a peal of ordnance is shot off.*

Glossary.

A', he (Folios, "*he*"); II. i. 58.

About, get to your work! II. ii. 614.

Above; "more a.," moreover; II. ii. 126.

Abridgement (Folios, "*Abridgements*"), entertainment for pastime (with perhaps a secondary idea of that which makes one brief and shortens tedious conversation); II. ii. 437.

Absolute, positive; V. i. 148; perfect, faultless (used by Osric); V. ii. 108.

Abstract, summary, or epitome (Folios, "*abstracts*"); II. ii. 545.

From a XIVth century sculpture at Rouen.

Abuse, delusion; IV. vii. 51.

Abuses, deceives; II. ii. 629.

Acquittance, acquittal; IV. vii. 1.

Act, operation (Warburton, "*effect*"); I. ii. 205.

Adam's profession; V. i. 32. (*Cp.* the annexed cut.)

Addition, title; I. iv. 20.

Address, prepare; I. ii. 216.

Admiration, wonder, astonishment; I. ii. 192.

Adulterate, adulterous; I. v. 42.

Æneas' tale to Dido; burlesque lines from an imaginary play written after the grandiloquent manner of quasi-classical plays (*e.g.* Nash's contributions to Marlowe's *Dido, Queen of Carthage*); II. ii. 466.

Afeard, afraid; V. ii. 302.

Affection, affectation (Folios, "*affectation*"); II. ii. 462.

Affront, confront, encounter; III. i. 31.

A-foot, in progress; III. ii. 83.

After, according to; II. ii. 552.

Against, in anticipation of; III. iv. 50.

Aim, guess; IV. v. 9.

Allowance, permission (according to some, "regards of a." = allowable conditions); II. ii. 79.

Amaze, confound, bewilder; II. ii. 588.
Amazement, astonishment; III. ii. 334.
Ambition, attainment of ambition; III. iii. 55.
Amble, move in an affected manner; III. i. 149.
Amiss, misfortune; IV. v. 18.
Anchor's, Anchorite's, hermit's; III. ii. 226.
'*And will he not come again,*' etc.; a well-known song found in song-books of the period, called *The Milkmaid's Dumps*; IV. v. 190.
An end, on end (Quarto 1, "*on end*"); I. v. 19.
Angle, angling-line; V. ii. 66.
An if, if; I. v. 177.
Annexment, appendage; III. iii. 21.
Anon, soon, presently; II. ii. 505.
Answer, reply to a challenge; V. ii. 169.
Answer'd, explained; IV. i. 16.
Antic, disguised, fantastic; I. v. 172.
Antique, ancient; V. ii. 344.
Apart, aside, away; IV. i. 24.
Ape; "the famous ape," etc., a reference to an old fable which has not yet been identified; III. iv. 193-196.
Apoplex'd, affected with apoplexy; III. iv. 73.
Appointment, equipment; IV. vi. 16.
Apprehension, conception, perception; II. ii. 319.
Approve, affirm, confirm, I. i. 29; credit, make approved, V. ii. 135.
Appurtenance, proper accompanyment; II. ii. 386.
Argal, Clown's blunder for *ergo*; V. i. 13.
Argument, subject, plot of a play; II. ii. 370.
——, subject in dispute; IV. iv. 54.
Arm you, prepare yourselves; III. iii. 24.
Arras, tapestry (originally made at Arras); II. ii. 163.
Article, clause in an agreement, I. i. 94; "a soul of great a.," *i.e.* a soul with so many qualities that its inventory would be very large, V. ii. 118.
As, as if; II. i. 91.
——, as if, as though, IV. v. 103; so, IV. vii. 159; namely, I. iv. 25.
'*As' es,* used quibblingly (Folios, "*Assis*"; Quartos, "*as sir*"); V. ii. 43.
Aslant, across; IV. vii. 168.
Assault; "of general a.," incident to all men; II. i. 35.
Assay, trial, test; II. ii. 71.
——, try; III. i. 14.
——, "make a.," throng to the rescue; III. iii. 69.
Assays of bias, indirect aims (such as one takes in the game of bowls, taking into account the bias side of the bowl); II. i. 65.
Assigns, appendages; V. ii. 150.
Assistant, helpful; I. iii. 3.

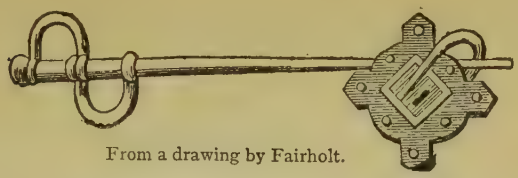
Assurance, security; with play upon the legal sense of the word; V. i. 122.
Attent, attentive; I. ii. 193.
Attribute, reputation; I. iv. 22.
Aught; "hold'st at a.," holds of any value, values at all; IV. iii. 60.
Authorities, offices of authority, attributes of power; IV. ii. 17.
Avouch, declaration; I. i. 57.
A-work, at work; II. ii. 507.

Back; "support in reserve"; IV. vii. 154.
Baked-meats, pastry; "funeral b.," cold entertainment prepared for the mourners at a funeral; I. ii. 180.
Ban, curse; III. ii. 269.
Baptista, used as a woman's name (properly a man's, *cf. Tam. of Shrew*); III. ii. 250.
Bare, mere; III. i. 76.
Bark'd about, grew like bark around; I. v. 71.
Barren, barren of wit, foolish; III. ii. 45.
Barr'd, debarred, excluded; I. ii. 14.
Batten, grow fat; III. iv. 67.
Beaten, well-worn, familiar; II. ii. 277.
Beating, striking (Quarto 1, "*towling*"; Collier MS., "*tolling*"); I. i. 39.
Beautied, beautified; III. i. 51.
Beautified, beautiful, endowed with beauty (Theobald, "*beatified*"); II. ii. 110.
Beaver, visor; movable part of the helmet covering the face; I. ii. 230. (*Cp.* illustration.)

From Whitney's *Emblems*, 1586.

Bedded, lying flat, (?) matted; III. iv. 121.
Bed-rid, bed-ridden (Quartos 2-5, "*bed-red*"); I. ii. 29.
Beetles, projects, juts over; I. iv. 71.
Behove, behoof, profit; V. i. 67.
Bent, straining, tension (properly an expression of archery); II. ii. 30.
——, "to the top of my b.," to the utmost; III. ii. 393.
Beshrew, a mild oath; II. i. 113.
Besmirch, soil, sully; I. iii. 15.
Bespeak, address, speak to; II. ii. 140.
Best; "in all my b.," to the utmost of my power; I. ii. 120.
Bestowed, placed, lodged; II. ii. 544.
Beteem, allow, permit; I. ii. 141.
Bethought, thought of; I. iii. 90.

Bilboes, stocks or fetters used for prisoners on board ship; V. ii. 6. (*Cp.* illustration.)



From a drawing by Fairholt.

Bisson; "b. rheum," *i.e.* blinding tears; II. ii. 527.

Blank; "the *white* mark at which shot or arrows were aimed" (Steevens); IV. i. 42.

Blanks, blanches, makes pale; III. ii. 227.

Blast in proof; "a metaphor taken from the trying or proving of fire-arms or cannon, which blast or burst in the proof" (Steevens); IV. vii. 155.

Blastments, blighting influences; I. iii. 42.

Blazon; "eternal b.," publication of eternal mysteries (perhaps "eternal" = infernal, or used "to express extreme abhorrence"); I. v. 21.

Blench, start aside; II. ii. 623.

Bloat (Quartos, "*blowt*"; Folios, "*blunt*"); bloated; III. iv. 182.

Blood, passion, IV. iv. 58; "b. and judgement," passion and reason, III. ii. 74.

Blown, full blown, in its bloom; III. i. 165.

Board, address; II. ii. 170.

Bodes, forbodes, portends; I. i. 69.

Bodkin, the old word for dagger; III. i. 76.

Bodykins, diminutive of body; "the reference was originally to the sacramental bread"; II. ii. 550.

"*Bonnie Sweet Robin,*" the first words of a well-known song of the period (found in Holborne's *Cittharn Schoole,* 1597, *etc.*); IV. v. 187.

Bore, calibre, importance of a question; IV. vi. 27.

Borne in hand, deceived with false hopes; II. ii. 67.

Bound, ready, prepared; I. v. 6.

——, was bound; I. ii. 90.

Bourn, limit, boundary; III. i. 79.

Brainish, imaginary, brainsick; IV. i. 11.

Brave, glorious; II. ii. 312.

Bravery, ostentation, bravado; V. ii. 79.

Breathe, whisper; II. i. 31.

Breathing, whispering; I. iii. 130.

Breathing time, time for exercise; V. ii. 174.

Bringing home, strictly, the bridal procession from church; applied to a maid's funeral; V. i. 245.
Broad, unrestrained; III. iv. 2.
Broke, broken; IV. v. 111.
Brokers, go betweens; I. iii. 127.
Brooch, an ornament worn in the hat; IV. vii. 94.
Brood; "on b.," brooding; III. i. 173.
Bruit, proclaim abroad; I. ii. 127.
Budge, stir, move; III. iv. 18.
Bugs, bugbears; V. ii. 22.
Bulk, body (according to some = breast); II. i. 95.
Business, do business; I. ii. 37.
Buttons, buds; I. iii. 40.
Buz, buz! an interjection used to interrupt the teller of a story already well known; II. ii. 410.
Buzzers, whisperers (Quarto, 1676, "*whispers*"); IV. v. 90.
By and by, immediately; III. ii. 392.
By 'r lady, by our lady; a slight oath; III. ii. 138.

Can, can do; III. iii. 65.
Candied, sugared, flattering; III. ii. 65.
Canker, canker worm; I. iii. 39.
Canon, divine law; I. ii. 132.
Capable, capable of feeling, susceptible; III. iv. 127.
Cap-a-pe, from head to foot (Old Fr. "*de cap a pie*"); I. ii. 200.
Capitol; "I was killed i' the C." (an error repeated in *Julius Cæsar*; Cæsar was killed in the Curia Pompeii, near the theatre of Pompey in the Campus Martius); III. ii. 109.
Card; "by the c.," with precision (alluding probably to the shipman's card); V. i. 144.
Carnal, sensual; V. ii. 384.
Carouses, drinks; V. ii. 292.
Carriage, tenor, import; I. i. 94.
Carry it away, gain the victory; II. ii. 375.
Cart, car, chariot; III. ii. 162.
Carve for, choose for, please; I. iii. 20.
Cast, casting, moulding; I. i. 73.
——, contrive; "c. beyond ourselves," to be over suspicious (? to be mistaken); II. i. 115.
Cataplasm, plaster; IV. vii. 144.
Cautel, deceit, falseness; I. iii. 15.
Caviare; "a Russian condiment made from the roe of the sturgeon; at that time a new and fashionable delicacy not obtained nor relished by the vulgar, and therefore used by Shakespeare to signify anything above their comprehension" (Nares); II. ii. 455.
Cease, extinction (Quartos, "*cesse*"; Pope, "*decease*"); III. iii. 15.
Censure, opinion; I. iii. 69.

Centre, i.e. of the Earth; II. ii. 159.

Cerements, cloths used as shrouds for dead bodies; I. iv. 48.

Chameleon, an animal supposed to feed on air; III. ii. 98.

Change, exchange; I. ii. 163.

Chanson, song (used affectedly; not found elsewhere in Shakespeare; "*pious chanson*"; so Quartos; Folios, "*pons Chanson*"; "*pans chanson*"); II. ii. 436.

Character, hand-writing; IV. vii. 53.

Character, write imprint; I. iii. 59.

Charge, expense, IV. iv. 47; load, weight, V. ii. 43.

Chariest, most scrupulous; I. iii. 36.

Checking at; "to check at," a term in falconry, applied to a hawk when she forsakes her proper game and follows some other (Quartos 2, 3, "*the King at*"; Quartos 4, 5, 6, "*liking not*"); IV. vii. 63.

Cheer, fare; III. ii. 226.

Chief, chiefly, especially; I. iii. 74.

Chopine, a high cork shoe; II. ii. 444. (*Cp.* illustration.)

Chorus, interpreter of the action of a play; III. ii. 252.

Chough, a sordid and wealthy boor (*chuff* according to some, = "chattering crow"); V. ii. 88.

From a Venetian specimen engraved in Douce.

Cicatrice, scar; IV. iii. 62.

Circumstance, circumlocution, detail; I. v. 127.

——, "c. of thought," details of thought which lead to a conclusion; III. iii. 83.

Clapped, applauded; II. ii. 355.

Clepe, call; I. iv. 19.

Climatures, regions; I. i. 125.

Closely, secretly; III. i. 29.

Closes with, agrees with; II. i. 45.

Coagulate, coagulated, clotted; II. ii. 482.

Cockle hat, a mussel-shell in the hat was the badge of pilgrims bound for places of devotion beyond sea; IV. v. 25.

Coil; "mortal c.," mortal life, turmoil of mortality; III. i. 67.

Cold, chaste; IV. vii. 173.

Coldly, lightly; IV. iii. 64.

Collateral, indirect; IV. v. 206.

Colleagued, leagued; I. ii. 21.

Collection, an attempt to collect some meaning from it; IV. v. 9.

Columbines, flowers emblematic of faithlessness; IV. v. 180.

Combat, duel; I. i. 84.

Comma; "a c. 'tween their amities"; the smallest break or separation; V. ii. 42.

Commandment, command; III. ii. 324.

Comment; "the very c. of thy soul," all thy powers of observation (Folios, "*my soul*"); III. ii. 84.

Commerce, intercourse; III. i. 109.

Compelled, enforced; IV. vi. 17.

Complete steel, full armour; I. iv. 52.

Complexion, temperament, natural disposition; I. iv. 27.

Comply, use ceremony; II. ii. 388.

Compulsatory, compelling (Folios, "*compulsatiue*"); I. i. 103.

Compulsive, compulsory, compelling; III. iv. 86.

Conceit, imagination; III. iv. 114.

——, design; "liberal c.," tasteful, elaborate design; V. ii. 153.

Concernancy, import, meaning; V. ii. 123.

Conclusions, experiments; III. iv. 195.

Condolement, sorrow; I. ii. 93.

Confederate, conspiring, favouring; III. ii. 264.

Confine, boundary territory; I. i. 155.

Confines, places of confinement, prisons; II. ii. 251.

Confront, outface; III. iii. 47.

Confusion, confusion of mind (Rowe "*confesion*"; Pope (in margin) "*confession*"); III. i. 2.

Congregation, collection; II. ii. 315.

Congruing, agreeing (Folios, "*coniuring*"); IV. iii. 66.

Conjunctive, closely joined; IV. vii. 14.

Consequence; "in this c."; in the following way; or, "in thus following up your remarks" (Schmidt); II. i. 45.

Consider'd, fit for reflection; "at our more c. time," when we have more time for consideration; II. ii. 81.

Consonancy, accord, friendship; II. ii. 294.

Constantly, fixedly; I. ii. 235.

Contagion, contagious thing; IV. vii. 148.

Content, please, gratify; III. i. 24.

Continent, that which contains, IV. iv. 64; inventory, V. ii. 112.

Contraction, the making of the marriage contract; III. iv. 46.

Contriving, plotting; IV. vii. 136.

Conversation, intercourse; III. ii. 60.

Converse, conversation; II. i. 42.

Convoy, conveyance; I. iii. 3.
Coped withal, met with; III. ii. 60.
Corse, corpse; I. iv. 52.
Coted, overtook, passed by (a term in hunting); II. ii. 330.
Couched, concealed; II. ii. 474.
Couch we, let us lie down, conceal ourselves; V. i. 234.
Count, account, trial; IV. ii. 17.
Countenance, favour; IV. ii. 16
Counter, hounds "*run counter*" when they follow the scent in the wrong direction; a term of the chase; IV. v. 110.
Counterfeit presentment, portrait; III. iv. 54.
Couple, join, add; I. v. 93.
Couplets; "golden c.," "the pigeon lays only two eggs at a time, and the newly hatched birds are covered with yellow down"; V. i. 299.
Cousin, used of a nephew; I. ii. 64.
Cozenage, deceit, trickery; V. ii. 67.
Cozen'd, cheated; III. iv. 77.
Cracked within the ring; "there was formerly a ring or circle on the coin, within which the sovereign's head was placed; if the crack extended from the edge beyond this ring, the coin was rendered unfit for currency" (Douce); II. ii. 447.
Crants, garland, used for the chaplet carried before a maiden's coffin, and afterwards hung up in the church (Folios, "*rites*"; "*Crants*" occurs in the form *corance* in Chapman's *Alphonsus* (*cf.* Lowland Scotch *crance*); otherwise unknown in English); V. i. 244.

From a sketch by Fairholt of a specimen suspended in St. Alban's Abbey in 1844.

Credent, credulous, believing; I. iii. 30.
Crew, did crow; I. i. 147.
Cried; "c. in the top of mine," were higher than mine; II. ii. 458.
Cries on, cries out; V. ii. 367.
Crimeful, criminal (Quartos, "*criminall*"); IV. vii. 7.
Crocodile; "woo't eat a c.," referring probably to the toughness of its skin; V. i. 288.
Crook, make to bend; III. ii. 66.
Cross, go across its way (to cross the path of a ghost was to come under its evil influence); I. i. 127.
Crow-flowers, (probably) buttercups; IV. vii. 171.

Crowner, coroner; V. i. 24.
Cry, company (literally, a pack of hounds); III. ii. 286.
Cue, catch-word, call (a technical stage term); II. ii. 584.
Cuffs, fisticuffs, blows; II. ii. 373.
Cunnings, respective skill; IV. vii. 156.
Curb, cringe; "c. and woo," bow and beg, "bend and truckle"; III. iv. 155.
Curiously, fancifully; V. i. 217.
Currents, courses; III. iii. 57.

Daintier, more delicate; V. i. 78.
Daisy, emblem of faithlessness; IV. v. 184.
Dane, King of Denmark; I. i. 15.
Danskers, Danes; II. i. 7.
Day and night, an exclamation; I. v. 164.
Dearest, greatest, intensest; I. ii. 182.
Dearly, heartily, earnestly; IV. iii. 43.
Dearth, high value; V. ii. 118.
Decline upon, sink down to; I. v. 50.
Declining, falling, going from bad to worse; II. ii. 497.
Defeat, destruction; II. ii. 595.
Defeated, disfigured, marred; I. ii. 10.
Defence, skill in weapons, "science of defence"; IV. vii. 98.
Definement, definition; V. ii. 113.
Deject, dejected; III. i. 163.
Delated, set forth in detail, prob. = "*dilated*" (the reading of the Folios, properly "delated" = entrusted, delegated); I. ii. 38.
Deliver, relate; I. ii. 193.
Delver, digger; V. i. 15.
Demanded of, questioned by; IV. ii. 12.
Denote, mark, portray; I. ii. 83.
Desires, good wishes; II. ii. 60.
Dexterity, nimbleness, celerity (S. Walker, "*celerity*"); I. ii. 157.
Diet; "your worm is your only emperor for d.," a grim play of words upon "the Diet of Worms"; IV. iii. 23.
Difference, properly a term in heraldry for a slight mark of distinction in the coats of arms of members of the same family; hence = a slight difference; IV. v. 183.
Differences; "excellent d.," distinguishing qualities; V. ii. 109.
Disappointed, (?) unappointed, unprepared (Pope, "*unanointed*"; Theobald, "*unappointed*"); I. v. 77.
Disclose, hatching; III. i. 174.
Disclosed, hatched; V. i. 299.
Discourse, conversation; III. i. 108.
——, "d. of reason," *i.e* the reasoning faculty; I. ii. 150.
Discovery, disclosure, confession; II. ii. 305.
Disjoint, disjointed; I. ii. 20.
Dispatch, hasten to get ready; III. iii. 3.

Dispatch'd, deprived; I. v. 75.
Disposition, nature; I. iv. 55.
Distemper; "your cause of d.," the cause of your disorder; III. ii. 344.
Distempered, disturbed; III. ii. 308.
Distill'd, dissolved, melted (so Quarto 2; Folio 1, "*bestil'd*"); I. ii. 204.
Distract, distracted; IV. v. 2.
Distrust; "I d. you," *i.e.* I am anxious about you; III. ii. 172.
Divulging, being divulged; IV. i. 22.
Do; "to do," to be done; IV. iv. 44.
Document, precept, instruction; IV. v. 178.
Dole, grief; I. ii. 13.
Doom, Doomsday; III. iv. 50.
Doubt, suspect, fear; I. ii. 257.
Douts, does out, extinguishes (Folio 1, "*doubts*"; Quartos, Folio 2, "*drownes*"; Folios 3, 4, "*drowns*"); IV. vii. 193.
Down-gyved, pulled down like gyves or fetters (so Folio 1; Quartos 2, 3, 6, "*downe gyved*"; Quartos 4, 5, "*downe gyred*"; Theobald, "*down-gyred*"; *i.e.* rolled down); II. i. 80.
Drab, strumpet; II. ii. 612.
Dreadful, full of dread; I. ii. 207.
Drift; "d. of circumstance," roundabout methods (Quartos, "*d. of conference*"; Collier conj., "*d. of confidence*"); III. i. 1.
Drives at, rushes upon; II. ii. 491.
Ducats, gold coins; II. ii. 383.
Dull thy palm, i.e. "make callous thy palm by shaking every man by the hand" (Johnson); I. iii. 64.
Dumb-show, a show unaccompanied by words, preceding the dialogue and foreshadowing the action of a play, introduced originally as a compensatory addition to Senecan dramas, wherein declamation took the place of action; III. ii. 142.
Dupp'd, opened; IV. v. 53.
Dye, tinge (Folio 1, "*the eye*"; Quartos 2-5, "*that die*"); I. iii. 128.

Eager, sharp, sour (Folios, "*Aygre*"; Knight, "*aigre*"); I. v. 69.
Eale, ? = e'ile (*i.e.* "evil"), *v.* Note; I. iv. 36.
Ear; "in the e.," within hearing; III. i. 192.
Easiness, unconcernedness; V. i. 72.
Eat, eaten; IV. iii. 28.
Ecstasy, madness; II. i. 102.
Edge, incitement; III. i. 26.
Effects, purposes; III. iv. 129.
Eisel, vinegar; the term usually employed by older English writers for the bitter drink given to Christ (= late Lat. *acetillum*); [Quarto (i.) "*vessels*"; Quarto 2, "*Esill*"; Folios, "*Esile*"]; V. i. 288.

Elsinore, the residence of the Danish kings, famous for the royal castle of Kronborg, commanding the entrance of the Sound; II. ii. 278.
Emulate, emulous; I. i. 83.
Enact, act; III. ii. 107.
Enactures, actions; III. ii. 204.
Encompassment, circumvention; II. i. 10.
Encumber'd, folded; I. v. 174.
Engaged, entangled; III. iii. 69.
Enginer, engineer; III. iv. 206.
Enseamed, defiled, filthy; III. iv. 92.
Entertainment; "gentle e.," show of kindness; V. ii. 207.
Entreatments, solicitations; I. iii. 122.
Enviously, angrily; IV. v. 6.
Erring, wandering, roaming; I. i. 154.
Escoted, maintained; II. ii. 362.
Espials, spies; III. i. 32.
Estate, rank; V. i. 233.
Eternal, ? = infernal; V. ii. 368 (*cp.* "(eternal) blazon").
Even, honest, straightforward; II. ii. 298.
Even Christian, fellow-Christian; V. i. 32.
Event, result, issue; IV. iv. 41.
Exception, objection; V. ii. 242.
Excrements, excrescences, outgrowth (used of hair and nails); III. iv. 121.
Expectancy, hope (Quartos, "*expectation*"); III. i. 160.
Expostulate, discuss; II. ii. 86.
Express, expressive, perfect; II. ii. 318.
Extent, behaviour; II. ii. 390.
Extolment, praise; V. ii. 117.
Extravagant, vagrant, wandering beyond its limit or confine; I. i. 154.
Extremity; "in ex.," going to extremes; III. ii. 175.
Eyases, unfledged birds; properly, young hawks taken from the nest (Fr. niais); II. ii. 355.
Eye, presence; IV. iv. 6.
Eyrie, a brood of nestlings; properly, an eagle's nest; II. ii. 354.

Faculties, peculiar nature (Folios, "*faculty*"); II. ii. 589.
Faculty, ability (Quartos, "*faculties*"); II. ii. 317.
Fair, gently; IV. i. 36.
Falls, falls out, happens; IV. vii. 71.
Fancy; "express'd in f.," gaudy; I. iii. 71.
Fang'd, having fangs (according to some, "deprived of fangs"); III. iv. 203.
Fantasy, imagination, I. i. 23; whim, caprice, IV. iv. 61.
Fardels, packs, burdens; III. i. 76. (*Cp.* illustration.)

From Holme's *Academy of Armory* (1688).

Farm, take the lease of it; IV. iv. 20.

Fashion, a mere temporary mood; I. iii. 6; "f. of himself," *i.e.* his usual demeanor; III. i. 183.

Fat, fatten; IV. iii. 23.

Fat; "f. and scant of breath," ? = out of training (but probably the words were inserted owing to the physical characteristics of Burbage, who sustained the part of Hamlet); V. ii. 290.

Favour, charm, IV. v. 189; appearance, V. i. 205.

Fawning, cringing (Folios 1, 2, 3, "*faining*"; Folio 4, "*feigning*"); III. ii. 67.

Fay, faith (Folios, "*fey*"); II. ii. 271.

Fear, object of fear; III. iii. 25.

——, fear for; I. iii. 51; IV. v. 122.

Feature, figure, form (Quartos, "*stature*"); III. i. 167.

Fee, payment, value, I. iv. 65; fee-simple, IV. iv. 22.

Fellies, the outside of wheels; II. ii. 514.

Fellowship, partnership; III. ii. 286.

Fennel, the symbol of flattery; IV. v. 180.

Fetch, artifice; "fetch of warrant," justifiable stratagem (Quartos, "*f. of wit*"); II. i. 38.

Few; "in f.," in few words, in brief; I. iii. 126.

Fierce, wild, terrible; I. i. 121.

Fiery quickness, hot haste; IV. iii. 45.

Figure, figure of speech; II. ii. 98.

Find, find out, detect; III. i. 193.

Fine of his fines, end of his fines; with a play upon the other sense of the word; V. i. 111.

Fire (dissyllabic); I. iii. 120.

First, i.e. first request; II. ii. 61.

Fishmonger, probably used in some cant coarse sense ((?) "seller of women's chastity"); II. ii. 174.

Fit, prepared, ready; V. i. 220.

Fitness, convenience; V. ii. 201.

Fits, befits; I. iii. 25.

Flaw, gust of wind; V. i. 228.

Flush, in full vigour (Folios, "*fresh*"); III. iii. 81.

Flushing, redness; "had left the f.," *i.e.* had ceased to produce redness; I. ii. 155.

Foil, used with play upon its two senses, (i.) blunted rapier, (ii.) gold-leaf used to set off a jewel; V. ii. 258.

Fond, foolish; I. v. 99.

Fond and winnowed, foolish and over-refined (so Folios; Quarto 2, "*prophane and trennowed*"; Johnson, "*sane and renowned*"; Warburton, "*fann'd and winnowed*"); V. ii. 192.

Fools of nature, made fools of by nature; I. iv. 54.

Foot; "at f.," at his heels; IV. iii. 56.

For, as for, I. ii. 112; in place of, instead, V. i. 242; "for all," once for all, I. iii. 131; "for and," and also, V. i. 99.

Fordo, destroy; V. i. 233.
Foreknowing, foreknowledge, prescience; I. i. 134.
Forestalled, prevented; III. iii. 49.
Forged process, false statement of facts; I. v. 37.
Forgery, invention, imagination; IV. vii. 90.
Forgone, given up; II. ii. 308.
Fortune's star, an accidental mark or defect; I. iv. 32.
Forward, disposed; III. i. 7.
Four; "f. hours," probably used for indefinite time (Hanmer, "*for*"); II. ii. 160.
Frame, order, sense; III. ii. 316.
Free, willing, not enforced, IV. iii. 63; innocent, II. ii. 590; III. ii. 249.
Fret, vex, annoy; with a play upon *fret* = "small lengths of wire on which the fingers press the strings in playing the guitar"; III. ii. 380.
Fretted, carved, adorned; II. ii. 313.
Friending, friendliness; I. v. 186.
Frighted, frightened; affrighted; III. ii. 277.
From, away from, contrary to; III. ii. 22.
Front, forehead; III. iv. 56.
Fruit, dessert (Folios 1, 2, "*newes*"); II. ii. 52.
Fruits, consequences; II. ii. 145.
Function, the whole action of the body; II. ii. 579.
Fust, become fusty, mouldy (Rowe, "*rust*"); IV. iv. 39.
Gaged, pledged; I. i. 91.
Gain-giving, misgiving; V. ii. 216.
Gait, proceeding; I. ii. 31.
Galled, wounded, injured ("let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung," proverbial); III. ii. 250.
——, sore, injured by tears; I. ii. 155.
Galls, hurts, injures; I. iii. 39.
Garb, fashion, manner; II. ii. 390.
Gender; "general g.," common race of men; IV. vii. 18.
General, general public, common people; II. ii. 456.
Gentry, courtesy; II. ii. 22; V. ii. 111.
Germane, akin; V. ii. 158.
Gib, a tom-cat (a contraction of *Gilbert*); III. iv. 190.
Gibber, gabble; I. i. 116.
Gibes, jeers; V. i 200.
Gis, a corruption of Jesus; IV. v. 59.
Giving out, profession, indication; I. v. 178.
Glimpses, glimmering light; I. iv. 53.
Globe, head; I. v. 97.
Go about, attempt; III. ii. 353.
Go back again, i.e. refer to what once was, but is no more; IV. vii. 27.
God-a-mercy, God have mercy; II. ii. 172.
God be wi' ye, Good bye (Quartos, "*God buy ye*"; Folios 1, 2, 3, "*God buy you*"; Folio 4, "*God b' w' you*"); II. i. 69.

God 'ild you. God yield, reward you; IV. v. 41.
God kissing carrion, said of "the sun breeding maggots in a dead dog" (Warburton's emendation of Quartos and Folios, "*good kissing carrion*"); II. ii. 182.
Good, good sirs; I. i. 70.
Good my brother, my good brother; I. iii. 46.
Goose-quills; "afraid of g.," *i.e.* afraid of being satirized; II. ii. 359.
Go to, an exclamation of impatience; I. iii. 112.
Grace, honour; I. ii. 124.
Gracious, i.e. Gracious king; III. i. 43.
——, benign, full of blessing; I. i. 164.
Grained, dyed in grain; III. iv. 90.
Grating, offending, vexing; III. i. 3.
Green, inexperienced; I. iii. 101.
Greenly, foolishly; IV. v. 83.
Gross, great, palpable; IV. iv. 46.
——, "in the g.," *i.e.* in a general way; I. i. 68.
Groundlings, rabble who stood in the *pit* of the theatre, which had neither boarding nor benches; III. ii. 12.
Grunt, groan; III. i. 77.
Gules, red; a term of heraldry; II. ii. 477.
Gulf, whirlpool; III. iii. 16.

Habit; "outward h.," external politeness; V. ii. 190.
Handsaw = heronshaw, or hernsew, = heron ("when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a h.," for the birds fly with the wind, and when it is from the south, the sportsman would have his back to the sun and be able to distinguish them; II. ii. 397.
Handsome; "more h. than fine"; "*handsome* denotes genuine natural beauty; *fine* artificial laboured beauty" (Delius); II. ii. 465.
Hap, happen; I. ii. 249.
Haply, perchance, perhaps; III. i. 179.
Happily, haply, perchance (according to some = luckily); I. i. 134.
Happy; "in h. time," in good time (*à la bonne heure*); V. ii. 205.
Haps, fortune; IV. iii. 70.
Hatchment, an armorial escutcheon used at a funeral; IV. v. 214.
Haunt; "out of h.," from the haunts of men; IV. i. 18.
Have; "you h. me," you understand me; II. i. 68.
Have after, let us go after, follow him; I. iv. 89.
Have at you, I 'll begin, I 'll hit you; V. ii. 305.
Haviour, deportment; I. ii. 81.
Head, armed force; IV. v. 101.
Health; "spirit of health," healed or saved spirit; I. iv. 40.
Hearsed, coffined; I. iv. 47.

Heat, anger; III. iv. 4.
Heavy; "'tis h.," it goes hard; III. iii. 84.
Hebenon (so Folios; Quartos, "*hebona*"), probably henbane, but possibly (i.) the yew, or (ii.) the juice of ebony; I. v. 62.
Hecate, the goddess of mischief and revenge (dissyllabic); III. ii. 266.
Hectic, continual fever; IV. iii. 68.
Hedge, hedge round, encompass; IV. v. 123.
Height; "at h.," to the utmost; I. iv. 21.
Hent, hold, seizure; III. iii. 88.
Heraldry; "law and h.," *i.e.* heraldic law; I. i. 87.
Herb of grace, rue; IV. v. 182.
Hercules and his load too, possibly an allusion to the Globe Theatre, the sign of which was Hercules carrying the Globe; II. ii. 378.
Herod, a common character in the mystery plays, represented as a furious and violent tyrant; III. ii. 16.
Hey-day, frolicsome wildness; III. iv. 69.
Hey non nonny, meaningless refrain common in old songs; IV. v. 165.
Hic et ubique, here and everywhere; I. v. 156.
Hide fox, and all after, a children's hide-and-seek game; IV. ii. 32.
Hies, hastens; I. i. 154.
Hillo, a falconer's cry to recall his hawk; I. v. 116.
Him, he whom; II. i. 42.
His, its; I. iii. 60.
Hoar leaves, the silvery-grey underside of willow leaves; IV. vii. 169.
Hobby-horse, a principal figure in the old morris dances, suppressed at the Reformation; III. ii. 140. (*Cp.* illustration.)

"*The Hobby-horse*"
From an early painting in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge.
(Note the familiar tabor and pipe.)

Hoist, i.e. hoised, hoisted; III. iv. 207.
Holds quantity, keep their relative proportion; III. ii. 174.
Hold up, continue; V. i. 34.
Home, thoroughly; III. iii. 29.
Honest, virtuous; III. i. 103.
Honesty, virtue; III. i. 107.
Hoodman-blind, blind man's buff; III. iv. 77. (*Cp.* illustration.)

From a XIVth century illuminated MS.

Hoops, bands (Pope, "*hooks*"); I. iii. 63.
Hour (dissyllabic); I. iv. 3.
Hugger-mugger; "in h.," *i.e.* in secrecy and in haste; IV. v. 84.
Humourous, full of humours or caprices; "the h. man," a standing character of many plays of the period; II. ii. 335.
Husband, manage; IV. v. 138.
Husbandry, thrift, economy; I. iii. 77.
Hush (used as adjective), II. ii. 505.
Hyperion, Phœbus Apollo; taken as the type of beauty; I. ii. 140.
Hyrcanian beast, the beast of Hyrcania, *i.e.* the tiger; II. ii. 470.

I, = (?) "ay"; III. ii. 288.
Idle, unoccupied (? frivolous, light-headed); III. ii. 95.
Ilium, the palace in Troy; II. ii. 493.
Ill-breeding, hatching mischief; IV. v. 15.
Illume, illumine; I. i. 37.
Image, representation, reproduction; III. ii. 245.
Immediate; "most i.," nearest; I. ii. 109.
Impart, (?) bestow myself, give all I can bestow; perhaps = "impart 't," *i.e.* impart it (the throne); I. ii. 112.
Impasted, made into paste; II. ii. 479.
Imperious, imperial; V. i. 225.
Implorators, implorers; I. iii. 129.
Imponed, staked; V. ii. 148.
Important, urgent, momentous; III. iv. 108.
Importing, having for import; I. ii. 23.
——, concerning; V. ii. 21.
Imposthume, abscess; IV. iv. 27.
Impress, impressment, enforced public service; I. i. 75.
Imputation, reputation; V. ii. 141.
In, into; III. iv. 95.
Incapable, insensible to, unable to realise; IV. vii. 180.
Incorporal, incorporeal, immaterial (Quarto, 1676, "*incorporeal*"); III. iv. 118.

Incorpsed, incorporate; IV. vii. 88.

Incorrect, not subdued; I. ii. 95.

Indentures; "a pair of i.," "agreements were usually made in duplicate, both being written on the same sheet, which was cut in a crooked or *indented* line, so that the parts would tally with each other upon comparison"; V. i. 115.

Index, prologue, preface; III. iv. 52.

Indict, accuse; II. ii. 463.

Indifferent, ordinary, average; II. ii. 231.

Indifferent, indifferently, fairly; III. i. 123.

Indifferently, pretty well; III. ii. 40.

Indirections, indirect means; II. i. 66.

Individable; "scene ind.," probably a play in which the unity of place is preserved; II. ii. 418.

Indued, suited; IV. vii. 181.

Inexplicable, unintelligible, senseless; III. ii. 14.

Infusion, qualities; V. ii. 118.

Ingenious, intelligent, conscious; V. i. 260.

Inheritor, possessor; V. i. 117.

Inhibition, prohibition; a technical term for an order restraining or restricting theatrical performances; II. ii. 346.

Inky cloak; I. ii. 77. (*Cp.* illustration.)

From a monument of the XIVth century.

Innovation, change (for the worse); "the late i." perhaps alludes to the license granted Jan. 30, 1603-4, to the children of the Revels to play at the Blackfriars Theatre, and elsewhere (according to some, the reference is to "the practice of introducing polemical matter on the stage"); II. ii. 347.

Inquire, enquiry; II. i. 4.

Insinuation, artful intrusion, meddling; V. ii. 59.

Instance, example; IV. v. 162.

Instances, motives; III. ii. 189.

Instant, immediate, instantaneous; I. v. 71.

Intents, intentions, purposes; (Folios, "*events*"; Warburton, "*advent*"); I. iv. 42.

In that, inasmuch as; I. ii. 31.

Inurn'd, entombed, interred (Quartos, "*interr'd*"); I. iv. 49.
Investments, vestments, vestures; I. iii. 128.
'*In youth, when I did love,*' etc.; stanzas from a song attributed to Lord Vaux, printed in *Tottel's Miscellany* (1557); V. i. 65 *ff.*
It, its (Quartos 2, 3, 4, Folios 1, 2, "*it*"; Quartos 5, 6, Folios 3, 4, "*its*"; Quarto 1, "*his*"); I. ii. 216.

Jealousy, suspicion; II. i. 113.
'*Jephthah, Judge of Israel,*' etc., a quotation from an old ballad, to be found in Percy's *Reliques*; II. ii. 422.
Jig, a ludicrous ballad; II. ii. 519.
——, walk as if dancing a jig; III. i. 150.
John-a-dreams, John of Dreams, John the Dreamer; II. ii. 592.
Jointress, dowager; I. ii. 9.
Jowls, knocks; V. i. 84.
Joys, gladdens; III. ii. 206.
Jump, just (so Quarto 2; Folios, "*just*"); I. i. 65.

Keep, dwell; II. i. 8.
Kettle, kettle-drum; V. ii. 278.
Kibe, chilblain or sore on the heel; V. i. 148.
Kind; "more than kin, and less than k."; used equivocally for (i.) natural, and (ii.) affectionate, with a play upon "kin"; I. ii. 65.
Kindless, unnatural; II. ii. 606.
Knotted, interwoven (Folios, "*knotty*"); I. v. 18.
Know, acknowledge; V. ii. 7.

Laboursome, laborious, assiduous; I. ii. 59.
Lack, be wanting; I. v. 187.
Lamond, possibly a name suggested by that of Pietro Monte, a famous swordsman, instructor to Louis the Seventh's Master of the Horse, called "Peter Mount" in English (Folios, "*Lamound*"; Quartos, "*Lamord*"); IV. vii. 92.
Lapsed; "l. in time and passion"; having let time slip by indulging in mere passion; III. iv. 107.
Lapwing, the symbol of a forward fellow; V. ii. 186.
Larded, garnished (Quartos, "*Larded all*"); IV. v. 37.
Lawless, unruly (Folios, "*Landlesse*"); I. i. 98.
Lazar-like, like a leper; I. v. 72.
Leans on, depends on; IV. iii. 59.
Learn, teach (Folios, "*teach*"); V. ii. 9.
Leave, permission; I. ii. 57.
——, leave off, II. i. 51; give up, III. iv. 91.
Lends, gives (Folios, "*giues*"); I. iii. 117 (*v.* Note).
Lenten, meagre; II. ii. 329.
Lethe, the river of oblivion ("Lethe wharf = Lethe's bank); I. v. 33.

Lets, hinders; I. iv. 85.
Let to know, informed; IV. vi. 11.
Liberal, free-spoken; IV. vii. 172.
Liberty; v. "writ."
Lief, gladly, willingly; III. ii. 4.
Life; "the single and peculiar l.," the private individual; III. iii. 11.
——, "in my l.," *i.e.* in my continuing to live; V. ii. 22.
Lightness, lightheadedness; II. ii. 149.
Like, likely; I. ii. 237.
Likes, pleases; II. ii. 80.
Limed, caught as with bird-lime; III. iii. 68.
List, muster-roll (Quarto 1, "*sight*"); I. i. 98.
List, boundary; IV. v. 99.
——, listen to; I. iii. 30.
Living, lasting (used perhaps equivocally); V. i. 320.
Loam, clay; V. i. 222.
Loggats, a game somewhat resembling bowls; the *loggats* were small logs about two feet and a quarter long; V. i. 100.
Long Purples; "the early *purple orchis* (*Orchis mascula*) which blossoms in April and May"; IV. vii. 171.
Look through, show itself; IV. vii. 152.
Lose, waste, throw away; I. ii. 45.
Luxury, lust; I. v. 83.

Machine, body; II. ii. 124.
Maimed, imperfect; V. i 242.
Main, main point, main cause; II. ii. 56.
——, the country as a whole; IV. iv. 15.
Majestical, majestic; I. i. 143.
Make, brings; II. ii. 277.
Manner, fashion, custom; I. iv. 15.
Margent, margin; it was a common practice to write comment or gloss in the margins of old books; V. ii. 161.
Mark, watch; III. ii. 157.
Market of his time, "that for which he sells his time" (Johnson); IV. iv. 34.
Mart, marketing, traffic; I. i. 74.
Marvellous, marvellously; II. i. 3.
Massy, massive; III. iii. 17.
Matin, morning; I. v. 89.
Matter, sense; IV. v. 174.
——, subject (misunderstood wilfully by Hamlet to mean "cause of dispute"); II. ii. 195.
Mazzard, skull; used contemptuously (Quartos 2, 3, "*massene*"; Quartos 4, 5, 6, "*mazer*"); V. i. 97.
Means, means of access; IV. vi. 13.
Meed, merit; V. ii. 148.
Meet, proper; I. v. 107.
Merely, absolutely; I. ii. 137.
Metal, mettle; I. i. 96.
Miching mallecho, mouching (*i.e.* skulking), mischief (Span. *malhecho,* ill-done); III. ii. 148.

Might, could; I. i. 56.
Mightiest, very mighty; I. i. 114.
Milch, milk-giving = moist = tearful (Pope, "*melt*"); II. ii. 540.
Milky, white; II. ii. 500.
Mincing, cutting in pieces; II. ii. 537.
Mineral, mine; IV. i. 26.
Mining, undermining (Folios 3, 4, "*running*"); III. iv. 148.
Mistook, mistaken; V. ii. 395.
Mobled, muffled (*cp.* Prov. E. *mop,* to muffle; "*mob-cap,*" etc.); [Quartos, "*mobled*"; Folio 1, *inobled*; Upton conj. "*mob-led*"; Capell, *ennobl'd,* etc.]; II. ii. 525.
Model, exact copy, counterpart; V. ii. 50.
Moiety, portion; I. i. 90.
Moist; "the moist star," *i.e.* the moon; I. i. 118.
Mole of nature, natural defect, blemish; I. iv. 24.
Mope, be stupid; III. iv. 81.
Mortal, deadly; IV. vii. 143.
Mortised, joined with a mortise; III. iii. 20.
Most, greatest; I. v. 180.
Mote, atom (Quartos 2, 3, 4, "*moth*"); I. i. 112.
Motion, emotion, impulse (Warburton, "*notion*"); III. iv.
——, movement; I. ii. 217.
——, "attack in fencing, opposed to guard or parrying"; IV. vii. 158.
Mould of form, the model on which all endeavoured to form themselves; III. i. 161.
Mouse, a term of endearment; III. iv. 183.
Mouth, rant; V. i. 306.
Mows, grimaces; II. ii. 381.
Muddy-mettled, dull-spirited, irresolute; II. ii. 594.
Murdering-piece, a cannon loaded with case-shot, so as to scatter death more widely; IV. v. 95.
Mutes, dumb spectators; V. ii. 346.
Mutine, mutiny, rebel; III. iv. 83.
Mutines, mutineers; V. ii. 6.

Napkin, handkerchief; V. ii. 299.
Native, kindred, related; I. ii. 47.
——, "n. hue," natural colour; III. i. 84.
Nature, natural affection; I. v. 81.
Nature's livery, a natural blemish; I. iv. 32.
Naught, naughty; III. ii. 157.
Near, is near; I. iii. 44.
Neighbour, neighbouring; III. iv. 212.
Neighbour'd to, intimate, friendly with; II. ii. 12.
Nemean lion, one of the monsters slain by Hercules; I. iv. 83.
Nero, the Roman Emperor who murdered his mother Agrippina; III. ii. 412.
Nerve, sinew, muscle; I. iv. 83.
Neutral, a person indifferent to both; II. ii. 503.

New-hatch'd, newly hatched (Folios, "*unhatch't*"); I. iii. 65.

New-lighted, newly alighted; III. iv. 59.

Nick-name, misname; III. i. 151.

Nighted, dark, black as night (Folios, "nightly"; Collier MS., "*night-like*"); I. ii. 68.

Nill; "will he, nill he," *i.e.* whether he will, or whether he will not; V. i. 19.

Niobe, daughter of Tantalus, whose children were slain by Apollo and Artemis, while she herself was turned into stone upon Mount Sipylus in Lydia, where she weeps throughout the summer months; I. ii. 149.

Nomination, naming; V. ii. 133.

No more, nothing more; III. i. 61.

Nonce; "for the n.," for that once, for the occasion (Quartos 4, 5, "*once*"); IV. vii. 161.

Norway, King of Norway; I. i. 61.

Nose, smell; IV. iii. 38.

Note, notice, attention; III. ii. 89.

Noted, known; II. i. 23.

Nothing, not at all; I. ii. 41.

Noyance, injury, harm; III. iii. 13.

Obsequious, dutiful, with perhaps a reference to the other sense of the word = "funereal"; I. ii. 92.

Occulted, concealed, hidden; III. ii. 85.

Occurrents, occurrences; V. ii. 368.

Odds; "at the o.," with the advantage allowed; V. ii. 221.

O'er-crows, triumphs over; V. ii. 364.

Over-raught, over-reached, over-took (Quartos, "*ore-raught*"; Folios 1, 2, "*ore-wrought*"; Folios 3, 4, "*o're-took*"; Warburton, "*o'er-rode*"); III. i. 17.

O'er-reaches, outwits (Folio 1, "*o're Offices*"; Folio 2, "*ore-Offices*"); V. i. 87.

O'er-sized, covered with size, a sort of glue; II. ii. 484.

O'er-teemed, worn out with child-bearing; II. ii. 531.

O'ertook, overcome by drink, intoxicated; II. i. 58.

O'erweigh, outweigh; III. ii. 31.

Of, resulting from, IV. iv. 41; by, I. i. 25, IV. iii. 4; in, I. v. 60; on, IV. v. 200; about, concerning, IV. v. 46; upon ("*I have an eye of you*"), II. ii. 301; over, II. ii. 27.

Offence, advantages gained by offence; III. iii. 56.

Omen, fatal event portended by the omen (Theobald, "*omen'd*"); I. i. 123.

Ominous, fatal; II. ii. 476.

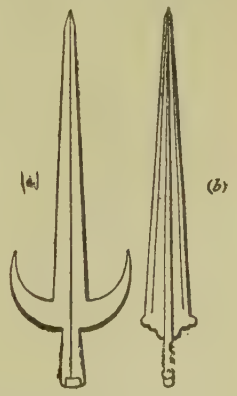
On, in, V. i. 211; in consequence of, following on, V ii. 406.

Once, ever; I. v. 121.

On't, of it; III. i. 183.

Oped, opened; I. iv. 50.

Open'd, discovered, disclosed; II. ii. 18.
Operant, active; III. ii. 181.
Opposed, opponent; I. iii. 67.
Opposites, opponents; V. ii. 62.
Or, before, ere; V. ii. 30.
Orb, earth; II. ii. 504.
Orchard, garden (Quarto, 1676, "*garden*"); I. v. 35.
Order, prescribed rule; V. i. 240.
Ordinant, ordaining (Folios, "*ordinate*"); V. ii. 48.
Ordnance, cannon (Folio 1, "*Ordinance*"); V. ii. 273.
Ore, gold; IV. i. 25.
Or ere, before; I. ii. 147.
Organ, instrument; IV. vii. 71.
Orisons, prayers; III. i. 89.
Ossa, a reference to the story of the giants, who piled Olympus, Pelion, and Ossa, three mountains in Thessaly, upon each other, in their attempt to scale heaven; V. i. 295.
Ostentation, funeral pomp; IV. v. 215.
Outstretched, puffed up; II. ii. 270.
Overlooked, perused; IV. vi. 12.
Overpeering, overflowing, rising above; IV. v. 99.
Owl was a baker's daughter; alluding to the story current among the folk telling how Christ went into a baker's shop, and asked for bread, but was refused by the baker's daughter, in return for which He transformed her into an owl; IV. v. 41.
Packing, plotting, contriving; (?) going off in a hurry; used probably in the former sense, with play upon the latter; III. iv. 211.
Paddock, toad; III. iv. 190.
Painted; "p. tyrant," *i.e.* tyrant in a picture, II. ii. 502; unreal, fictitious, III. i. 53.
Pajock = pea-pock (*i.e.* jack), peacock (*cp.* Scotch "bubbly-jock" = a turkey); III. ii. 292.
Pall, become useless (Quartos 3, 4, 6, "*fall*"; Pope, "*fail*"); V. ii. 9.
Pansies; "love-in-idleness," the symbol of thought (Folio 1, "*Paconcies*"); IV. v. 176.
Pardon, permission to take leave; I. ii. 56.
Parle, parley; I. i. 62.
Part, quality, gift; IV. vii. 77.
Partisan, a kind of halberd; I. i. 140. (*Cp.* illustration.)



From specimens of (*a*) *temp.* Edward IV., (*b*) the XVIth century.

Parts, gifts, endowments; IV. vii. 74.

Party, person, companion; II. i. 42.

Pass, passage; II. ii. 77.

——, "p. of practice," treacherous thrust; IV. vii. 139.

Passage; "for his p.," to accompany his departure, in place of the passingbell; V. ii. 401.

Passeth, surpasseth (Quartos, "*passes*"); I. ii. 85.

Passion, violent sorrow; II. ii. 538.

Passionate, full of passion, feeling; II. ii. 451.

Pate, a contemptuous word for *head*; V. i. 112.

Patience, permission; III. ii. 112.

Patrick, invoked as being the patron saint of all blunders and confusion (or perhaps as the Keeper of Purgatory); I. v. 136.

Pause, time for reflection; III. i. 68.

——, "deliberate p.," a matter for deliberate arrangement; IV. iii. 9.

——, "in p.," in deliberation, in doubt; III. iii. 42.

Peace-parted, having departed in peace; V. i. 250.

Peak, sneak, play a contemptible part; II. ii. 591.

Pelican, a bird which is supposed to feed its young with its own blood (Folio 1, "*politician*"); IV. v. 146.

Perdy, a corruption of *par Dieu*; III. ii. 302.

Periwig-pated, wearing a wig (at this time wigs were worn only by actors); III. ii. 10.

Perpend, consider; II. ii. 105.

Perusal, study, examination; II. i. 90.

Peruse, examine closely; IV. vii. 137.

Petar, petard, "an Engine (made like a Bell or Mortar) wherewith strong gates are burst open" (Cotgrave); III. iv. 207.

Pick-axe; "a pick-axe, and a spade, a spade"; V. i. 98. (*Cp.* illustration.)

From the XVIIth century framework on the door of the bonehouse of S. Olave's Church, Hart Street.

Picked, refined, fastidious; V. i. 146.

Pickers and stealers, i.e. hands (alluding to the catechism, "Keep my hands from picking and stealing"); III. ii. 343.

Picture in little, miniature; II. ii. 383.
Pigeon-liver'd, too mild tempered; II. ii. 602.
Pioner, pioneer; I. v. 163.
Pitch, height, importance (originally, height to which a falcon soars); (Folios, "*pith*"); III. i. 86.
Piteous, pitiful, exciting compassion; II. i. 94.
Pith and marrow, the most valuable part; I. iv. 22.
Plausive, plausible, pleasing; I. iv. 30.
Plautus; "P. too light," alluding to the fact that Plautus was taken as the word for comedy by the Academic play-wrights; II. ii. 420.
Played i' the University, alluding to the old academic practice of acting Latin or English plays at Christmastide, or in honour of distinguished visitors (a play on Cæsar's death was performed at Oxford in 1582); III. ii. 104.
Played; "p. the desk or table-book," *i.e.* been the agent of their correspondence; II. ii. 136.
Plot, piece of ground; IV. iv. 62.
Plurisy, plethora, a fulness of blood (*as if* Latin *plus,* more, but really an affection of the lungs, Gk. πλευρα); IV. vii. 118.
Point; "at p.," completely (so Quartos; Folios, "*at all points*") I. ii. 200.
Polack, Pole; II. ii. 75.
——, Polish; V. ii. 379.
Polacks, Poles (Quartos, Folio 1, "*pollax*"; *v.* Note); I. i. 63.
Pole, pole-star; I. i. 36.
Politician, plotter, schemer; V. i. 82.
Porpentine, porcupine; I. v. 20.
Posset, curdle (Quartos, "*possesse*"); I. v. 68.
Posy, motto, verse on a ring; III. ii. 162.
Powers, armed force, troops; IV. iv. 9.
Practice, artifice, plot; IV. vii. 68.
Precedent, former; III. iv. 98.
Precurse, forerunning; I. i. 121.
Pregnant, yielding, ready; III. ii. 66.
Prenominate, aforesaid; II. i. 43.
Prescripts, orders (Folios, "*precepts*"); II. ii. 142.
Presently, at once, immediately; II. ii 170.
Present push, immediate proof; V. i. 307.
Pressure, impress, imprint; III. ii. 27.
Pressures, impressions; I. v. 100.
Prevent, anticipate; II. ii. 305.
Prick'd on, incited, spurred on; I. i. 83.
Primal, first, III. iii. 37.
Primy, spring-like; I. iii. 7.
Privates, common soldiers; II. ii. 238.
Probation, proof (quadrisyllabic); I. i. 156.

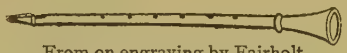
Process, decree; IV. iii. 65.
Prodigal, prodigally; I. iii. 116.
Profit, advantage; II. ii. 24.
Progress, journey made by a sovereign through his own country; IV. iii. 33.
Pronounce, speak on; III. ii. 317.
Proof, trial of strength; II. ii. 509.
Proper, appropriate; II, i. 114.
——, own, very; V. ii. 66.
Property, kingly right (? "own person"); II. ii. 594.
Proposer, orator; II. ii. 297.
Providence in the fall of a sparrow, alluding to *Matthew* x. 29, "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father"; V. ii. 222.
Provincial roses, properly, double-damask roses; here, rosettes of ribbon worn on shoes; the name was derived either from Provence or Provins near Paris, both places being famous for their roses; III. ii. 288. (*Cp.* the accompanying specimens.)
Puff'd, bloated; I. iii. 49.
Puppets; "p. dallying," (?) the figures in the puppet-show (in which Ophelia and her lover were to play a part); more probably used in some wanton sense; III. ii. 254.
Purgation; "put him to his p.," a play upon the legal and medical senses of the word; III. ii. 313.
Pursy, fat with pampering; III. iv. 153.
Put on, incite, instigate, IV. vii. 132; put to the test, tried, V. ii. 400; assume, I. v. 172.
Put on me, impressed upon me; I. iii. 94.

Quaintly, artfully, skilfully; II. i. 31.
Quality, profession, calling (especially the actor's profession); II. ii. 363.
Quantity, measure, portion; III. iv. 75.
Quarry, heap of dead; V. ii. 367.
Question, talk; III. i. 13.
——, "cry out on the top of q.," *i.e.* speak in a high key, or in a high childish treble; II. ii. 355.

'*Provincial roses.*'
From portraits of the time of Elizabeth and James I.

Questionable, inviting question; I. iv. 43.
Quest law, inquest law; V. i. 24.
Quick, alive; V. i. 132.
Quiddities, subtleties (Folios, "*quiddits*"); V. i. 103.
Quietus, a law term for the official settlement of an account; III. i. 75.
Quillets, subtle arguments; V. i. 104.
Quintessence, the highest or fifth essence (a term in alchemy); II. ii. 31.
Quit, requite; V. ii. 68.
Quoted, observed, noted; II. i. 112.

Rack, mass of clouds in motion; II. ii. 503.
Range, roam at large; III. iii. 2.
Ranker, richer, greater; IV. iv. 22.
Rankly, grossly; I. v. 38.
Rapier, a small sword used in thrusting; V. ii. 145.
Rashly, hastily; V. ii. 6.
Ravel out, unravel (Quartos 2-5, "*rouell*"); III. iv. 186.
Razed, slashed; III. ii. 288.
Reach, capacity; II. i. 64.
Recks, cares, minds (Quartos, "*reck'st*"); I. iii. 51.
Recognizances; "a recognizance is a bond or obligation of record testifying the recogniser to owe to the recognisee a certain sum of money" (Cowel); V. i. 109.
Recorders, a kind of flute or flageolet; III. ii. 303. (*Cp.* illustration.)



From on engraving by Fairholt.

Recoveries, a law term (*v.* "Vouchers"); V. i. 110.
Rede, counsel, advice; I. iii. 51.
Redeliver, report; V. ii. 179.
Reels, dances wildly; I. iv. 9.
Regards, conditions; II. ii. 79.
Region, air ("originally a division of the sky marked out by the Roman augurs"); II. ii. 506.
Relative, conclusive, to the purpose; II. ii. 630.
Relish of, have a taste, flavour; III. i. 120.
Remember; "I beseech you, r.," the full saying is found in *Love's Labour's Lost,* V. i. 103; "*I do beseech thee remember thy courtesy; I beseech thee apparel thy head*"; V. ii. 105.
Remembrances, mementos; III. i. 93.
Remiss, careless; IV. vii. 135.
Remorse, pity; II. ii. 510.
Remove, removal; IV. v. 81.
Removed, retired, secluded; I. iv. 61.
Repast, feed; IV. v. 147.
Replication, reply, answer; IV. ii. 13.
Requite, repay; I. ii. 251.
Residence, a fixed abode as opposed to strolling; used technically of theatrical companies; II. ii. 343.

Resolutes, desperadoes; I. i. 98.
Resolve, dissolve, melt; I. ii. 130.
Re-speaking, re-echoing; I. ii. 128.
Respect, consideration, motive; III. i. 68.
Rest, stay, abode; II. ii. 13.
Rests, remains; III. iii. 64.
Retrograde, contrary; I. ii. 114.
Return'd; "had r.," would have returned (Quartos, "*returne*"); I. i. 91.
Reverend, venerable; II. ii. 498.
Revolution, change; V. i. 98.
Re-word, repeat in the very words; III. iv. 143.
Rhapsody, a collection of meaningless words; III. iv. 48.
Rhenish, Rhenish wine; I. iv. 10.
Riband, ribbon, ornament; IV. vii. 78.
Rights of memory, rights remembered (Folios, "*Rites*"); V. ii. 392.
Rites, funeral service; V. i. 231.
Rivals, partners, sharers; I. i. 13.
Robustious, sturdy; III. ii. 10.
Romage, bustle, turmoil; I. i. 107.
Rood, cross; "by the rood," an oath; III. iv. 14.
Roots itself, takes root, grows; I. v. 33.
Roscius, the most celebrated actor of ancient Rome; II. ii. 410.
Rose, charm, grace; III. iv. 42.
Rosemary, a herb; the symbol of remembrance, particularly used at weddings and funerals; IV. v. 175.
Rough-hew, make the rough, or first form; a technical term in carpentering; V. ii. 11.
Round, in a straightforward manner; II. ii. 139.
Rouse, bumper, revel ("the Danish *rousa*"); I. ii. 127.
Row, stanza (properly = line); II. ii. 438.
Rub, impediment; a term in the game of bowls; III. i. 65.
Rue, called also "herb of grace"; emblematic of repentance (Ophelia is probably playing on *rue* = repentance, and "*rue, even for ruth*" = pity; the former signification for the queen, the latter for herself) (*cp. Richard II.,* III. iv. 104); IV. v. 181.

Sables, fur used for the trimming of rich robes; perhaps with a play on "*sable*" = black; III. ii. 135.
Safety; trisyllabic (so Quartos; Folios, "*sanctity*"; Theobald, "*sanity*"); I. iii. 21.
Sallets, salads; used metaphorically for "relish" (Pope, "*salts,*" later "*salt*"); II. ii. 461.
Sandal shoon, shoes consisting of soles tied to the feet (*shoon,* archaic plural); (Quartos, "*Sendall*"); IV. v. 26.
Sans, without; III. iv. 79.
Sate, satiate; I. v. 56.

Satyr, taken as a type of deformity; I. ii. 140.
Saws, maxims; I. v. 100.
Say'st, say'st well; V. i. 27.
'Sblood, a corruption of "*God's blood*"; an oath; II. ii. 384.
Scann'd, carefully considered; III. iii. 75.
'Scapes, escapes; I. iii. 38.
Scarf'd, put on loosely like a scarf; V. ii. 13.
Scholar, a man of learning, and hence versed in Latin, the language of exorcists; I. i. 42.
School, university; I. ii. 113.
Sconce, colloquial term for head; V. i. 106.
——, ensconce (Quartos, Folios, "*silence*"); III. iv. 4.
Scope, utmost, aim; III. ii. 226.
Scourge, punishment; IV. iii. 6.
Scrimers, fencers; IV. vii. 101.
Scullion, the lowest servant; used as a term of contempt; II. ii. 613.
Sea-gown; "esclavine, a sea-gowne; or a course, high-collared, and short-sleeved gowne, reaching downe to the mid-leg, and used most by seamen, and Saylors" (Cotgrave); V. ii. 13.
Seals; "to give them s.," to ratify by action; III. ii. 408.
Sea of troubles (*v.* "take arms"), etc.; III. i. 59.
Season, temper, restrain; I. ii. 192.
——, ripen; I. iii. 81.
——, qualify; II. i. 28.
Seasons, matures, seasons; III. ii. 219.
Secure, careless, unsuspicious (Johnson, "*secret*"); I. v. 61.
Seeming, appearance; III. ii. 92.
Seized of, possessed of; I. i. 89.
Semblable, equal, like; V. ii. 120.
Seneca; "S. cannot be too heavy," alluding to the rhetorical Senecan plays taken as models for tragedy by the Academic play-wrights; II. ii. 419.
Sense, feeling, sensibility; III. iv. 71.
Sensibly, feelingly (Folio 1, "*sensible*"); IV. v. 150.
Se offendendo, Clown's blunder for *se defendendo*; V. i. 9.
Sequent, consequent, following; V. ii. 54.
Sergeant, sheriff's officer; V. ii. 347.
Set, regard, esteem; IV. iii. 64.
Several, different; V. ii. 20.
Shall, will; III. i. 184.
Shall along, shall go along; III. iii. 4.
Shape; "to our s.," to act our part; IV. vii. 151.
Shards, fragments of pottery; V. i. 254.
Shark'd up, picked up without selection; I. i. 98.
Sheen, brightness, lustre; III. ii. 167.
Sheeted, enveloped in shrouds; I. i. 115.
Shent, put to the blush, reproached; III. ii. 416.
Short; "kept s.," kept, as it were, tethered, under control; IV. i. 18.

Should, would; III. ii. 316.
Shreds and patches, alluding to the motley dress worn by the clown, and generally by the Vice; III. iv. 102.
Shrewdly, keenly, piercingly; I. iv. 1.
Shriving-time, time for confession and absolution; V. ii. 47.
Siege, rank; IV. vii. 77.
Simple, silly, weak; I. ii. 97.
Simples, herbs; IV. vii. 145.
Sith, ince; IV. iv. 12.
Skirts, outskirts, borders; I. i. 97.
Slander, abuse; I. iii. 133.
Sledded, travelling in sledges; I. i. 63.
Slips, faults, offences; II. i. 22.
Sliver, a small branch of a tree; IV. vii. 175.
So, such, III. i. 69; provided that, IV. vii. 61.
Softly, slowly (Folios, "*safely*"); IV. iv. 8.
Soft you now, hush, be quiet; III. i. 88.
Soil, stain; I. iv. 20.
Sole, only; III. iii. 77.
Solicited, urged, moved; V. ii. 361.
Something, somewhat (Folios, "*somewhat*"); I. iii. 121.
Sometimes, formerly; I. i. 49.
Sort, associate; II. ii. 274.
——, turn out; I. i. 109.
Sovereignty; "your s. of reason," the command of your reason; I. iv. 73.
Splenitive, passionate, impetuous; V. i. 273.
Springes, snares; I. iii. 115.
Spurns, kicks; IV. v. 6.
Stand me upon, be incumbent on me; V. ii. 63.
Star, sphere; II. ii. 141.
Station, attitude in standing; III. iv. 58.
Statists, statesmen; V. ii. 33.
Statutes; "particular modes of recognizance or acknowledgement for securing debts, which thereby become a charge upon the party's land" (Ritson); V. i. 109.
Stay, wait for; V. ii. 24.
Stay'd, waited; I. iii. 57.
Stays, waits for me; III. iii. 95.
Stay upon, await; III. ii. 112.
Stick fiery off, stand in brilliant relief; V. ii. 260.
Stiffly, strongly; I. v. 95.
Still, always; I. i. 122.
Stithy, smithy (Folio 1, "*Stythe*"; Folios 2, 3, 4, "*Styth*"; Theobald, "*Smithy*"); III. ii. 89.
Stomach, courage; I. i. 100.
Stoup, drinking cup; V. i. 64.
Straight, straightway; II. ii. 450.
Stranger; "as a s.," *i.e.* without doubt or question; I. v. 165.
Strewments, strewing of flowers over the corpse and grave; V. i. 245.
Strike, blast, destroy by their influence; I. i. 162.
Stuck, thrust; an abbreviation of *stoccato*; IV. vii. 162.
Subject, subjects, people; I. i. 72.
Succession, future; II. ii. 368.

Suddenly, immediately; II. ii. 215.

Sullies, stains, blemishes, II. i. 39.

Sun; "too much i' the s.," probably a quibbling allusion to the old proverb "Out of heaven's blessing into the warm sun," = out of comfort, miserable; I. ii. 67.

Supervise, supervision, perusal; V. ii. 23.

Suppliance, dalliance, amusement; I. iii. 9.

Supply, aiding; II. ii. 24.

Supposal, opinion; I. ii. 18.

Swaddling clouts, swaddling clothes (Folios "*swathing*"); II. ii. 401.

Sweet, sweetheart; III. ii. 232.

Swinish; "with s. phrase," by calling us swine (a pun on "*Sweyn*" has been found in the phrase); I. iv. 19.

Switzers, Swiss guards (Quartos, "*Swissers*"); IV. v. 97.

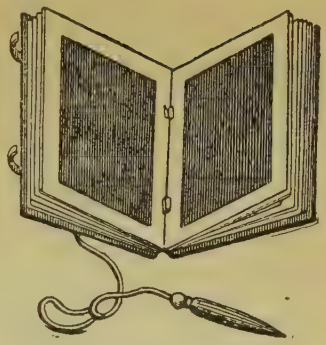
Swoopstake, sweepstake (the term is taken from a game of cards, the winner sweeping or drawing the whole stake); IV. v. 142.

'Swounds, a corruption of *God's wounds;* an oath; II. ii. 601.

Swounds, swoons, faints (Quartos 2-5, Folios 1, 2, "sounds"); V. ii. 311.

Table, tablet; I. v. 98.

Tables, tablets, memorandum-book; I. v. 107. (*Cp.* illustration.)



From Gesner's *De rerum fossilium figuris,* 1565.

Taints, stains, blemishes; II. i. 32.

Take arms against a sea, an allusion to a custom attributed to the Kelts by Aristotle, Strabo, and other writers; "they throw themselves into the foaming floods with their swords drawn in their hands," *etc.* (Fleming's trans. of Aelian's *Histories,* 1576); III. i. 59.

Takes, affects, enchants (Folios 1, 2, "*talkes*"; Folios 3, 4, "*talks*"); I. i. 163.

Take you, pretend; II. i. 13.

Tardy; "come t. off," being too feebly shown; III. ii. 28.

Tarre, incite; II. ii. 370.

Tax'd, censured; I. iv. 18.

Tell, count; I. ii. 238.

Temper'd, compounded (Folios, "*temp'red*"); V. ii. 331.

Temple (applied to the body); I. iii. 12.

Tend, wait; IV. iii. 47.

Tender, regard, have a care for; I. iii. 107.
Tenders, promises; I. iii. 106.
Tent, probe; II. ii. 623.
Termagant, a common character in the mystery-plays, represented as a most violent tyrant; often referred to in association with Mahoun, and seemingly as a Saracen god; III. ii. 15.
Tetter, a diseased thickening of the skin; I. v. 71.
That, that which; II. ii. 7.
——, so that; IV. v. 217.
Theft, the thing stolen; III. ii. 94.
Thereabout of it, that part of it; II. ii. 466.
Thews, sinews, bodily strength; I. iii. 12.
Thieves of mercy, merciful thieves; IV. vi. 20.
Thinking; "not th. on," not being thought of, being forgotten; III. ii. 140.
Think'st thee, seems it to thee (Quartos, "*think thee*"); V. ii. 63.
Thought, care, anxiety; IV. v. 188.
Thought-sick, sick with anxiety; III. iv. 51.
Thrift, profit; III. ii. 67.
Throughly, thoroughly; IV. v. 136.
Tickle o' the sere, easily moved to laughter; used originally of a musket in which the "*sere*" or trigger is "tickle," *i.e.* "easily moved by a touch"; II. ii. 337.
Timber'd; "too slightly t.," made of too light wood; IV. vii. 22.
Time, the temporal world; III. i. 70.
Tinct, dye, colour; III. iv. 91.
To, compared to; I. ii. 140.
To-do, ado; II. ii. 369.
Toils, makes to toil; I. i. 72.
Too, too (used with intensive force); I. ii. 129.
Topp'd, overtopped, surpassed (Folios, "*past*"); IV. vii. 89.
Touch'd, implicated; IV. v. 207.
Toward, forthcoming, at hand; I. i. 77.
Toy in blood, a passing fancy; I. iii. 6.
Toys, fancies; I. iv. 75.
Trace, follow; V. ii. 120.
Trade, business; III. ii. 346.
Translate, transform, change; III. i. 113.
Travel, stroll, go on tour in the provinces (used technically); II. ii. 343.
Trick, toy, trifle, IV. iv. 61; faculty, skill, V. i. 99; habit, IV. vii. 189.
Trick'd, adorned; a term of heraldry; II. ii. 477.
Tristful, sorrowful; III. iv. 50.
Tropically, figuratively; III. ii. 244.
Truant, idler; I. ii. 173.
——, roving; I. ii. 169.
True-penny, honest fellow; I. v. 150.
Trumpet, trumpeter; I. i. 150.
Truster, believer; I. ii. 172.

Turn turk, change utterly for the worse (a proverbial phrase); III. ii. 284.
Twelve for nine; this phrase, according to the context, must mean "twelve to nine," *i.e.* twelve on one side, to nine on the other; V. ii. 167.
Tyrannically, enthusiastically, vehemently; II. ii. 356.

Umbrage, shadow; V. ii. 121.
Unaneled, not having received extreme unction; I. v. 77.
Unbated, not blunted, without a button fixed to the end; IV. vii. 139.
Unbraced, unfastened; II. i. 78.
Uncharge, not charge, not accuse; IV. vii. 68.
Undergo, bear, endure; I. iv. 34.
Uneffectual; "u. fire"; *i.e.* ineffectual, being "lost in the light of the morning"; I. v. 90.
Unequal, unequally; II. ii. 490.
Ungalled, unhurt; III. ii. 283.
Ungored, unwounded; V. ii. 253.
Ungracious, graceless; I. iii. 47.
Unhousel'd, without having received the Sacrament; I. v. 77.
Unimproved, unemployed, not turned to account (? "*unapproved,*" *i.e.* "untried"; Quarto 1, "*inapproved*"); I. i. 96.
Union, fine orient pearl (Quarto 2, "*Venice*"; Quartos 3-6, "*Onyx*" or "*Onixe*"); V. ii. 275.
Unkennel, discover, disclose; III. ii. 86.
Unlimited; "poem u.," *i.e.* (probably) regardless of the Unities of Time and Place; II. ii. 419.
Unmaster'd, unbridled; I. iii. 32.
Unpregnant, unapt, indifferent to; II. ii. 592.
Unprevailing, unavailing, useless; I. ii. 107.
Unproportion'd, unsuitable; I. iii. 60.
Unreclaimed, untamed, wild; II. i. 34.
Unshaped, confused; IV. v. 8.
Unsifted, untried; I. iii. 102.
Unsinew'd, weak; IV. vii. 10.
Unsure, insecure; IV. iv. 51.
Unvalued, low born, mean; I. iii. 19.
Unwrung, not wrenched, ungalled; III. ii. 250.
Unyoke, your day's work is done; V. i. 55.
Up; "drink u." (used with intensive force); V. i. 288.
Upon; "u. your hour," *i.e.* on the stroke of, just at your hour; I. i. 6.
Upon my sword, i.e. Swear upon my sword (the hilt being in form of a cross); I. v. 147.
Upshot, conclusion; V. ii. 387.
Up-spring, the wildest dance at the old German merry-makings; I. iv. 9.

Vailed lids, lowered eyelids; I. ii. 70.
Valanced, adorned with a beard; II. ii. 442.

Validity, value, worth; III. ii. 196.
Vantage; "of v.," from an advantageous position, or opportunity (Warburton); III. iii. 33.
Variable, various; IV. iii. 25.
Vast, void (so Quarto 1; Quarto 2, Folio 1, "*wast*"; Folios 2, 3, 4, "*waste*"); I. ii. 198.
Ventages, holes of the recorder; III. ii. 365.
Vice of kings, buffoon, clown of a king; alluding to the *Vice,* the comic character, of the old morality plays; III. iv. 98.
Videlicet, that is to say, namely; II. i. 61.
Vigour; "sudden v.," rapid power; I. v. 68.
Violet, emblem of faithfulness; IV. v. 184.
Virtue, power; IV. v. 155.
Visitation, visit; II. ii. 25.
Voice, vote, opinion; V. ii. 252.
Vouchers; "double v., his recoveries," "a recovery with *double voucher* is the one usually suffered, and is so denominated from *two* persons (the latter of whom is always the common cryer, or some such inferior person) being successively *vouched,* or called upon, to warrant the tenant's title" (Ritson); V. i. 110.

Wag, move; III. iv. 39.
Wake, hold nightly revel; I. iv. 8.
Wandering stars, planets; V. i. 268.
Wann'd, turned pale; II. ii. 577.
Wanton; effeminate weakling; V. ii. 302.
——, wantonly; III. iv. 183.
Wantonness, affectation; III. i. 152.
Warranty, warrant; V. i. 239.
Wash, sea; III. ii. 163.
Wassail, carousal, drinking bout; I. iv. 9.
Watch, state of sleeplessness; II. ii. 148.
Water-fly (applied to Osric); "a water-fly skips up and down upon the surface of the water without any apparent purpose or reason, and is thence the proper emblem of a busy trifler" (Johnson); V. ii. 83.
Waves, beckons (Folios, "*wafts*"); I. iv. 68.
We; "and we," used loosely after conjunction instead of accusation of regard, *i.e.* "as for us"; I. iv. 54.
Weeds, robes; IV. vii. 81.
Well-took, well undertaken; II. ii. 83.
Wharf, bank, I. v. 33.
What, who; IV. vi. 1.
Wheel, the burden or refrain of a song (or, perhaps, the spinning-wheel to which it may be sung); IV. v. 172.
Whether (monosyllabic); II. ii. 17.
Which, who; IV. vii. 4.
Wholesome, reasonable, sensible; III. ii. 323.
Wildness, madness; III. i. 40.

Will; "virtue of his will," *i.e.* his virtuous intention; I. iii. 16.

Wind; "to recover the w. of me," a hunting term, meaning to get to windward of the game, so that it may not scent the toil or its pursuers; III. ii. 354.

Windlasses, winding, indirect ways; II. i. 65.

Winking; "given my heart a w.," closed the eyes of my heart (Quartos 2-5, "*working*"); II. ii. 137.

Winnowed (*vide* "Fond").

Wit, wisdom; II. ii. 90.

Withal, with; I. iii. 28.

Withdraw; "to w. with you," *i.e.* "to speak a word in private with you" (Schmidt); III. ii. 352.

Withers, the part between the shoulder-blades of a horse; III. ii. 250.

Within's, within this; III. ii. 132.

Wittenberg, the University of Wittenberg (founded 1502); I. ii. 113.

Wonder-wounded, struck with surprise; V. i. 269.

Woodcocks, birds supposed to be brainless; hence proverbial use; I. iii. 115.

Woo't, contraction of *wouldst thou*; V. i. 287.

Word, watch-word; I. v. 110.

Worlds; "both the w.," this world and the next; IV. v. 134.

Would, wish; I. ii. 235.

Woundless, invulnerable; IV. i. 44.

Wreck, ruin; II. i. 113.

Wretch, here used as a term of endearment; II. ii. 168.

Writ; "law of w. and liberty," probably a reference to the plays written with or without decorum, *i.e.* the supposed canons of dramatic art, = "classical" and "romantic" plays (according to some = "adhering to the text or extemporizing when need requires"); II. ii. 421.

Yaughan; "get thee to Y." (so Folio 1; Quarto 2, "*get thee in and*"); probably the name of a well-known keeper of an alehouse near the Globe, perhaps the Jew, "one Johan," alluded to in *Every Man out of his Humour,* V. iv.; V. i. 63.

Yaw, stagger, move unsteadily (a nautical term); V. ii. 115.

Yeoman's service, good service, such as the yeoman performed for his lord (Quartos 2, 3, 4, "*yemans*"); V. ii. 36.

Yesty, foamy; V. ii. 198.

Yorick, the name of a jester, lamented by Hamlet; perhaps a corruption of the Scandinavian name Erick, or its English equivalent (the passage possibly contains a tribute to the comic actor Tarlton); V. i. 191.

Yourself; "in y.," for yourself. personally; II. i. 71.

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 63. '*He smote the sledded Polacks on the ice*'; Quarto 1, Quarto 2, Folio 1, '*pollax*,' variously interpreted as '*Polacks*,' '*poleaxe*,' etc.; there is very little to be said against the former interpretation, unless it be that 'the ambitious Norway' in the previous sentence would lead one to expect 'the sledded Polack,' a commendable reading originally proposed by Pope.

I. i. 108-125. These lines occur in the Quartos, but are omitted in Folios.

I. i. 167. '*eastward*,' so Quartos; Folios, '*easterne*'; the latter reading was perhaps in Milton's mind when he wrote:—

> "*Now morn her rosy steps in th' eastern clime*
> *Advancing, sowed the earth with orient pearls.*"
>
> *Par. Lost*, v. 1.

I. ii. 9. '*to*'; the reading of Quartos; Folios '*of*.'

I. ii. 58-60. Omitted in Folios.

I. iii. 12. '*this temple*'; so Quartos; Folios, '*his temple*.'

I. iii. 16. '*will*,' so Quartos; Folios, '*fear*.'

I. iii. 18. Omitted in Quartos.

I. iii. 26. '*particular act and place*,' so Quartos; Folios, '*peculiar sect and force*.'

I. iii. 59. Polonius' precepts have been traced back to Euphues' advice to Philautus; the similarity is certainly striking (*vide* Rushton's *Shakespeare's Euphuism*); others see in the passage a reference to Lord Burleigh's 'ten precepts,' enjoined upon Robert Cecil when about to set out on his travels (French's *Shakespeareana Genealogica*, *v.* Furness, Vol. II., p. 239).

I. iii. 65. '*comrade*' (accented on the second syllable), so Folio 1; Quartos (also Quarto 1), '*cowrage*.'

I. iii. 74. '*Are of a most select and generous chief in that*'; so Folio 1; Quarto 1, '*are of a most select and general chiefe in that*'; Quarto 2, '*Or of a most select and generous chiefe in that*'; the line is obviously incorrect; the simplest emendation of the

many proposed is the omission of the words '*of a*,' and '*chief*,' which were probably due to marginal corrections of '*in*' and '*best*' in the previous lines:—

> "*Are most select and generous in that.*"

(Collier '*choice*' for '*chief*'; Staunton '*sheaf*,' *i.e.* set, clique, suggested by the Euphuistic phrase "gentlemen of the best sheaf").

I. iii. 109. '*Running*,' Collier's conj.; Quartos, '*Wrong*'; Folio 1, '*Roaming*'; Pope, '*Wronging*'; Warburton, '*Wronging*'; Theobald, '*Ranging*,' etc.

I. iii. 130. '*bawds*'; Theobald's emendation of '*bonds*,' the reading of Quartos and Folio 1.

I. iv. 17-38. Omitted in Folio 1 (also Quarto 1).

I. iv. 36-38.

> '*the dram of eale*
> *Doth all the noble substance of a doubt*
> *To his own scandal*';

this famous crux has taxed the ingenuity of generations of scholars, and some fifty various readings and interpretations have been proposed. The general meaning of the words is clear, emphasizing as they do the previous statement that as a man's virtues, be they as pure as grace, shall in the general censure take corruption from one particular fault, even so 'the dram of eale' reduces all the noble substance to its own low level.

The difficulty of the passage lies in (i.) '*eale*' and (ii.) '*Doth . . . of a doubt*'; a simple explanation of (i.) is that '*eale*' = '*e'il*,' *i.e.* '*evil*' (similarly in Quarto 2, II. ii. 627, '*deale*' = '*de'ile*' = '*devil*'). The chief objection to this plausible conjecture is that one would expect some rather more definite than 'dram of evil'; it is said, however, that '*eale*' is still used in the sense of 'reproach' in the western counties. Theobald proposed 'base,' probably having in mind the lines in *Cymbeline* (III. v. 88):—

> "*From whose so many weights of baseness cannot*
> *A dram of worth be drawn.*"

As regards (ii.), no very plausible emendation has been proposed; '*of a doubt*' has been taken to be a printer's error for '*often dout*,' '*oft endoubt*,' '*offer doubt*,' '*oft work out*,' etc. To the many questions which these words have called forth, the present writer is rash enough to add one more:—Could, perhaps,

'doth of a doubt' = deprives of the benefit of a doubt? Is there any instance of 'do' in XVIth century English = 'deprive'; the usage is common in modern English slang.

I. iv. 75-78. Omitted in Folio 1.

I. v. 22. '*List, list, O, list!*' so Quartos; Folio 1, '*list, Hamlet, oh list.*'

II. i. The stage direction in Quartos:—*Enter old Polonius, with his man or two*; Folios, *Polonius and Reynaldo*; in Quarto 1, *Reynaldo* is called *Montano*, hence perhaps the reading of later Quartos.

II. i. 4. '*to make inquire*'; so Quartos; Folios read, '*you make inquiry.*'

II. ii. 17. Omitted in Folios.

II. ii. 73. '*three*'; so Quarto 1 and Folios; Quartos read '*threescore.*'

II. ii. 216-217, 244-276. The reading of Folios; omitted in Quartos.

II. ii. 234. '*On Fortune's cap we are not the very button.*' For an example of this ornament *cp.* the accompanying cut, which is reproduced from a tapestry of the time of Henry VII.

II. ii. 336-337. '*the clown . . . sere,*' omitted in Quartos; *vide* Glossary, "*tickle o' the sere.*"

II. ii. 346, 347. '*I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation*'; *vide* Preface.

II. ii. 351-377. Omitted in Quartos.

II. ii. 354-358. *cp.*:—

> "*I saw the children of Powles last night;*
> *And troth they pleas'd me pretty, pretty well,*
> *The apes, in time, will do it handsomely.*
> *—I like the audience that frequenteth there*
> *With much applause.*"
>
> *Jack Drum's Entertainment* (1601).

II. ii. 466. '*Æneas' tale of Dido;*' one cannot but believe that Hamlet's criticism of the play is throughout ironical, and that the speeches quoted are burlesque. "The fancy that a burlesque was intended," wrote Coleridge, "sinks below criticism; the lines, as

epic narrative, are superb"; perhaps he would have changed his mind, and would have recognised them as mere parody, if he had read *Dido, Queen of Carthage,* a play left incomplete by Marlowe and finished by Nash (*cp. e.g.* Act II. Sc. i., which seems to be the very passage Shakespeare had in view).

II. ii. 485. Omitted in Folios.

II. ii. 493. '*Then senseless Ilium*'; 525, '*mobled . . . good*'; omitted in Quartos.

II. ii. 540. '*whether*'; Malone's emendation; Quartos, Folios, '*where*' (*i.e.* '*wh'ere* = *whether*').

II. ii. 562. '*a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines*'; here was much throwing about of brains in the attempt to find these lines in the play-scene in Act III. Sc. ii. "The discussion," as Furness aptly puts it, "is a tribute to Shakespeare's consummate art," and the view of this scholar commends itself—viz., that "in order to give an air of probability to what every one would feel [otherwise] highly improbable, Shakespeare represents Hamlet as adapting an old play to his present needs by inserting in it some pointed lines."

II. ii. 614:—

> '*Hum, I have heard*
> *That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,*' etc.;

vide Heywood's *Apology for Actors,* where a number of these stories are collected; perhaps, however, Shakespeare had in mind the plot of *A Warning for Faire Women,* a play on this theme published in 1599, referring to a *cause celebre* which befell at Lynn in Norfolk.

III. i. 13-14. '*Niggard of question, but of our demands most free*'; Hanmer, '*Most free of our question, but to our demands most niggard*'; Warburton, '*Most free of question, but of our demands most niggard*'; Collier MS., '*niggard of our questions, but to our demands most free.*'

III. i. 59. '*to take arms against a sea of troubles,*' etc.; the alleged confusion of metaphors in this passage was due to the commentator's ignorance, not to Shakespeare's; *vide* Glossary, '*take arms.*'

III. i. 79, 80:—

> '*The undiscovered country from whose bourn*
> *No traveller returns.*'

In Catullus' *Elegy on a Sparrow,* occur the words:—

> *"Qui nunc it per iter tenebricosum*
> *Illuc unde negant redire quenquam."*

III. i. 147. '*paintings*'; so (Quarto 1) Quartos; Folio 1, '*pratlings*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*pratling*'; Pope, '*painting*'; Macdonald conj. '*prancings.*'

III. ii. 36. '*nor man*'; so Quartos; Folios, '*or Norman.*'

III. ii. 49. There is a striking passage in Quarto 1, omitted in Quarto 2 and Folio, concerning those 'that keep one suit of jests, as a man is known by one suit of apparell'; the lines have a Shakespearian note, and are probably of great interest.

III. ii. 142. Much has been said to explain the introduction of the dumb-show; from the historical point of view its place in a court-play is not surprising, *vide* Glossary, '*Dumb-show.*'

III. ii. 174. The reading of the Folios; Quartos read:—

> '*For women feare too much, even as they love,*
> *And women's fear and love holds quantity.*'

Johnson believed that a line was lost rhyming with '*love.*'

III. ii. 175. '*In neither aught, or in extremity*'; Malone's emendation; Folios, '*In neither ought,*' etc.; Quartos, '*Eyther none, in neither ought,*' etc.

III. ii. 211. '*favourite*'; Folio 1, '*favourites,*' a reading for which much is to be said.

III. ii. 246. '*Vienna*'; Quarto 1, '*Guyana*'; for '*Gonzago,*' Quarto 1 reads *Albertus,* who is throughout called Duke; in Quarto 2 it is always *King*; except here where Hamlet says '*Gonzago is the Duke's name.*'

III. ii. 261. '*the croaking raven doth bellow for revenge*';

> *cp.* "*The screeking raven sits croaking for revenge,*
> *Whole herds of beasts comes bellowing for revenge.*"
> *The True Tragedie of Rich. III.*

III. ii. 400. '*bitter business as the day*'; so Folios; Quartos read '*business as the bitter day.*'

III. iii. 7. '*lunacies*'; so Folios; Quartos, '*brewes.*'

III. iii. 79. '*hire and salary*'; so Folios; Quartos misprint, *base and silly.*'

III. iv. 71-76, 78-81, 161-165, 167-170, 202-210. Omitted in Folios.

III. iv. 169. '*And either . . . the devil*'; some such word as '*master*,' '*quell*,' '*shame*,' has been omitted in Quartos, which read '*and either the devil*.'

IV. i. 4. Omitted in Folios.

IV. i. 40-44. Folio 1 omits these lines, and ends scene with the words—

> '*And what's untimely done. Oh, come away,*
> *My soul is full of discord and dismay*.'

Theobald proposed to restore the line by adding '*for, haply, slander*.'

IV. ii. 19. '*like an ape*'; so Folios; Quartos, '*like an apple*'; Farmer conj. '*like an ape, an apple*'; Singer, from Qparto 1, '*like an ape doth nuts*'; Hudson (1879), '*as an ape doth nuts*.'

IV. ii. 24. '*A knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear*'; a sentence proverbial since Shakespeare's time, but not known earlier.

IV. ii. 31. *cp.* Psalm cxliv., '*Man is like a thing of naught*'; 32-33, '*Hide fox, and all after*,' the reading of Folios; omitted in Quartos.

IV. iii. 27-30. Omitted in Folios.

IV. iii. 42. '*this deed, for thine*'; so Quartos; Folios, '*deed of thine, for thine*.'

IV. iii. 45. '*with fiery quickness*'; so Folios; omitted in Quartos.

IV. iii. 70. '*my haps, my joys were ne'er begun*'; so Folios; Quartos, '*my haps, my ioyes will nere begin*'; Johnson conj. '*my hopes, my joys are not begun*'; Heath conj. ''*t may hap, my joys will ne'er begin*'; Collier MS., '*my hopes, my joyes were ne'er begun*'; Tschischwitz, '*my joys will ne'er begun*.'

IV. iv. 3. '*Craves*'; so Quartos; Folios 1, 2, '*Claimes*.'

IV. iv. 9-66. The reading of the Quartos; omitted in Folios.

IV. v. 14-16. Quartos and Folios assign these lines to Horatio; Blackstone rearranged the lines as in the text.

IV. v. 38. '*grave*,' so Quarto 1, Folios; Quartos, '*ground*'; '*did go*'; Pope's emendation of Quartos; Folios, '*did not go*.'

IV. v. 48-55. Song in Quartos; omitted in Folios.

IV. v. 77. '*death, O*'; Quartos, '*death, and now behold, ô*.'

IV. v. 89. '*Feeds on his wonder*': Johnson's emendation; Quartos, '*Feeds on this wonder*'; Folios, '*Keepes on his wonder*'; Hanmer, '*Feeds on his anger*.'

IV. v. 96. '*Alack, what noise is this?*' omitted in Quartos.

IV. v. 119. '*unsmirched brows*'; Grant White's emendation; Folio 1, '*unsmirched brow.*'

IV. v. 161-163, 165. Omitted in Quartos.

IV. v. 166. '*rain'd*'; so Quartos; Folios 1, 2, '*raines.*'

IV. v. 172-173. '*It is the false steward,*' etc.; the story has not yet been identified.

IV. v. 195. *cp.* '*Eastward Hoe*' (1604), by Jonson, Marston & Chapman for a travesty of the scene and this song (Act III. Sc. i.).

IV. vi. 2. '*Sea-faring men*'; so Quartos; Folios read '*Sailors.*'

IV. vii. 14. '*She's so conjunctive*'; so Folios; Quartos read '*She is so concline*'; Quarto, 1676, '*She is so precious.*'

IV. vii. 22. '*loud a wind,*' so Folios; Quartos 2, 3, '*loued Arm'd*'; Quartos 4, 5, '*loued armes.*'

IV. vii. 69-82. '*my lord . . . graveness*'; omitted in Folios; so, too, ll. 115-124.

IV. vii. 163. '*But stay, what noise?*' the reading of Quartos; omitted in Folios.

'*The first murder.*'
From Coverdale's Old Testament, 1535.

IV. vii. 179. '*tunes*'; so Folio 1 and Quarto 1; Quarto 2, '*lauds*' (*i.e.* chants).

IV. vii. 193. '*douts*'; Knight's emendation; Folio 1, '*doubts*'; Quartos, '*drownes.*'

V. i. 36-39, 110-112. '*is this . . . recoveries*'; 126, 193, omitted in Quartos.

V. i. 81. '*Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder.* Tradition assigned this implement to Cain, since weapons were not invented until the days of Tubal-cain, Gen. iv. 22. (*Cp.* illustration.)

V. i. 258. '*treble woe*'; the reading of Quartos 2, 3, 6; Folio 1, '*terrible woer*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*terrible wooer.*'

V. i. 287. '*woo't drink up eisel?*' *vide* Glossary, '*eisel*'; the various emendations '*Weissel,*' '*Yssel*' (a northern branch of the Rhine), '*Nile,*' '*Nilus,*' are all equally unnecessary.

V. ii. 9. '*pall*'; so Quarto 2; Folio 1, '*parle*'; Pope, '*fail.*'

V. ii. 31. '*they*,' *i.e.* my brains.

V. ii. 57, 68-80. Omitted in Quartos.

V. ii. 78. '*court*'; Rowe's emendation of Folios, '*count*.'

V. ii. 99. '*or*'; Folios read '*for*.'

V. ii. 107-143. These lines are omitted in Folios, which read, '*Sir, you are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is at his weapon*.'

V. ii. 126. '*another tongue?*' Johnson conj. '*a mother tongue*'; Heath conj. '*a mother tongue?*' No change is necessary; it is a bit of sarcasm.

V. ii. 155-156. Omitted in Folios.

V. ii. 188, 9. '*many more of the same breed*'; so Quartos; Folio 1 reads, '*mine more of the same Beauy*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*nine more of the same Beavy*.'

V. ii. 195-209. Omitted in Folios.

V. ii. 225-227. '*since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is 't to leave betimes? Let be*.' The reading is taken partly from the Folios and partly from the Quartos; a long list of proposed emendations is given by the Cambridge editors.

V. ii. 243. Omitted in Quartos.

V. ii. 247. '*brother*'; so Quartos; Folios read '*mother*.'

V. ii. 290. '*He's fat and scant of breath*'; *vide* Glossary, '*Fat*.'

V. ii. 339. *Cp.* the accompanying drawing from a cut in the *Dance of Death*.

V. ii. 348. '*live*'; so Folios; Quartos, '*I leave*.'

V. ii. 386. '*forced cause*'; so Folios; Quartos read '*or no cause*.'

'*this fell sergeant, Death*.'

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

13. *The rivals of my watch*:—The companions of my watch. The Quarto of 1603, in which this Scene corresponds to the text of Folio 1, with the exception of an omitted line or two, and which evidently represents the "true and perfect" text, has, *the partners of my watch*—a more obvious word, which a reporter would be likely to substitute for the authentic one. Compare *rivality* in *Antony and Cleopatra*, III. v., meaning *partnership*, and *The Tragedy of Hoffman* (1631):—

> "ile seat thee by my throne of state
> And make thee rivall in those governments."

16. *Give*:—Ellipsis for *God give*.

19. *A piece of him*:—Warburton supposed that Horatio gives his hand; it is night, adds Ingleby, and Horatio is hardly visible to Bernardo. Shakespeare's intention seems to be to show that Horatio, the skeptical, can answer jestingly.

21. *What, has this thing appear'd*, etc.:—Folio and Quarto of 1603 give this speech to Marcellus; the other Quartos to Horatio, who, as yet, does not believe that the Ghost has appeared at all.

42. *Thou art a scholar*:—The notion that ghosts, devils, and witches would notice only what was addressed to them in Latin was long a part of the superstition respecting their existence. It

was a lingering reminiscence of the exorcismal formula of the Romish church. Reed cites Beaumont and Fletcher, *Night Walker*, II. 1:—

> "Let's call the butler up, for he speaks Latin,
> And that would daunt the devil."

45. Compare Boswell's *Life of Johnson* (ed. Birkbeck Hill, iii. 307): "Johnson once observed to me, 'Tom Tyers described me the best: "Sir (said he) you are like a ghost: you never speak till you are spoken to."'"

60. Furness asks, "Was this the very armour that he wore thirty years before, on the day Hamlet was born (see V. i. 155-176)? How old was Horatio?" But the armour would be remembered and be pointed out, when worn later.

117. *As stars with trains of fire*:—This passage is sadly and hopelessly corrupt. A preceding line or more has manifestly been lost. The reader will find much fruitless conjecture with regard to it in the Variorum of 1821. Plutarch describes the prodigies preceding and following Cæsar's death—fires in the elements, spirits running up and down in the night, a pale sun, which gave little light or heat. Compare *Julius Cæsar*, I. iii. Such prodigies are very impressively described in Marlowe's *Lucan's First Booke translated*, published in 1600.

123. *And prologue to the omen*:—Here *omen* is used, as Malone remarked, to mean an approaching, dreadful, and portentous event.

127. *I'll cross it, though it blast me*:—Blakeway cites from Lodge's *Illustrations of British History*, iii. 48, a story of Ferdinando, Earl of Derby (who died 1594): on Friday a tall man appeared, who twice crossed him swiftly; and when the bewitched Earl came to the place where he saw this man, he first fell sick.

127. *Stay, illusion!*—Here the Quarto of 1604 has the stage direction, "*It spreads his arms*," which perhaps is a misprint for "*He* spreads," etc.; indicating Horatio's action in his attempt to stay the Ghost. *His* might, of course, refer to the Ghost through *it*; but there seems to be no occasion for the Ghost to make such a gesture.

Scene II.

65. It can hardly be doubted that this—Hamlet's first word—is spoken aside. Does it refer to the King or to himself? If to

himself, it may mean a little more than a kinsman (for I am, incestuously, a stepson), and less than kind, for I hate the King. So Malone. Knight says "little of the same *nature*" with Claudius. More probably it refers to the King, meaning: My stepfather (more than cousin), but in less than a natural relation. Compare II. ii. 619: "lecherous, kindless (*i.e.* unnatural) villain." To "go" or "grow out of kind" is found in Baret's *Alvearie* and Cotgrave's *French Dict.*, meaning to degenerate or dishonour kindred. The play upon kin or kindred and kind or kindly is found in Gorboduc, in Lyly's *Mother Bombie*, and in Rowley's *Search for Money*. "Kind" for "nature" occurs several times in Shakespeare. White asks: "Is it necessary to say that Hamlet means, In marrying my mother you have made yourself something more than my kinsman, and at the same time have shown yourself unworthy of our race, our kind?"

67. *i' the sun*:—Hamlet's delight in ambiguous and double meanings makes it probable that a play is intended on "sun" and "son." He is too much in the sunshine of the court, and too much in the relation of son—son to a dead father, son to an incestuous mother, son to an uncle-father. It was suggested by Johnson that there is an allusion to the proverbial expression (see *Lear*, II. ii. 168): "Out of heaven's blessing into the warm sun," which means to be out of house and home; Hamlet is deprived of the throne. Schmidt takes it to mean merely, "I am more idle and careless than I ought to be."

74. "Here observe," says Coleridge, "Hamlet's delicacy to his mother, and how the suppression prepares him for the overflow in the next speech, in which his character is more developed by bringing forward his aversion to externals, and which betrays his habit of brooding over the world within him, coupled with a prodigality of beautiful words, which are the half embodyings of thought, and are more than thought, and have an outness, a reality *sui generis*, and yet retain their correspondence and shadowy affinity to the images and movements within. Note, also, Hamlet's silence to the long speech of the King, which follows, and his respectful, but general, answer to his mother."

113. *Wittenberg*:—The university where men of all ages passed indefinite periods, and sometimes their whole lives. The university was founded in 1502; Luther had made it famous. In *The Tragedy of Hoffman* (1602), the foolish Ierom says, "I am not foole, I have bin to Wittenberg, where wit growes." Shakespeare may have heard of it in Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus*. and in Nash's

Life of Iacke Wilton, 1594. It must be remembered that for Hamlet Wittenberg was a foreign university, to which he might go at any age, after his earlier education had been completed.

127. *And the king's rouse*:—A deep draught upon a convivial occasion was called a *rouse*; and it appears, from a passage quoted by Steevens from Decker's *Gull's Horn Book,* to have been a Danish term. "Teach me, thou soveraigne skinker, how to take the German's upsy freeze, the Danish rousa, the Switzer's stoop of rhenish," etc. Its signification is preserved in *rouser* and *rousing.*

129. *O, that this too too solid flesh would melt*:—That *too too* was used absolutely for very well, or good, Ray remarked in his *English Words not Generally Used* (London, 1674); and Hunter and Halliwell have brought forward many instances of its unmistakable use as a compound epithet. But here it is, as remarked by Dowden, "an intensive reduplication." Some editors hyphen it. See *Two Gentlemen of Verona,* II. iv. 205.

140. *Hyperion to a satyr*:—Apollo to his brother Pan. The third, not the second, syllable of *Hyperion* is properly long; but to this pronunciation hardly any of the English poets have conformed.

150. *that wants discourse of reason*:—Discursive reason, reason which draws conclusions, as opposed to intuitive perception. The phrase was common in Shakespeare's day, and before it.

160, 161. Sir Henry Irving, as Hamlet, delivers "I . . . well" as a conventional greeting to unrecognized intruders; Hamlet then looks up and perceives his friend.

167. *Good even, sir*:—It was not what we now call evening. Two or three hundred years ago, any time after midday was called evening.

180. Scott, in *The Bride of Lammermoor,* has made the readers of romance familiar with the old custom of "funeral baked-meats," which was kept up in Scotland till a recent period.

182. *my dearest foe in heaven*:—*Dear* is used of whatever touches us nearly either in love or hate, joy or sorrow. In 1 *Henry IV*. III. ii. 123, we find "near'st and dearest enemy . . ."

198. *In the dead vast and middle of the night*:—Perhaps we should read "the dead *waste.*" But in either case the sense would be the same—the dead void; and *vast* seems to have been used substantively in this sense by Shakespeare, if not by his contemporaries. See "that vast of night." *The Tempest,* I. ii. 327.

218-220. Mark the ingenuity of Shakespeare in so managing

this popular idea as to make the Ghost, which has been so long obstinately silent, and of course must be dismissed by the morning, prepare to speak, and to be interrupted at the very critical time of the crowing of a cock. "Another poet, according to custom, would," as Warton observes, "have suffered his ghost tamely to vanish, without contriving this start, which is like a start of guilt; to say nothing of the aggravation of the future suspense occasioned by this preparation to speak, and to impart some mysterious secret. Less would have been expected if nothing had been promised."

Scene III.

18. "This Scene," says Coleridge, "must be regarded as one of Shakespeare's lyric movements in the play, and the skill with which it is interwoven with the dramatic parts is peculiarly an excellence with our Poet. *You experience the sensation of a pause, without the sense of a stop.* You will observe, in Ophelia's short and general answer to the long speech of Laertes, the natural carelessness of innocence, which cannot think such a code of cautions and prudences necessary to its own preservation."

21. *safety*:—"Sanity," as conjectured by Theobald, may be right. Safety is a trisyllable in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, v. 4, 46: "Where he himself did rest in safety"; but in line 43 of this Scene it has the usual pronunciation, and so elsewhere in Shakespeare.

59. *character*:—Shakespeare accents the verb either, as here, on the second syllable, or on the first, as in *Sonnets*, cxxii. 2.

81. *season*:—Singer quotes Baret's *Alvearie*: "*To season* . . . to temper wisely, to make more pleasant and acceptable." Schmidt explains it "mature, ripen." Clarendon Press compares *Merchant of Venice*, V. i. 107.

109. *Running*:—Clarendon Press, accepting this reading proposed by Collier, observes its accordance with the figure in the previous line.

109. *fool*:—Does this mean, You will present yourself to me as a fool? or, present me (to the public) as a fool? or, can *fool* mean an innocent, a baby?—for Polonius is not over-delicate in his warnings. See *Romeo and Juliet*, I. iii. 31 and 48.

115. *woodcocks*:—Birds supposed to be witless, easily taken in springes or snares. Clarendon Press quotes from Gosson's

Apologie for the Schoole of Abuse: "Cupid sets up a springe for woodcocks."

117. *Lends the tongue vows*:—So the Quartos. The Folio has, "*Gives* the tongue," etc., the first word of the following line having caught the compositor's eye. Two syllables, probably forming an epithet applied to *blazes,* have doubtless been lost from this line.

119. *as it is a-making*:—The blundering purism of the present day would write here, "as it is *being made,*" according to the monstrous construction which has taken the place of the feeble one of the Augustan age, *e.g.,* "as it is making." But there is no purer or more logically correct English than the idiom a making, a doing, a building, and the like. Ben Jonson (more scholar than poet) says in his Grammar, "Before the participle present *a* and *an* have the force of a gerund. 'But there is some great tempest a brewing against us.'"—Book II. Chap. 3. The idiom is as old as the English language, and is of frequent occurrence in our translation of the Bible.

127. *brokers*:—Middlemen in making bargains; used specially of panders, procurers. Furness quotes Cotgrave: "*Maquinonner,* To play the Broker, also to play the bawd."

135. Upon this Coleridge remarks: "I do not believe that in this or any other of the foregoing speeches of Polonius, Shakespeare meant to bring out the senility or weakness of that personage's mind. In the great ever-recurring dangers and duties of life, where to distinguish the fit objects for the application of the maxims collected by the experience of a long life requires no fineness of tact, as in the admonitions to his son and daughter, Polonius is uniformly made respectable. . . . It is to Hamlet that Polonius is, and is meant to be, contemptible, because in inwardness and uncontrollable activity of movement, Hamlet's mind is the logical contrary to that of Polonius, and besides, Hamlet dislikes the man as false to his true allegiance in the matter of the succession to the crown."

Scene IV.

2. *Eager* was used in the sense of the French *aigre,* sharp, biting.—The unimportant conversation with which this Scene opens is a proof of Shakespeare's minute knowledge of human nature. It is a well-established fact, that on the brink of any

serious enterprise, or event of moment, men almost invariably endeavour to elude the pressure of their own thoughts by turning aside to trivial objects and familiar circumstances. Then, too, by thus entangling the attention of the audience in the nice distinctions and parenthetical sentences of this speech of Hamlet, Shakespeare takes them completely by surprise on the appearance of the Ghost, which comes upon them in all the suddenness of its visionary character, so that the third visitation even surpasses the former two in impressiveness and solemnity of interest.

9. *and the swaggering up-spring reels*:—Reels through the swaggering up-spring. The up-spring was a rude and boisterous German dance, as Steevens showed by the following quotation from Chapman's *Alphonsus*:—

> "We Germans have no changes in our dances,
> An almain and an up-spring, that is all."

12. *triumph of his pledge*:—His glorious achievement as drinker. Howell in his *Letters* tells of the Danish King Christian IV. (1588-1649) beginning thirty-five healths during a feast—"the King was taken away at last in his chair."

19. *Clepe* is *call*; from the Anglo-Saxon *cleopian*. The Danes were indeed proverbial as drunkards, and well they might be, according to the accounts of the time. Heywood, in his *Drunkard Opened*, 1635, describes them as the first on record to bring "their wassel bowls and elbowe deepe healthes" into England.

27. *By the o'ergrowth of some complexion*:—*Complexion*, used now almost exclusively to mean the colour of the skin, had formerly, says White, a sense more strictly correct, and expressed the result of the union of certain physical qualities. "According to the prevalency of humours a diversity of temper or complexion is caused in us."—*Gate of the Latine Tongue Unlocked*, 1656. Hudson says that "*Complexion* was often used, as here, to signify any constitutional *texture*, *aptitude*, or *predisposition*."

47. *canonized*:—The accent, as always in Shakespeare, is on the second syllable.

73. *deprive your sovereignty of reason*:—Warburton, followed by Hanmer, reads *deprave*. For *deprive* see *Rape of Lucrece*, 1186 and 1752. Caldecott explains: "Dispossess the sovereignty of your reason." In the *Historie of Hamblet*, IV., "deprive himself" means lose the right to the throne.

Scene V.

11. *confined to fast in fires*:—The marginal reading of Collier's Folio of 1632, "confined to *lasting* fires," is very specious to the reader who does not consider that the fires of which the Ghost speaks were the fires of purgatory, in which, too, he was confined for the day only, and so were not lasting fires in any sense. *Fast* may be used here in its radical sense of religious observance, and without any allusion to abstinence from food; or there may be a reference to the notion entertained of old, that, in the words of Chaucer's Person, "the misere of helle shall be in defaute of mete and drink."

13. Gawin Douglas really changes the Platonic hell into "the punytion of the saulis in purgatory." "It is a nedeful thyng to suffer paines and torment;—sum in the wyndis, sum under the water, and in the fire uther sum: thus the mony vices contrakkit in the corpis *be done away and purgit.*"

33. *That roots itself in ease*:—Thus the Quartos; the Folio, "That *rots* itself," etc. The misprint in either case is of the easiest. That the text of the Quartos gives what the author wrote, seems clear from this passage in *Antony and Cleopatra*, I. iv.:—

> "This common body,
> Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
> Goes to and back, lackeying the varying tide,
> To rot itself with motion."

If in the one case the flag *rots* itself with *motion*, it seems clear that in the other it must *root* itself in *ease*. The opposition of *roots* to *stir* in the next line also supports this reading.

62. *with juice of cursed hebenon*:—It is uncertain whether by *hebenon* Shakespeare meant ebony or henbane. Dr. Grey cited a passage from Pliny in which that naturalist says that the oil of henbane dropped into the ears disturbs the brain. But the sap of ebony was accounted poisonous, and the name of the wood was spelled sometimes *hebon*, sometimes *ebeno*. Steevens cited the following passage from Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*:—

> ". . . the blood of Hydra, Lerna's bane,
> The juice of hebon, and Cocytus breath."

77. *Unhousel'd, disappointed, unaneled*:—Unhouselled is with-

out having received the consecrated wafer; disappointed, unappointed, unprepared; unaneled, without extreme unction or anointing with consecrated oil.

80. *O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!*—This line is a part of the Ghost's speech in all the old copies; but Dr. Johnson thought, with reason, that it should be spoken by Hamlet, and such was Garrick's practice; so also is it Sir Henry Irving's. After it in the Quarto of 1603 Hamlet exclaims, "O God!" Clarke observes that triple iteration is characteristic of the Ghost's diction.

90. *uneffectual*:—Warburton (approved by Dyce) explains: "shining without heat." Steevens, "lost in the morning light." See *Pericles,* II. iii. 43.

93. *O, fie!*—Capell, Steevens, Mitford, Dyce regard these words as probably an interpolation.

107. *My tables*:—Pocket memorandum-books, and, indeed, any substances prepared for writing, erasure, and re-writing, were called tables. When Zacharias called for a writing-table to write the name of his new-born son, afterwards John the Baptist, he meant not a support for that on which he wrote, but a parchment, or a waxen tablet. . . . Waxen tables were used as late as the Elizabethan period: as to which see the following passage from the *Janua Linguarum,* 1650: "Once they wrote with a reed: *now-a-daies* we write with a quill (whose neb or slit is made [fitted to the writer's hand] with a penknife) either in clean paper (not in blotting, sinking, or cap paper) which is sold by the sheet, quire, ream or in parchment: with a writing *pin* in table books, that it may be cancelled and blotted out *by turning the pin the wrong end downwards*"—"inverso stylo." Chap. 68, § 731. "If you chance upon anie thing, suffer it not to vanish away; but that it slip not from you, note it down out of hand not into waste papers, but into a table book [that may be rased and written on again]." *Idem,* Chap. 69, § 742.

123. *Denmark*:—Seymour suggests that Hamlet at this word breaks off his intended disclosure, pauses, and gives it a jesting turn. Sir Henry Irving adopts this rendering, glancing at Marcellus, as if his presence rendered the confidence unwise.

136. Warburton has ingeniously defended Shakespeare for making the Danish prince swear by *St. Patrick,* by observing that the whole northern world had their learning from Ireland.

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

25. *fencing*:—Perhaps named to show how Polonius regards the other supposed outbreaks of his son—as to be classed with addiction to the fencing-school. Fencers, however, had a like legal disrepute with players. In Middleton's *Spanish Gipsy*, II. ii. Sancho comes in "from playing with fencers," having lost cloak, band, and rapier at dice. The ill repute of fencers appears from other passages in Elizabethan drama. In Dekker's *Gul's Horn-Booke* he speaks of the danger to a rich young man of being "set upon" by fencers and cony-catchers (Dekker, ed. Grosart, Vol. ii. p. 213).

65. *windlasses*:—Winding turns. So in Golding's *Ovid*, B. vii.:

> "like a wily fox he runs not forth directly out,
> Nor makes a windlasse over all the champion fields about";

and in *Apollo Shroving*: "See how fortune came with a windlace about again."

77. *closet*:—A private chamber, as in III. ii. 338. This is the only entirely sincere meeting of Hamlet with Ophelia in the play; and it is entirely silent—the hopeless farewell of Hamlet. Can her love discover him through his disguise of distraction? He reads nothing in her face but fright; he cannot utter a word, and feels that the estranging sea has flowed between them. In no true sense do they ever meet again.

111. *with better heed and judgement*:—The Folio has "with better *speed*," etc., meaning *success*. This was preferred by Theobald.

119. "This must be made known to the King, for the hiding Hamlet's love might occasion more mischief to us from him and the Queen than the uttering or revealing it will occasion hate and resentment from Hamlet." Johnson, whose explanation this is, attributes the obscurity to the Poet's "*affectation* of concluding the scene with a couplet." There would surely have been more affectation in deviating from the universally established custom.

Scene II.

17. *Whether aught to us unknown*:—This line. absolutely neces-

sary to the sense, is omitted from the Folio. It also omits *but* in Guildenstern's speech below, and *Ay* in the Queen's exclamation as the Ambassadors go out.

116-124. *Doubt*:—In the first two lines and the fourth the word means *be doubtful that*; in the third it means *suspect*. Hamlet's letter begins in the conventional lover's style, which perhaps was what Ophelia would expect from a courtly admirer; then there is a real outbreak of passion and self-pity; finally, in the word "machine," Hamlet indulges, after his manner, his own intellectuality, though it may baffle the reader; the letter is no more simple or homogeneous than the writer. T. Bright, in *A Treatise of Melancholy* (1586), explains the nature of the body as that of a machine, connected with the "soul" by the intermediate "spirit." He compares (p. 66) its action to that of a clock.

160. *he walks four hours together*:—"The obvious reading," says White, "'*for* hours together,' has occurred to many critical readers; and to modern taste this would seem an improvement. But similar phrases, 'two hours,' 'three hours,' and 'four hours together,' are of common occurrence in old books." "Hanmer's emendation *for*," observes Dowden, "is specious. But Elze (*Shakespeare Jahrbuch*, B. xi.) has shown the use by Elizabethan writers of four, forty, forty thousand to express an indefinite number. Malone cites Webster, *Duchess of Malfi*: 'She will muse four hours together'; and Clarendon Press, Pattenham, *Arte of English Poesie*: 'laughing and gibing . . . foure houres by the clocke.'"

182. *being a god kissing carrion*:—The old copies (except Quarto I, in which the passage is not found) have, "a *good* kissing carrion." The correction, which is almost of the obvious sort, was made by Warburton, who improves the occasion in a small sermon, which the reader will find preserved in the Variorum editions.—This speech of Hamlet's has an intimate connection in thought and in expression with his next; the thought being one which his madness, real or affected, may excuse, but upon which it is not pleasant to dwell, much less to expatiate.—*White*.

269. *beggars bodies*:—The monarch or hero is an outstretched shadow; a shadow is thrown by a body; body is the opposite of shadow; therefore the opposite of monarch, and heroes, namely, beggars, are bodies. Whether at one or two removes—shadow, or shadow's shadow—it is a beggar who produces an ambitious monarch. Hamlet's private meaning may possibly be that his

uncle is a shadow—a mockery king—with a beggar for its substance. He purposely loses himself in his riddles, and, being incapable of reasoning, will to the court, where just thinking is out of place.

276. *dreadfully attended*:—Hamlet speaks like an honest man, but knows his meaning will not be understood; he *is* dreadfully attended, by Memory and Horror, and wronged Love, and the duty of Revenge. Let the courtiers suppose he has a madman's suspicions of dangerous followers.

335. *humorous man*:—"Not the funny man or jester . . . but the actor who personated the fantastic characters . . . for the most part represented as capricious and quarrelsome" (Staunton). "Such characters as Faulconbridge, Jaques, and Mercutio" (Delius). The characters of the stock company suit the present play—King Claudius, who receives such tribute as he deserves from Hamlet; Laertes, the fencer; Hamlet, the lover, who sighs gratis; Polonius, who ends his part as "most secret and most grave"; the Grave-digger; and Ophelia, who speaks her mind in madness somewhat too freely.

346. Referring, no doubt, to the order of the Privy Council, June, 1600. By this order, the players were *inhibited* from acting in or near the city during the season of Lent, besides being very much restricted at all other seasons, and hence "chances it they travel," or *stroll* into the country.

354. *cry out on the top of question*:—Clamour forth the height of controversy, utter shrilly the extreme matter of debate. *Cry out* may be regarded as a verb; to "cry on" is frequent in Shakespeare; "cry out on" may be a combination of the two; *question* is a matter in dispute; the *top of question* is the matter in dispute pushed to extremity. Other explanations have been proposed. Clarendon Press: "Probably, to speak in a high key, dominating conversation." For *question* in this sense, see *Merchant of Venice,* IV. i. 70. In Armin's *Nest of Ninnies,* p. 55 (Sh. Soc. reprint) occurs: "Cry it up in the top of question." Prof. Hales' notes from *Adam Bede*: "Mrs. Poyser keeps at the top o' the talk like a fife."

362. *no longer than they can sing?*—Until their voices break at puberty.

387, 388. *let me comply with you*:—To *comply* here means to observe the forms of courtesy or civility. So in V. ii. 187.

394-396. *I am but mad . . . hawk from a handsaw*:—I am mad only in one point of the compass. T. Bright, in *A Treatise*

of Melancholy (1586), mentions the southeast winds as the most suitable for sufferers from mèlancholy (Chap. xxxix.). Burton gives other opinions. A southerly wind would, according to Bright, favour Hamlet's sanity. North and northwest, we may infer, would be the most unfavourable. The word *hawk* was and is used for a plasterer's tool, but no example has been found earlier than 1700. *Hack,* however, is an Elizabethan name for a tool for breaking or chopping up, and for agricultural tools of the mattock, hoe, and pick-axe type (*New Eng. Dict.*). *Handsaw* might suggest *hack*, for we find in 1 *Henry IV*, II. iv. 181, 182, "My sword hacked like a handsaw." It is, however, generally assumed that *handsaw* here is a corruption of *heronshaw* or *hernsew*; "no other instances of the phrase (except as quotations from Shakespeare) have been found" (*New Eng. Dict.*). J. C. Heath (Quoted in Clarendon Press) explains: the heron flying down the north wind is ill seen, the spectator looking south towards the sun; flying north, on a south wind, it can be easily distinguished from the hawk. Does Hamlet imagine the two courtiers as hawks loosed to pursue him? Elsewhere he compares them to hunters driving him unto the toils. The south wind is generally represented by Shakespeare as a wind of evil contagion. Does Hamlet mean that he can recognize the King's birds of chase flying on an ill wind?

420. *Jephthah*:—Steevens communicated the *pious chanson* to Percy; a reprint from a black-letter copy will be found in Child's *English and Scottish Ballads.* Hamlet quotes from the first stanza. Jephthah sacrificed his daughter; before her death she went into the wilderness to bewail her virginity. So with Ophelia.

436. *the first row of the pious chanson*, etc.:—Hamlet calls the ballad from which he has been quoting, the *pious chanson*—in the Quarto of 1603, "the godly ballet"—on account of the biblical character of its subject. His quotations are all from the first stave; and to the first row, *i.e.,* line or column, he refers his hearers for more, he being cut short in his recital, "for look, where my abridgement comes." It is possible, however, that both here and in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream,* V. i. 39, *abridgement* means that which shortens time—pastime; though there it is applied to things, here to persons.

444. *by the altitude of a chopine*:—The Italian *ciopinno,* a strange device, which is thus described in Raymond's *Mercurio Italiano,* London, 1647. "The Ladies have found out a devise

very different from all other European Dresses. They weare their owne, or a counterfeit haire below the shoulders, trim'd with gemmes and Flowers, their coats halfe too long for their bodies, being mounted on their *Chippeens,* (which are as high as a man's leg). They walke between two handmaids, majestically deliberating of every step they take. This fashion was invented, and appropriated to the Noble Venetians wives, to be constant to distinguish them from the Courtesans, who goe covered in a vaile of White Taffety."

472. Schlegel observes, that "this speech must not be judged by itself, but in connexion with the place where it is introduced. To distinguish it as dramatic poetry in the play itself, it was necessary that it should rise above the dignified poetry of that in the same proportion that the theatrical elevation does above simple nature. Hence Shakespeare has composed the play in Hamlet altogether in sententious rhymes, full of antithesis. But this solemn and measured tone did not suit a speech in which violent emotion ought to prevail; and the Poet had no other expedient than the one of which he made use, overcharging the pathos."

573. *peasant slave*:—Furness says: "It is shown by Furnivall in *Notes and Queries,* 12th April and 3rd May 1873, that it was possible for Shakespeare to have seen in the flesh some of the bondmen or 'peasant slaves' of England."

578. *In's aspect*:—Here aspect is to be accented on the last syllable.

602. *But I am pigeon-liver'd and lack gall*:—It was supposed that pigeons and doves owed their gentleness of disposition to the absence of gall.

> "A Milk-white Doue upon her hand shee brought,
> So tame 'twould goe returning at her call,
> About whose Necke was in a Choller wrought
> 'Only like me my Mistress hath no gall.'"
>
> *Drayton's Ninth Eclogue.*

624, 625. That Hamlet was not alone in the suspicion here started, appears from Sir Thomas Browne's *Religio Medici,* 1642: "I believe that those apparitions and ghosts of departed persons are not the wandering souls of men, but the unquiet walks of devils, prompting and suggesting us unto mischief, blood, and villainy; instilling and stealing into our hearts that the blessed

spirits are not at rest in their graves, but wander solicitous of the affairs of the world. But, that those phantasms appear often, and do frequent cemetries, charnel-houses, and churches, it is because those are the dormitories of the dead, where the devil, like an insolent champion, beholds with pride the spoils and trophies of his victory in Adam."

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

59. *take arms,* etc.:—Accepting the statements of ancient writers about the Kelts (see Glossary, *Take arms against a sea*), it is argued that since those who fought against the flood were themselves beaten, Hamlet's words, *by opposing end them,* must mean by so opposing troubles to end one's own existence.

80. *returns*:—The Ghost has not crossed the bourn or boundary of death, or returned to mortal life; cock-crow and day-dawn startle him away. Perhaps, however, Hamlet at the present time, doubtful as to whether the devil may not have been abusing him (close of Act II.), will not let the apparition enter into his calculations.

88-90. "This," says Johnson, "is a touch of nature. Hamlet, at the sight of Ophelia, does not immediately recollect that he is to personate madness, but makes an address grave and solemn, such as the foregoing meditation excited in his thoughts."

96. *aught*:—For a moment Hamlet has been touched by the sight of Ophelia with her book of prayers. Yet there is estrangement in the word "Nymph." She inquires for his health (having seen him yesterday); he answers as to a stranger; formally, as he does to Osric, V. ii. 82; and with some impatience; he will tell her nothing. She produces his gifts; he has been sent for by the King; Ophelia, like Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, has doubtless also been sent for; he falls back on his accustomed method of baffling half-truths. These toys were the gift of another Hamlet to another Ophelia—not his.

105. Here it is evident that the penetrating Hamlet perceives, from the strange and forced manner of Ophelia, that the sweet girl was not acting a part of her own, but was a decoy; and his after speeches are not so much directed to her as to the listeners and spies. Observe Hamlet's enumeration of the faults of the sex

from which Ophelia is so free that the mere freedom therefrom constitutes her character.

125. *very proud, revengeful, ambitious*:—Hamlet brings general accusations against manhood and womanhood; but these particular vices are ironically named as those of which he has been suspected or calumniously accused: very proud, he who honours the poor Horatio, and hails the actor as a friend, yet he is suspected of treating Ophelia lightly, as an inferior who may be basely used; revengeful, he who groans under the duty of vengeance, yet who is doubtless suspected of revenge by the King; ambitious, he who would go back to Wittenberg, and could be contented in a nutshell, yet whose disappointed ambition has been a subject for the probing of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

132. *Where's your father?*—Perhaps an arrow shot at a venture; or perhaps he has caught sight of the King and Polonius as they retire. It is to be considered as a possibility that Ophelia may not have been aware of her father's espionage.

140. *calumny*:—Is this promise of dowry half meant for Polonius's ear? His calumnies of Hamlet will come home to roost on his own house.

151. *and make your wantonness your ignorance*:—The Quarto of 1604, "and make your wantonnes *ignorance*." This passage seems to imply that the women affected a pretty, innocent ignorance as a mask for their wantonness. Johnson's explanation is, "You mistake by wanton affectation, and pretend to mistake by *ignorance*."

155. "Observe," says Coleridge, "this dallying with the inward purpose, characteristic of one who had not brought his mind to the steady acting point. He would fain sting the uncle's mind;—but to stab his body!—The soliloquy of Ophelia, which follows, is the perfection of love,—so exquisitely unselfish!"

168. *Love! his affections do not that way tend*:—Here "affection is used in a sense which it has now almost entirely lost. It has no relation to love or preference, but refers to the manner in which Hamlet's mind is affected, which affection, or affecting, does not, as the King says, tend towards love.

Scene II.

15, 16. *for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod*:—Termagant, the supposed god of the Mohammedans, and Herod, the

slayer of the innocents, were staple characters in our old Miracle Plays. Their chief office was to rave and rant up and down the scaffold, uttering bombast of the most inflated and profane description. In one of the Chester Mysteries, Herod says:—

> "For I am kynge of all mankinde
> I byd, I beate, I loose, I bynde:
> I master the moone: take this in mynde
> That I am most of mighte.
> I am the greatest above degree
> That is, that was, or ever shale be;
> The sonne it dare not shine on me,
> And [*i.e.*, if] I bid him go down."

In one of the Coventry Mysteries he thus modestly holds forth, in verses which unite alliteration and rhyme:—

> "Of bewte and of boldnesse I ber ever more the belle
> Of mayn and of might I master every man
> I dynge with my dowtiness the devil down to helle
> For both of hevyn and of earth I am kynge certayn."

How difficult it would be to out-herod Herod may be judged from the fact that in one of the plays in which Elia's "much abused monarch" appears, the Poet, having exhausted his vocabulary in expressing the Herodian wrath and arrogance, in despair gives the player *carte blanche* for extemporal fume and fustian by the direction, "*Here Herod rages.*"

95. *I must be idle*:—Be foolishly or vacantly employed in a manner befitting his assumed distraction.

129. *your only jig-maker*:—We should now say, "*only your* jig-maker."

253. *I could interpret between you and your love*:—To every puppet-show there was an interpreter. But there seems to be an allusion of another nature.

> "A voice arrests my idle ear
> Which from a neighb'ring thicket flyes.
> Drawn thither by my greedy Eyes
> Two loving Rogues within it lay
> And thus I heard the Puppets play."
>
> *Duffett's Poems*, 1676.

279. *Why, let the stricken deer*, etc.:—This stave is probably quoted from some ballad now lost.

292. *A very, very—pajock*:—The old copies, *paiock, paiocke,* and *pajock.* "I have often," remarks Dyce, "heard the lower classes call the peacock the pea*jock*." This stave, except this last word, is probably a quotation.

348, 349. *you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark*:—"I agree with Steevens," says Blackstone, "that the crown of Denmark (as in most of the Gothic kingdoms) was elective, and not hereditary; though it must be customary, in elections, to pay some attention to the royal blood, which by degrees produced hereditary succession. Why then do the rest of the commentators so often treat Claudius as a *usurper*, who had deprived young Hamlet of his *right* by *heirship* to his father's crown? Hamlet calls him drunkard, murderer, and villain; one who had carried the election by low and mean practices; had

> "Popp'd in between the election and my hopes—;"

had—

> "From a shelf the precious diadem stole,
> And put it in his pocket;"

but never hints at his being a *usurper*. His discontent arose from his uncle's being preferred before him, not from any legal right which he pretended to set up to the crown. Some regard was probably had to the recommendation of the preceding prince, in electing the successor. And therefore young Hamlet had 'the voice of the king himself for his succession in Denmark'; and he at his own death prophesies that 'the election would light on Fortinbras, who had his dying voice,' conceiving that by the death of his uncle, he himself had been king for an instant, and had therefore a right to recommend. When, in the fourth Act, the rabble wished to choose Laertes king, I understand that antiquity was forgot, and custom violated, by electing a new king in the lifetime of the old one, and perhaps also by the calling in a stranger to the royal blood."

Scene III.

59. *the wicked prize itself*:—That which is wickedly acquired.

Scene IV.

52. *and thunders in the index?*—In the commencement of its recital. Indexes or *tables* were of old not uncommonly placed in the first part of books.

53. *Look here*:—Restoration actors made Hamlet produce two miniatures; but miniatures could hardly represent Hamlet's father at full-length, as he is described. A print, prefixed to Rowe's ed. of *Hamlet,* 1709, exhibits half-lengths hanging on the wall The actor Holman had a picture of Claudius on the wall, and a miniature of the dead king produced from Hamlet's bosom. Fechter had two miniatures, one worn round Gertrude's neck, the other by Hamlet; he tore the miniature from Gertrude and flung it away; so Rossi, who stamped upon it. Edwin Booth used two miniatures. Sir Henry Irving and Salvini have represented the portraits as seen only by the mind's eye.

82. *Rebellious hell*:—Hanmer, very speciously, "Rebellious *heat.*"

90. *such black and grained spots*:—The Quartos "*greeued* [grieved] spots." *Grained* here means darkly stained. See George P. Marsh's *Lectures on the English Language,* for a masterly exposition of the etymology and history of the word *grain,* as applied to color.

102. [*Enter Ghost*] The Quarto of 1603, "*Enter the Ghost in his night gowne.*" Hamlet says afterwards, "My father in his habit as he lived." It is to be observed that the Ghost at this appearance is visible only to Hamlet.

169. *And either* [*curb*] *the devil*:—This is White's reading. The Quarto of 1604 reads, "And *either the* deuill, or throw him out," where there has a word been lost, as both sense and rhyme make manifest. To supply its place Malone suggested *curb.* The Quarto next in date (which, of course, is followed by subsequent editions in that form), has, in hope of mending the lapse, "And *master* the devil"—"a correction," says White, "of no more authority than Malone's, and of not half the worth." Hudson (Harvard ed.) reads *shame,* Dowden and Rolfe, *master.*

175. *their scourge and minister*:—The scourge and minister of heaven.

217. [*Exeunt severally; Hamlet dragging in Polonius*] The Folio has, "*tugging in*"; the Quarto of 1603, "*Exit Hamlet with the dead body.*" A like direction is always found in a like situ-

ation in our old dramas. For there being no change of Scene, it was necessary that the "unpleasant bodies" should be removed, in order that the play might go on with decorum.

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

26. *Among a mineral*:—Here *mineral* is used to mean a heap of ore, while *ore* itself, in the preceding line, has its radical meaning—gold.

Scene III.

21. *politic worms*:—Such worms as might breed in a politician's corpse. Singer suggests an allusion to the Diet of Worms. W. Hall Griffin adds that "the mention of 'emperor' makes it very probable." White says: "The reader will hardly fail to see the allusion in this passage to that assemblage, so whimsically named to an English ear, the Diet of Worms."

Scene IV.

6. *our duty in his eye*:—Before his face: in his presence. So in *Antony and Cleopatra,* II. ii. 209, 210. "Her gentlewomen, . . . tended her i' the eyes."

53-56. To stir without great argument (matter in dispute) is not rightly to be great, but to find quarrel in a straw when honour's at the stake is an attribute of true greatness. The *not,* as Furness argues, belongs to the copula, not to the predicate.

Scene V.

[*Enter Queen,* etc.] White distributes the speeches in this Scene according to the Folio. The Quartos bring in "a gentleman" with the Queen and Horatio, and assign to that nameless person the speeches which the Folio gives to Horatio, leaving him only two lines ("'Twere good she were spoken with," etc.) in this whole Scene. The two lines which this arrangement as-

signs to Horatio are the first two lines of the Queen's speech, according to the Folio; and they are, White thinks, much more appropriate as a reflection by which she is led to change her determination with regard to Ophelia than as a direct warning to a queen from a subject. They have hitherto been given either to Horatio or to the Queen as an outspoken speech. Hudson (Harvard ed.) makes this Sc. ii. and has "*Enter the* Queen *and* Horatio." Dowden and Rolfe agree with the present edition.

21. *Oph.*:—The stage direction of Quarto 1 is: "Enter Ofelia playing on a Lute, and her haire downe singing." For the traditional music of Ophelia's songs, see Furness, *Hamlet*, or E. W. Naylor, *Shakespeare and Music*, 1896.

21. "There is," says Sir J. Reynolds, "no part of this play in its representation on the stage more pathetic than this Scene; which, I suppose, proceeds from the utter insensibility Ophelia has to her own misfortunes. A great sensibility, or none at all, seems to produce the same effects. In the latter case the audience supply what is wanting, and with the former they sympathize."

51. The origin of the choosing of Valentines has not been clearly developed. Until the eighteenth century the custom survived in England of regarding the first girl seen by a man on the morning of St. Valentine's day as his "Valentine" or sweetheart. And true-love or lover is the meaning implied here.

84. *In hugger-mugger*:—In confusion, hurry, secrecy, without decorum. This strange word is used in all these senses, and has very various spelling. In Golding's *Ovid*, Fol. 160 (ed. 1587), it occurs in the following couplet:—

"But let Ulysses tell you his [*i.e.*, acts] doone all in hudther mudther
And whereunto the onlie right is privie and none other."

151. *It shall as level to your judgement pierce*:—So the Folio; the Quartos, "to your judgment *peare*"—an absurd reading (says White) which represents day as *appearing level* to the eye, instead of piercing level, *i.e.*, directly, point blank to the eye.

161-163. Nature is delicate (or accomplished) in love, and sends Ophelia's sanity after Polonius as a precious token (or sample) of itself.

172. *O, how the wheel becomes it!*—A peculiar rhythm recurring at the end of each stave of a ballad, and which was sometimes produced by a repetition of the same words, themselves

nearly or quite senseless (as in the "Down a-down," which Ophelia has just sung), was called a wheel or burthen. There is a distinction made between the wheel and the burthen; but it does not seem to have been very closely observed of old.

181. *rue*:—The emblem of sorrow and repentance. See *Richard II.*, III. iv. 105. The name herb-grace or herb of grace is found in the herbals and dictionaries. Given to the Queen. Ophelia wears her rue as the emblem of sorrow and of grace. "With a difference" had a heraldic meaning (slight distinctions in coats of arms borne by members of the same family), but that meaning is not required here. Skeat suggests that the difference is that of "rue" and "ruth" (referring to the passage in *Richard II.*).

181, 182. *we may call it herb of grace o' Sundays*:—This Sunday name of rue appears to have been worn every day and Sunday too. See *Richard II.*, III. iv. 105, "I 'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace."

Scene VII.

85. *And they can well on horseback*:—They are able or skilled horsemen.

123. *a spendthrift sigh*:—The Quarto of 1604 has, "a spend thrifts sigh," where the *s* is plainly but a careless addition. For in what way could a spendthrift's sigh hurt, more than a miser's, by easing? But as, according to the old saying, every sigh takes away a pound of flesh, or, as the ancients said, costs an ounce of blood, any sigh hurts by easing, and so is spendthrift.

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

11, 12. *three branches*:—Shakespeare seems to have read or heard of Plowden's report of Hales *v.* Petit. Sir James Hales had drowned himself; the coroner's jury returned a verdict of *felo de se*. Dame Hales's counsel argued that the act of suicide cannot be completed in a man's lifetime. Walsh, Serjeant, *contra* replied that "the act consists of three parts"—the imagination, the resolution, and the execution.

65. *In youth, when I did love,* etc.:—The three staves sung by the Grave-digger are from a ballad attributed to Lord Vaux, called "The Aged Lover renounceth Love," which will be found in Book II. of Vol. I. of *Percy's Reliques.* The clown's text, however, is most corrupt. For the traditional music—the tune of *The Children in the Wood*—see Furness (from Chappell), p. 385.

170. *thirty years*:—Hamlet's age—thirty—is here fixed in a two-fold way—by the date of the Grave-digger's service and by the number of years since Yorick's death. Gonzago and his wife, who represent the elder Hamlet and Gertrude, have been married thirty years. It is true, however, that passages in earlier scenes—in particular the scene of Laertes parting from Ophelia—lead us to conceive Hamlet as younger. He is a student of Wittenberg; but it is a foreign university. Prof. Hales has quoted a passage from Nash, *Pierce Penniless's Supplication,* on the late age at which the Danes commenced education: "You shall see a great boy . . . weeping under the rod when he is thirty years old." In the Quarto of 1603 Hamlet's age is not fixed, and he seems younger throughout. Perhaps in recasting the play Shakespeare felt that Hamlet's weight of thought implied an age beyond that of very early manhood, and failed to harmonize the earlier and later presentations of his hero. His Troilus is under twenty-three; Florizel looks about twenty-one; Cymbeline's sons are twenty-three and twenty-two; Hamlet is surely older than these youths. The heyday of Gertrude's blood is tame; she may be forty-five or forty-six: yet, like Gonzago's wife, who is of that age, she may have the power to charm. However we account for the inconsistency, we must accept dates so carefully determined.

288. *eisel*:—Criticism has not advanced much beyond Theobald's suggestions of 1733, that the Quarto of 1604 *Esill* and the Folio *Esile* mean either eisel, vinegar, or some river; and of the names of rivers none is more plausible than Theobald's "*Yssel,* in the German Flanders." Parallels for the hyperbole of drinking a river can be pointed out in several Elizabethan writers, in Greene's *Orlando Furioso,* in *Eastward Hoe,* and elsewhere. The proposal Nilus has only the crocodile to favour it. An English *Esill* has not been found, though there is an Iseldun (according to Sharon Turner, the Down of the Yssel). On the other hand, it has been shown that "drink up" does not necessarily mean exhaust; it may mean drink eagerly, quaff. In *Sonnets,* cxi., Shakespeare names "potions of eisel" as a bitter and disagreeable remedy for "strong infection." The word was used (see *New Eng. Dict.*) for

the vinegar rejected by Christ upon the cross. The chief objection to eisel, vinegar, seems to be, as Theobald puts it, that "the proposition was not very grand." This objection would be met if we could find any special propriety in the proposition. Now vinegar, even in small quantities, as we learn from William Vaughan's *Directions for Health* (ed. 7, 1633, p. 47, first published about 1607), while it allays heat and choler, "hurteth them that be sorrowfull." There may be irony in Hamlet's choice.

288. *eat a crocodile?*—Hamlet's challenge to revolting feats—half-passionate, half-ironical—receives more point if we remember that in current natural history the crocodile was a monster of the serpent tribe. See Topsell's *Historie of Serpents.* T. Bright regards the crocodile's bite as poisonous, like an asp's.

299. *her golden couplets are disclosed*:—Her two eggs are hatched. So in III. i. 172 of this play, "And I do doubt the hatch and the disclose," etc.

Scene II.

12. *Up from my cabin*:—All from *Rashly* in Hamlet's previous speech to these words is parenthetical.

17. *to unseal*:—The Quartos, "to *unfold*," the terminal syllable being probably caught from the line above. Here Shakespeare would have avoided a rhyme; and from Hamlet's fourth speech below it is plain that he broke a seal.

148, 149. *against the which he has imponed*:—This is Osric's affected pronunciation of impawned. See Hamlet's second speech below. White contracts, *impon'd,* and declares that by the uncontracted spelling usually given, *imponed,* the point is lost.

155. *I knew you must be edified by the margent*:—Receive an explanation like that furnished by a marginal note.

167, 168. *twelve for nine*:—The word *passes* seems to mean *passes which count,* the same as hits; the encounter is to continue until one party has made a dozen hits. The King wagers that Laertes—famous as a fencer, and therefore able to afford his rival odds—will not have made his twelve hits until Hamlet's hits are nine; if Hamlet falls short of nine, Laertes wins. Other explanations will be found in Furness.

187. *He did comply with his dug*:—He exchanged compliments. See in this play, II. ii. 387, 388, "let me comply with you." Some doubt has been thrown upon this definition of *comply*; but its

correctness in this particular case would seem to be settled by the following passage in the Preface to *Ulpian Fullwell's Arte of Flatterie,* 1579, of which, indeed, Hamlet's speech is not improbably a reminiscence: "Flatterie hath taken such habit in man's affections, that it is in most men *altera natura*; yea the very sucking babes hath a kind of adulation towards their nurses for the dugge."

193. *fond and winnowed opinions*:—Warburton's emendation *fann'd* is apt, and has found many supporters. Fleay proposes *fond unwinnowed.* Moberly explains: "frothy expressions suited to express the absurdest and most over-refined notions"; Clarendon Press: "The metaphor is a mixed one . . . Osric, and others like him, are compared to the chaff which mounts higher than the sifted wheat, and to the bubbles which rise to the surface through the deeper water." The metaphor in "winnowed" seems to be incidental and latent; the meaning is "Their frothy acquisitions carry them successfully through the slight judgements of the most exquisite arbiters *elegantiarum.*" If we read *fanned,* the same remains the meaning.

290. This speaking of Hamlet as *fat and scant of breath* is greatly at odds with the idea we are apt to form of him. It seems likely enough to have been true that the expression was used with special reference to Burbage, the original actor of Hamlet's part. Burbage died in 1619; and in a manuscript elegy upon his death are the following lines, which both ascertain his original performance of the part, and also render it probable that the words in question had reference to him:—

> "No more young Hamlet, though but *scant of breath,*
> Shall cry 'Revenge!' for his dear father's death."

367. *This quarry cries on havoc*:—This heap of dead proclaims an indiscriminate slaughter.

395. *whose voice will draw on more*:—More voices; alluding to Hamlet's declaration, just above, that Fortinbras has his dying voice for the succession.

Questions on Hamlet.

1. Give some account of the early editions; of the First Quarto; of the Lost *Hamlet*; of the German *Hamlet*; date of composition of Shakespeare's *Hamlet*; source of the story; scene of the drama.

ACT FIRST.

2. What effect on the mind is produced by the opening Scene? How does it prepare us for the rest of the play?

3. What pervading temper in the play is indicated by Francisco's words, *sick at heart,* almost at the very beginning?

4. By whom and in what line is the appearance of the Ghost first spoken of?

5. Describe the effect of the apparition upon Horatio. What does he think of it? What do you think of Horatio's nature as revealed in the first Scene?

6. How do Horatio and Bernardo connect the appearance of the Ghost with the state of affairs then existing in Norway?

7. What beliefs concerning ghosts were current in northern Europe at the period here dealt with? In England in the time of Elizabeth? Are any of these notions uttered by Marcellus and Horatio?

8. Tell what the King says about his brother's death. What does he say of his marriage to his brother's widow? How does he speak of *young Fortinbras*?

9. What is the King's *greeting to old Norway*?

10. What does Laertes request of the King? How does the King answer?

11. Interpret Hamlet's aside describing the King. What does he mean by *kind*?

12. Give the substance of Hamlet's conversation with the King and Queen immediately following the aside.

13. Comment on Hamlet's self-revelation in the succeeding soliloquy. Account for the *ennui* and dejection here shown by him.

14. What dramatic purpose is served by the conversation and soliloquy just mentioned?

15. What leads Hamlet to determine that he will watch for the Ghost? What does he mean by *your loves*?

16. How does Laertes, at the opening of Sc. iii., speak to Ophelia about Hamlet? What feeling towards Hamlet does Laertes betray? What is the cause of this feeling?

17. Summarize the conversation in Sc. iii. between Polonius and Ophelia concerning Hamlet.

18. What is signified by the reappearance of the Ghost?

19. Account for the evasiveness of Hamlet in talking of the Ghost with Horatio and Marcellus. How does Hamlet behave after the Ghost is gone? Explain this.

20. What is meant (Sc. iv. 47) by *canonized bones*?

21. What does Hamlet mean by his words, at the end of the first Act, *The time is out of joint,* etc.? What do these words reveal in Hamlet's nature?

22. Briefly sum up what has been done by the Poet in Act I.

ACT SECOND.

23. What is your explanation of Hamlet's behavior with Ophelia as related by her to Polonius? Has it any connection with his putting *an antic disposition on*?

24. How do you explain Hamlet's dislike for Polonius?

25. Why is Polonius so ready to believe that he has discovered the cause of Hamlet's madness?

26. What is Ophelia's idea of Hamlet's mental state? What does the Queen regard as causing his distemper?

27. Give your own opinion of Hamlet's lunacy. Are there well-supported views differing from yours? If so, state some of them and answer them.

28. With what commission (Sc. ii.) do the King and Queen charge Rosencrantz and Guildenstern? What had been the previous relations between these two and Hamlet?

29. How does Polonius describe Hamlet's behavior and condition to the King and Queen?

30. How far do you think Polonius understood the *method* which he detected in Hamlet's madness? What part of Hamlet's language in his conversation with Polonius is due to his dis-

temper, and how much consists of ironical turns to Polonius's own words?

31. Does Hamlet suspect Rosencrantz and Guildenstern on their first visit to him, or does suspicion gradually grow upon him?

32. Is there any sarcasm in Hamlet's words, *Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason?*

33. Has anything like a settled resolution as to the vengeance he is to inflict yet taken possession of Hamlet?

34. Of what does Rosencrantz inform Hamlet concerning the players? What conversation about the players follows?

35. Give some account of Hamlet's description of a play. Does it show his idea of what a good play should be?

36. Is the speech of the players which Hamlet cites really *Æneas' tale to Dido?*

37. What comparison of himself with the player does Hamlet make? As a result of this comparison, how does he describe himself?

38. Do the words, *or ere this I should have fatted all the region kites with this slave's offal,* indicate that Hamlet has ever seriously meditated the killing of the King?

39. What self-revelation does Hamlet make in the soliloquy which ends the second Act? Compare this soliloquy with Hamlet's words, already cited, *The time is out of joint,* etc.

40. What do you say of Hamlet's display of determination in the closing words of the second Act?

ACT THIRD.

41. Do Rosencrantz and Guildenstern give the King and Queen a true report of their mission to Hamlet?

42. Is there humour or sarcasm in Polonius's remark on hypocrisy? What does the King utter in the nature of a confession?

43. Is this a crucial moment in the play? Does it foreshadow any subsequent episode?

44. What additional light does the soliloquy in Sc. i. throw upon Hamlet's character? Shall we take it to convey his settled philosophy of life? What do you think of his balanced arguments on suicide?

45. When did Ophelia last see Hamlet? Why does he ask, *Where's your father?*

46. Does Hamlet at this interview assume madness, or does he merely puzzle Ophelia with double meanings?

47. What may be inferred from this Act regarding the stage in Shakespeare's day? Are the faults of actors here referred to such as would have been likely to come under the notice of a Prince of Denmark in Hamlet's time?

48. What is Hamlet's view of Horatio's character (Sc. ii. 61 *et seq.*)? What dramatic purpose does this speech serve?

49. How does Hamlet's manner change after the entrance of the King, Queen, and others to see the play?

50. Why does the King break up the play? Is Hamlet's the only explanation possible?

51. Compare the second scene between Hamlet and Rosencrantz and Guildenstern with the first. What differences of temper does Hamlet display, and why?

52. Does the King suggest to Polonius that he go eavesdropping in the Queen's closet?

53. How much time has elapsed between the play scene and the King's soliloquy of confession? Has the confession anywhere been foreshadowed?

54. What several motives for his crime does the King reveal? Does he here inspire pity at all?

55. Does Hamlet delay killing the King from any other motive than desire for more adequate revenge? Does postponement make the revenge more complete?

56. Whom does Hamlet suppose to be behind the arras? Whom does he kill there?

57. Could the Poet have made any further use of Polonius in the play, or was his work finished? What has been Polonius's particular agency in the drama?

58. Does Hamlet accuse his mother of complicity in his father's murder?

59. How do you understand Hamlet's use of the pictures for purposes of comparison? If before unaware of the King's crime, is the Queen acquainted with it by Hamlet's words or does she regard them as a sign of his madness?

60. What reason does the Ghost give for its second visitation? Is this the true reason? If so, explain it.

61. Can the King longer be in doubt as to real or feigned madness in Hamlet?

ACT FOURTH.

62. How does the Queen describe to the King Hamlet's condition and the killing of Polonius?

63. What does the King say of the regard in which Hamlet is held by the *distracted multitude*? How does Hamlet's popularity complicate the King's problem?

64. What is the King's real purpose in sending Hamlet to England?

65. Is Sc. iv. extraneous to the plot? What does it furnish by contrast? Cite instances from other plays.

66. To what does Hamlet dedicate himself at the end of this scene? Do you agree with Mr. Swinburne that this soliloquy surpasses the famous *To be, or not to be,* on both philosophic and poetical grounds?

67. Is Sc. v. the first in which we see Horatio alone in presence of the opposite faction? Has no suspicion fallen on him through his intimacy with Hamlet?

68. In view of her former kindness to Ophelia, why does the Queen now refuse to see her? What has changed the Queen's mind?

69. What foreshadowing is there of the revolt of the rabble in favor of Laertes?

70. For what dramatic purpose is Ophelia brought back to the stage at this point? How does the interruption help the King with Laertes? What causes Ophelia's insanity?

71. What psychological explanation can you give of Ophelia's incongruous scraps of song? Does this singing resemble anything in *Othello* shortly before the death of Desdemona?

72. What misadventure brings Hamlet back from England?

73. What influence does the King use with Laertes in respect to taking revenge on Hamlet? What is the King's suggestion about the foils?

74. In the "Critical Comments" Tennyson is quoted as saying, "The Queen did not think that Ophelia committed suicide, neither do I." What do you think about it? Is there anything in the play that seems to support the suicide theory?

ACT FIFTH.

75. What is the dramatic purpose of the Grave-diggers' dialogue? How does mirthful contrast heighten tragic effect? How is the strain of tragedy relieved by comedy?

76. What other instances in Shakespeare can you compare with this? Compared with the Porter's speech in *Macbeth,* does this scene offend sensibility?

77. What is meant here and everywhere in Shakespeare by *politician*?

78. How old was Hamlet, according to the statements of the Grave-digger? Is there anything in other parts of the play which indicates that Hamlet had not yet reached such an age?

79. Who was Yorick? How does Hamlet's speech about him strike you? What is the quality of its irony? What is its purpose?

80. Are the remarks of Hamlet on the immortality of Alexander and Cæsar humorous?

81. What does Hamlet mean by *maimed rites*? Interpret the spirit and purport of the priest's remarks upon Ophelia's obsequies.

82. What leads Hamlet to speak and act as he does at the grave—love for Ophelia or resentment against Laertes? Do you think Hamlet really did love Ophelia? If so, how do you explain his conduct towards her?

83. What has intervened to turn the course of affairs, as described by Hamlet to Horatio? How does Hamlet discover the purpose of the King in sending him to England?

84. Does Hamlet show any twinge of conscience for sending Guildenstern and Rosencrantz to their doom?

85. What circumstance makes it imperative that Hamlet lay aside his dilatory policy and act? Does he deserve the credit of initiative in performing what he feels to be his bounden duty?

86. What is the import of Horatio's words to Hamlet after the Lord's exit? What is Hamlet's reply? Does the conversation on both sides foreshadow Hamlet's death in the coming encounter?

87. What significance has the exchange of courtesies just before the catastrophe? Describe the duel.

88. The Queen's death—does poetic justice demand it? What blame does Laertes lay upon the King?

89. Why does not the drama end with the death of Hamlet?

Why does Fortinbras appear? Whom does Hamlet name for successor to the throne?

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90. As an intellectual drama, compare *Hamlet* with *Othello*, *Macbeth*, and other tragedies of Shakespeare. As an acting play, how does *Hamlet* compare with the two just mentioned?

91. What do you say of the element of mystery in this drama? If Hamlet feigned madness, did he deceive everybody? How could feigning insanity further Hamlet's designs of vengeance?

92. What sort of education does Hamlet appear to have had? Viewed generally, were his mind and temperament those of a fatalist?

93. What portions or passages of the play give you the best key to the character of Hamlet? In its largest aspect, what was the problem he had to solve, and what its most practical solution?

94. How do you explain Hamlet's inadequacy for his task? What was the measure of his success? What do his failures suggest of human limitations in general?

95. Give some impressions of Hamlet's intellectual character; of his wit; of his moral nature; of his seriousness of purpose; of his power of will. What is his predominant trait? Account for his vacillation.

96. Does Hamlet's turn for philosophizing incapacitate him for action? What is needed to join rightly in a man the faculty of contemplation and the power to will and perform?

97. How is this play to be regarded in the light of modern science? Does it teach definite lessons concerning the relations of man and circumstance? Does it contribute any helpful element to modern psychological speculation or experiment?

98. Is anything wanting to make this a typically complete tragedy, ranking with the greatest works of ancient dramatists? Goethe tells us that "the work is tragic in its highest sense." Analyze this statement. Cite instances to prove or disprove Goethe's dictum that "the hero has no plan, but the piece is full of plan."

99. Does any other play of Shakespeare's rank with *Hamlet*? Does any drama of the world surpass it in greatness of conception? What other drama has been so much written about and critically discussed?

100. What would you offer as the chief reason for the universal interest in *Hamlet*? How sum up the elements which give the play its rank in the dramatic and the literary world?

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